

A Cue For Love Chapter 1151

Chapter 1151 Coincidence

A loud slap was heard as the whip made contact with Natalie's body. Natalie was someone who had a high pain tolerance. However, she could not help but let out a grunt. She thought framing her was already the greatest "surprise" the Leitz family would give her. Yet little did she expect to be physically tortured while interrogated.

"You guys are using force?" Natalie lifted her head and asked through gritted teeth. "Yeah. So what?" the man countered with a sneer. With a tone filled with bloodlust, he continued, "You were involved in drug trafficking and had caused trouble to many families. Yet, you're still unwilling to own up to your faults. I'm just using some tricks to make you tell us the truth! If this were to be known to the public, I could even be viewed as a hero among the people!"

The man then raised the whip and struck Natalie once more. Both of Natalie's hands and legs were cuffed, completely immobilizing her. Thus, the whips were striking her directly, causing her gray shirt to be tattered.

Natalie could only hiss in pain. The man saw how bloody Natalie had gotten after the hits, yet he showed no signs of stopping. Meanwhile, the other man who entered the room with him, on the other hand, could not help but cast a pitying gaze in Natalie's way.

Natalie was fair-skinned. Without the injuries, her skin would have been as white as snow. However, after being repeatedly struck by the whip, her skin and flesh were torn apart. She looked even more terrifying, thanks to her bright red scar.

The second man turned his head to the side. In a deep voice, he said, "Stop being stubborn, Natalie Nichols! Confess your crime and receive less punishment to your body!"

After hearing his voice, Natalie glanced at the man who dared not face her.

“I am innocent,” she declared.

Despite the aching she felt throughout her body, Natalie’s voice remained clear and resolved as it rang through the pitch-black room.

Her face paled, and beads of sweat accumulated on her forehead. However, her eyes remained fierce and filled with fighting spirit.

The two men interrogating Natalie were seasoned. Yet, they, too, were baffled by Natalie’s sheer determination.

Other people would have normally confessed whatever there was after receiving a few blows from the specially-made whip.

Even if those people did not commit any crimes, they, too, would have confessed as they could not endure the excruciating pain.

It was their first time seeing someone like Natalie.

At that, the men exchanged glances.

The man at the front bared his teeth as he cursed under his breath before continuing to strike Natalie with the whip.

The torture then continued until he was physically tired.

Natalie was drifting in and out of consciousness as blood gushed out of her wounds.

The two men walked out of the pitch-black room.

The man at the front lit a cigarette as he drawled, “Such a persistent brat.”

“Are we going overboard?” asked the man next to him. “Nevertheless, given that there are witnesses and supporting evidence, she should have confessed her crimes. But hitting her like that—”

However, he was interrupted by the other man before he could finish his sentence, “Keep your gentlemanliness out of this.”

“Huh?”

“Do you think I don’t know what you’re talking about?” asked the man as he puffed his cigarette. “According to my experience, this woman must be innocent since she refused to confess even after being tortured. Those so-called witnesses and evidence could even potentially be forged... But what about that? If the Grim Reaper was supposed to take her, then that’s her fate. Plus, the physical torture was an order from Luna Palace itself. We should follow the orders given. Or else we will be the ones treated like this!”

“Luna Palace?” the other man breathed out in surprise.

Luna Palace was the political center of Yaleview. Only the king and his wives, as well as the children of his first wife, had the right to reside there.

Physical torture was an order from Luna Palace!

Who on earth did this woman mess with to be given such treatment?

Getting framed and even physical torture... It’s as if everyone hopes for her death in this place.

The young man could not help but ask his superior, “Is dying here her fate then?”

“Huh? Do you think that’s it?” The young man’s superior threw the cigarette butt on the floor and stepped on it. He glanced at the young man and continued, “Coincidentally, there’s a force within Luna Palace protecting her. She’s not to die.

Therefore, make sure to find the best doctor to treat her wounds after taking pictures of her bloody body.”

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Chapter 1152 What Kind Of Existence

The young man's breath got caught in his throat upon hearing his superior's words. "H-How is this possible?" he stuttered.

His superior pulled out a new cigarette from his box and passed it to the young man before lighting another one himself. After taking a puff, he slowly said, "What do you mean by impossible? You're still too young; that's why you're spouting such naive stuff! Just wait until you live up to my age. You'll be able to make sense of everything then." "But—"

"No buts," his superior interjected. "If you want to survive, you better remember every word I told you earlier! This woman has to be injured, but she cannot die! Remember to find the best doctor to treat her. If she were to die, both you and I might as well kiss our lives goodbye!"

The young man nodded frantically. He hurried away, but not without casting a quick glance in the direction of the pitch-black room.

Those who want this woman dead have a powerful position. Yet, those who want her alive, too, hold similar influences. Just what kind of existence of is she?

Meanwhile, at the Leitz residence. Both Helma and Heidi had received the news of Natalie's arrest. Heidi walked up to Helma, buzzing with excitement. "Don't you think it's karma, Helma? This b*tch is finally getting what she deserves."

The violation Heidi experienced that night would forever be imprinted in her mind. Natalie's charge of drug trafficking was just what Heidi wanted to hear.

Compared to Heidi's obvious excitement, Helma barely showed any emotions. She merely lifted her eyes to meet Heidi's. "What's the hurry? She's only arrested now. It's not too late to celebrate when she's convicted and given capital punishment."

"Helma," Heidi started in a sweet tone. "I was being happy for you. You've been forced to stay in the low because of this b*tch. Although she hasn't been convicted, it's basically confirmed at this point. Her only ending is 'death'—"

Helma did not give Heidi a chance to finish her sentence as she pushed the latter's hand away from her arm. "I'm tired. You should leave."

The word "leave" was normally used with maids.

Heidi had been sucking up to Helma all this time, yet Helma had never treated her as a sister; she was merely a maid that was dispensable to Helma.

Heidi was irritated, but there was nothing she could do about Helma.

Sure," Heidi replied as she walked away, feeling resentful.

Helma, however, did not resort to resting. Instead, she went to her computer and sent an email.

It was only after pressing the "Enter" key did a smile appear on her red lips. "Natalie Nichols. I want to see you descend to hell and stay there for good."

Soon enough, Helma received a reply to her email.

Natalie finally regained consciousness after a while and realized she was lying on a bed.

There was a window in the room, and the ceiling was white. She could even see the golden rays of the sun pouring through the window.

However, the only disturbing thing was the fact that her limbs were still cuffed. Thus, immobilizing her.

Those signs proved that she was still unable to escape from the cage of her assaulters.

Someone had tended to the wounds on her body, but the medication's effects were insufficient since she continued to suffer severe pain whenever she moved. Subconsciously, Natalie grimaced and grunted in discomfort.

Just then, the sound of leather shoe heels stepping on the floor was heard.

Natalie thought it was those people on guard and was coming up with a plan on how to deal with them.

Shortly after, someone in white stood before her, staring her down.

That man's face radiated a gentleness Natalie was familiar with.

Natalie was slightly taken aback. "It's you," she croaked.

Due to her severe injuries, her voice appeared to be weak. Although it did not come out as a mere whisper, it was still hoarse.

Bastien slowly leaned toward Natalie and grabbed her handcuffs, pulling her hands up in the process. "Everything was going well, Natalie. Why did you do this to yourself?"

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Chapter 1153 Lunatic

Bastien uttered those words affectionately with an utterly pained look in his eyes. However, staring into his adoring eyes, Natalie couldn't sense his sincerity.

"W-Why are you here?" Instead of answering him, she replied to him with a question.

"Ha!" As if he had heard the world's greatest joke, Bastien knitted her brows.

"Natalie, why are you asking me that question now? If it weren't for me, there wouldn't be anyone to bandage your wounds. You might've died here before being officially convicted."

To his surprise, she laughed. "In that case, I should really thank you." Bastien fell silent as his pupils constricted. Her gratitude was laced with endless mockery and contempt toward him.

"Of course, you have to thank me." He suppressed the anger in his chest and continued, "If you don't express your gratitude to me, who else should you thank? Samuel Bowers? What is he capable of? He can't even come here to visit you while you're being detained and tortured here. He's nothing compared to me!"

Gazing into Bastien's eyes, Natalie couldn't help but notice how that man in front of her had become more like a stranger to her now compared to when they first met.

That sense of unfamiliarity gave her the feeling as if she had never understood him.

"Bastien, should I thank you for watching as I get tormented when you clearly had the power to stop me from getting punished? Or should I thank you for allowing me to remember the pain and hatred after enduring all the sufferings, then appearing before me on your high horse so that I won't forget your kindness of

sparing my life? If it were Samuel, he would have willingly borne everything for me instead of allowing me to sustain an injury like this. Bastien, I can't believe you even attempt to compare yourself to him. You're inferior to Samuel in every aspect!"

He didn't anticipate she would once again see through his intention. That's right! I could've forbade anyone from punishing her, but I assented to their actions with my silence. I want her to yield to me. As long as she submits to me, I'll safeguard her.

Sensing the hint of surprise flashing across his eyes, Natalie grinned. "Bastien, it seems like I've guessed correctly. So, this is the way you express your love. What an eye-opening experience this is!"

"Are you looking down on me?" As he asked her the question, he couldn't help exerting more force in pulling the handcuffs in his hand.

The handcuffs were linked to Natalie's injured arm, sending pain all over her body. Nevertheless, she was a tenacious person. If he wanted to use that method to force her to give in, she would rather die than relent.

She said through gritted teeth, "Yes, Bastien. I despise you!"

Noticing they had completely fallen out with one another, Bastien no longer kept up his tender mien. He used his other hand to grasp her chin. A malicious and furious look replaced his gentle gaze, and he even began to radiate a menacing aura.

"Natalie, I'm giving you a chance to stay by my side. I won't disdain your children, and I'll treat them like they are my own."

Under the assumption that he was magnanimously lowering himself to accommodate her, Bastien made his promise to Natalie.

“Of course, we will have our children in the future. When I become the king, our child will become Loang’s future ruler. I can satisfy whatever you and our child desire. I will protect you and shower you with affection. By then, everyone will be jealous of your venerable status. Hand me the real jade key. We’ll unlock the ancient tomb together and acquire the rare treasure inside. Let’s enjoy the honor and glory together. What do you say? I can do all these things for you that Samuel can’t. As long as you’re willing to join me, I can guarantee you’ll escape this set-up unscathed. I can provide you with a new identity and officially turn you into my woman!”

After she heard his words, a simple conclusion surfaced in her mind. What a lunatic. He’s entirely out of his mind!

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Chapter 1154 Keep Dreaming

Chills traveled down Natalie's spine as she met Bastien's gaze filled with infatuation and obsession. She thought she had grasped Bastien's thoughts, but he was more deranged than she imagined. "You..."

A look of utter disbelief flashed across her eyes. Having grown accustomed to her astonished reaction, Bastien, unfazed, spoke. "Natalie, you don't need to undergo plastic surgery.

All you have to do is wear the hyper-realistic mask you put on when we first met, and no one will know about your real identity. I know you may feel slightly aggrieved for needing to do this, but don't worry because you don't have to wear the mask when we are alone."

At that point, Natalie responded. She shifted her cold gaze onto him. "You want me to live the rest of my life wearing the hyper-realistic mask?"

"No, not a lifetime." He slowly moved his fingers from her chin to her cheeks and caressed her face. "As time pass, when no one remembers the name 'Natalie Nichols' anymore, the mask will lose its significance too."

Natalie didn't find his elaboration affectionate. Instead, the emotions that filled her chest were terror and disgust.

"Bastien, you knew from the beginning the collaboration with the Leitz family aimed to set me up. Or perhaps I should say that you permitted the scheme to be executed. You allowed me to be framed, captured, and suffer these torturous punishments!"

Even the death penalty was his ultimate move for me to adopt a new identity. Bastien was clearly in the know of everything. He could've stopped the events that ensued from the very beginning, yet he chose to stand idly by and watch the plot transpire. Helma thinks she orchestrated this ploy. However, she doesn't realize Bastien has secretly manipulated and propelled this conspiracy.

At that thought, Natalie grew agitated to the extent of starting to cough violently. Cough! Cough! Cough! Her coughing was so terrible that she felt as if her lungs were about to be expelled too.

Bastien gently patted her back and partially held her frail body in his arms. He sniffed the faint and fresh herbal scent on her and said, "Natalie, quit resisting me. Join me and become my wife."

Having her movements restricted by the handcuffs, Natalie couldn't push him away, but she still put up a struggle by twisting her body.

"Bastien, you're too scary! You say you love me, but you've never considered my feelings." Natalie gnashed her teeth. "I can't give you what you want, so keep dreaming!"

She had thought Bastien and her shared the same path in life, but little did she expect their journey to have gradually branched off in different directions.

Bastien repeatedly treated Natalie with gentleness and patience. Unfortunately, she refused to reciprocate his sentiment. As a result, he turned aggressive and grimaced. "Natalie, who are you to negotiate conditions with me? You can't even save yourself now, so you don't have the right to reject me!"

"What are you going to do, Bastien?"

He uttered emotionlessly, "From now on, you can focus on recuperating. I'll grant you a new identity and hyper-realistic mask after you recover. Then, I'll declare you as my wife to all members of the royalty and organize a grand wedding for you."

This is outrageous and ridiculous! “You cannot do that!” She mustered all her strength and screamed at him.

“Save your energy.” He slowly got to his feet from her bedside in his usual graceful demeanor. “I think the news about your death in the prison should’ve spread to the public by now, and Samuel should already receive this information too.”

“He will never believe that I’m dead.”

“What if I made the preparations in advance and let a woman undergo plastic surgery to make her look exactly like you?” Bastien lowered her head and grinned. “Don’t worry. I’ve put together all the necessary and corresponding information too. Trust me when I say this. Samuel won’t doubt your death when he sees your corpse.”

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Chapter 1155 Things Have Just Gone South

Bastien's words changed the way Natalie saw the man once again. "Bastien, you're... out of your mind! You're completely out of your mind!" exclaimed Natalie.

After hearing that, Bastien stared unblinkingly at Natalie's almond-shaped eyes, filled with nothing but disgust, and chuckled bitterly. "If losing my mind means I get to have you to myself, I don't see any problem with that."

Repulsed by Bastien, Natalie bit her lips and accidentally wounded them. She would rather die right then and there than allow him to push her around.

As if he could read Natalie's mind, Bastien warned before leaving, "The news of your death is out, but your children are still alive. If you refuse treatment or endanger yourself in any way, I won't hesitate to hurt one of them."

Before Natalie could say anything in response, Bastien was already gone. "Come back... Come back here, Bastien! Bastien!" Even though Natalie called out for the man, he continued to walk away as though he could not hear her.

Natalie had already exerted herself when confronting Bastien just then, so after the man left, she began to feel pain all over her body again. Still, her physical pain was nothing compared to her mental anguish.

Natalie thought she only had to deal with the Leitz family but never expected Bastien's scheme to be so extensive.

Not only did Bastien wait patiently for Natalie to fall into Helma's trap and fake her death, but he also had somebody have plastic surgery to impersonate her long ago.

At that point, Natalie could not help but question what love was, for she was utterly disgusted with Bastien's show of affection. What do I do? I can't get out; I'm trapped here. What if Samuel really thinks I'm dead after hearing the news? Bastien knew I'd never put on the hyper-realistic mask and live the life he wanted me to live obediently, so he threatened me with the safety of the five children. I'm backed into a corner! Bastien has ensured that my hands are tied! "S-Samuel... I'm still alive... Please... You have to wait for me."

Meanwhile, at Luna Palace, Cynthia's face was contorted with rage when she received the news from her attendant.

"What? She died?" Cynthia dropped her jaw as she stared at the subordinate. "I ask you to torture her, not kill her! Did you have trouble understanding the order I gave you? How are you this incompetent?"

At that point, Cynthia had completely lost her composure.

She only intended to teach Natalie a lesson by having the woman tortured and get even for what she thought Natalie's mother owed her. However, she never expected that she would end up murdering Natalie.

It was not that Cynthia cared whether Natalie was dead; she was just worried for herself because it would not be difficult for anyone paying attention to connect Natalie's death to her.

Shrinking in fear, the male attendant then got on his knees. "Lady Cynthia, I tortured the woman as ordered, but I never thought she'd be so weak. She stopped breathing before I could get her treated."

"Idiot!" Cynthia bit her red lip as she lifted her leg to kick her subordinate right in the chest. "Do you have any idea how much trouble you've caused me?"

"Lady Cynthia, I..." Even though the attendant's chest hurt, he dared not disrespect Cynthia.

“It’s over! I’m doomed!” Cynthia shook her head while stomping on the man’s chest and face violently until he vomited blood.

Even when her subordinate was on the verge of death, Cynthia remained distracted. No! At this rate, people will discover that I was responsible for what happened.

Just when Cynthia was still hesitating, a figure slowly walked in.

“Cynthia, things have just gone south, and you’re already trying to silence your subordinate?” Mikhail fiddled with his jade thumb ring as he gave the panicking woman a stern look.

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Chapter 1156 The Biological Daughter Of The King

The only person in Loang who dared to address Cynthia by her first name was Mikhail. As the king of Loang and the most powerful person in the country, Mikhail made Cynthia quake in her boots with just one rhetorical question.

Only after taking a deep breath did Cynthia manage to calm herself slightly. “I was only disciplining the attendant for failing to carry out my order as intended,” responded Cynthia with a soft smile. “That’s all, Your Majesty. It’s nothing to concern yourself with.”

The injured and bloodied man remained on the floor, afraid to get up. “Leave us,” ordered Mikhail after glancing at the attendant.

“Yes, Your Majesty.” The subordinate then wiped the blood off his face and hurriedly left as if the king would change his mind if he did not make himself scarce in time. Afterward, only Mikhail and Cynthia remained in the room.

Even though Cynthia was still shaken up, she put on a smile while pouring Mikhail a cup of hot coffee. “Your Majesty, this is made with some of our finest coffee beans. You should try it.”

Cynthia then humbly extended the beverage to Mikhail, but he did not take it. Despite the awkward situation, the woman dared not make any sudden moves but maintained her stiff posture and continued to hold the cup out to Mikhail, who simply gazed at her and refused to take the cup from her.

When her arms eventually got too sore, Cynthia dropped the cup and got the back of her hand scalded by the hot beverage. She immediately inhaled sharply because of the pain.

Cynthia was no fool; she could tell that Mikhail was giving her a hard time on purpose. “Do you know what you did wrong?” inquired Mikhail coldly. “I don’t,” replied Cynthia, trying her best to ignore the pain from the wound on the back of her hand.

“You don’t?” Mikhail spoke in a higher pitch when questioning Cynthia for the second time.

“I don’t!” “You’ve got some nerve!” exclaimed Mikhail before approaching Cynthia to wrap his fingers around her neck and tighten his grip.

“What makes you think you have the right to hurt Natalie?” Mikhail looked so furious that he seemed as if he was going to rip Cynthia’s heart out. “Others may not have any idea, but you know better than anyone who she looks like!”

Cynthia’s heart almost skipped a beat when she heard that. As expected, Mikhail knows that I’m related to Natalie’s death! I just... didn’t think the news would reach him so soon. I didn’t even have the time to cover it up!

“I didn’t,” denied Cynthia. “I didn’t come here for confirmation. What I want to know is why you hurt her. Why?” Mikhail wrapped his fingers around Cynthia’s neck so tightly that she could not breathe.

Grasping Mikhail’s hands, Cynthia did her best to get her words out of her mouth. “She just... looked like... that woman... She’s... not her... That woman... died long ago.”

“So what?” questioned Mikhail with blood-red eyes. “The fact that she looked like that person is reason enough for me to forbid you from laying a finger on her. Don’t think for a second that you can do whatever you want just because you’ve been with me for a long time!”

Upon hearing Mikhail, Cynthia was convinced that he had lost his mind.

The DNA test confirmed that Natalie is Mikhail's progeny and the princess of Loang, but the king was kept in the dark about it. If Natalie's face is reason enough for him to murder me, he'll grind me to dust when he finds out she's actually his daughter! With that thought in mind, Cynthia began to turn pale, and her suffocation only worsened.

I can't tell him! He can never know that Natalie is his biological daughter! Cynthia had her mouth wide open, grimacing as she struggled to stay alive. However, Mikhail had no intention of showing the woman mercy.

Suddenly, a female attendant rushed in to grovel at Mikhail's feet.

"Please spare Lady Cynthia, Your Majesty. She saved you when she was young. On top of that, she valued your life over her brother's and her father's," begged the attendant, bringing up all the things Cynthia had done for Mikhail. "Even if she's in the wrong, you can't treat her this way. She's been with you the longest; she devoted her life to Luna Palace."

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Chapter 1157 Are You Kidding Me

At that point, Cynthia felt as though her eyeballs were going to pop out. She would have collapsed to the ground if Mikhail had not been holding on to her like a python. The attendant's right!

I gave my entire life to this man when I agreed to be imprisoned in this glorified cage. I used to think I was the victor, but time has shown me that I've won nothing but a useless title. I didn't care for friendship or family when I had them, and now I have none.

"Mikhail... Just... kill me!" uttered Cynthia with a broken heart before slowly shutting her eyes. Now that I'm empty, desperate, and miserable, maybe dying in Mikhail's hands like this isn't such a bad thing!

Hesitation started to fill Mikhail's eyes as he gazed coldly at the aged Cynthia. Meanwhile, the attendant continued to grovel and repeatedly begged for mercy, hoping to save the lady.

Just when Cynthia thought she was about to die, Mikhail abruptly released her throat and caused the frail lady to fall to the ground like a dried-up leaf. "Cough! Cough!" Finally able to breathe normally again, Cynthia coughed while catching her breath.

Her throat was so severely injured that she felt as though it got cut with knives when she gulped. "Cynthia, I'm only letting you go because of what you did for me!" stated Mikhail cruelly. "However, from now onward, you're no longer the chief concubine of Loang. Get out of Luna Palace immediately, and don't ever let me see you again!"

With that, Mikhail waved his hand and strode away. The king never looked at Cynthia again ever since. “Are you okay, Lady Cynthia?” inquired the female attendant as she hurried over to help Cynthia get up.

“Haha!” At that moment, Cynthia could not help but laugh out loud. “He decided to kick me out just because he thinks I hurt someone who looks like that woman.” “Lady Cynthia...”

“How? How did it come to this?” questioned Cynthia in disbelief while holding onto the attendant’s shoulder. “I’m the one who’s been by his side for the longest! Not only did I sacrifice my family, but I also betrayed my closest friend for him. In the end, I’m still no better than a dead person.”

Cynthia thought her heart had hardened enough that she would feel no pain, yet her past wounds never healed. It turns out that a broken heart can still be broken!

“Lady Cynthia, don’t be discouraged. His Majesty was probably just blinded by anger. When he changes his mind, you can come back,” suggested the attendant as she helped the lady get up from the floor, unsure how best to comfort Cynthia.

“That won’t be necessary.” After wiping the tears from her face, Cynthia took the jewelry off her hands, neck, and ears and handed them to her trusted aide, for she would not need them after leaving Luna Palace.

Natalie’s death isn’t such a bad thing. Mikhail will never know that woman gave birth to a daughter and that the daughter was Natalie. So what if he’s a king? He has completely no idea that Natalie died right under his nose. Cynthia then cackled with a head full of disheveled hair, gloating over Mikhail’s ignorance.

Meanwhile, Samuel and Yandel were notified by the police to identify a corpse at the designated place.

Samuel froze like a statue as if he had been struck by lightning, his heart beyond broken. “Are you kidding me? Do you mean to tell me that Boss is dead?”

exclaimed Yandel furiously before punching the police officer at the door in the face.

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Chapter 1158 Much More Terrifying

The officer was stunned for a while, but as soon as he regained his senses, he grabbed Yandel by the collar. “Do that again, and I’ll make sure you regret it! Was your boss Natalie Bowers? If so, her body was sent here yesterday and is now in the morgue.” After breaking free from the officer, Yandel dropped his jaw in disbelief.

“That’s impossible! Impossible! You must be talking nonsense!” roared Yandel with intense hatred in his eyes. “Only the toughest person in the world can be my boss, so there’s no way she’s dead! No way!” Yandel shoved the young police officer so hard that the policeman staggered into a wall.

“Why would I be talking nonsense? I’ve already told you everything; you decide what you want to believe.” “I don’t believe you! You told me nothing but nonsense!” “What’s your problem?”

“This is just the way I talk. You can arrest me if you don’t like it!” Samuel furrowed his eyebrows and stood beside Yandel as a freezing aura surrounded him.

Unlike Yandel, who acted like a wild beast on a rampage, Samuel simply watched Yandel argue with the officer as though he was nothing more than an observer of the situation.

Then, Yandel and the officer broke into a fight. Both held nothing back as they traded punches and gave each other injuries to complain about later.

When Yandel noticed how quiet Samuel was, he could not help but ask, “What are you standing there for, Samuel? They just told us that Boss is dead! Are you going to just let them lie to our faces like that? I thought you were supposed to be her man!”

Yandel got even more upset when Samuel completely ignored him. “Is this how you repay Boss’ undying love for you? If so, she was a fool to fall for you!”

Just when Yandel was about to continue fighting the officer, Samuel suddenly reached out to grab the man by the arm. “What do you think you’re doing, Samuel?” inquired Yandel.

“Stopping you from doing anything stupid,” replied Samuel coldly.

“Am I supposed to stand by and do nothing like you while they tell me that Boss is dead?” questioned Yandel rhetorically with blood-red eyes. “Should I tell myself to calm down and remind myself that I can’t do anything to make the dead come back to life?

Or should I convince myself to give Boss a proper burial before I take out those responsible for her death one by one? Do you actually think I’m being irrational here, Samuel? I have no problem being rational, but even if I do what needs to be done perfectly, will that bring Boss back? If not, then what’s the point of staying calm? Tell me! What’s the point?”

The man then burst into tears, for he had been by Natalie’s side for many years. After what they had been through together, Natalie was like family to Yandel, so he could not accept being told suddenly that she was gone.

Pursing his lips, Samuel ordered Billy, “Knock him out and remove him. He’s too noisy.” “Samuel, how dare you—” Yandel did not manage to finish his sentence before Billy knocked him out from behind.

It was not easy for Billy to remove the unconscious Yandel, but he did it anyway with the man’s arm around his neck.

“Who are you?” questioned the injured police officer when Samuel walked over and gazed coldly at him. With his obsidian eyes narrowed at the officer, Samuel slowly parted his lips to inquire, “Could you tell me how my wife died?”

The officer was taken aback when he lifted his head to meet Samuel's gaze. This man isn't as violent as the one before, but somehow, he seems much more terrifying!

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Chapter 1159 Wretched

This man is terrifying! The young officer wiped the corner of his swollen mouth and said, “Yesterday, we had a routine interrogation. She couldn’t stand it and took her life out of guilt. This afternoon, she bit her tongue when the security was loose.”

She took her life out of guilt? “Impossible!” Samuel raised his deep gaze. Nat is a woman of dignity and will never run away from problems.

He had faith in Natalie. Thus, he was able to remain calm when Yandel was raging with fury. The reason was simple. It was because he never truly believed that Natalie was dead.

Perhaps, Natalie faked her death, or something unexpected happened. “Bring me to the morgue. I want to see my wife’s body,” Samuel said solemnly.

“Sure,” the officer replied. “I’ll take you to the morgue to identify her body once you go through the relevant procedures.” After a long while, Samuel finally completed the procedures.

Then, the officer led him to the morgue. The morgue wasn’t as dim as imagined, but it was chilly. Although the mortuary fridge for storing corpses had been sealed, they could still feel the bone-chilling cold.

The young officer rubbed his hands instinctively as he brought Samuel in front of the mortuary fridge with a “Natalie Nichols” name tag. “Mr. Bowers, your wife’s body is inside here. Why don’t we—”

Before he could finish speaking, Samuel said promptly, “Open it!”

The young officer faltered, “Well, her body was frozen, so it wouldn’t be nice to see. I’m afraid you will get saddened by the scene. I’m sorry for your loss.”

He thought Samuel would be dissuaded after hearing what he said. However, Samuel didn’t bother to lift his eyes as he repeated his words.

“Open it!”

“I—”

“Can’t you hear me?” Samuel furrowed his brows and said coldly, “How many times must I repeat myself?”

The officer knew there was no talking him out of it, so he had no choice but to open the mortuary fridge. Then, he unzipped the body bag.

The sole of the feet was revealed first, then it slowly moved upward, disclosing the lower body, the upper body, and then the face of the body.

The frozen corpse was stiff and pale, and discoloration of skin had begun.

Seeing that, Samuel narrowed his eyes.

The officer muttered, “I told you a frozen corpse wouldn’t be nice to look at—”

Samuel’s gaze inched upward and finally fell on the body’s face.

It’s her!

Stretching out his arm, Samuel caressed the face of the frozen body.

There was no extra human skin to peel off, and only one human face was presented in front of him.

Is this really Nat?

Suddenly, Samuel felt his heart pounding hard.

At first, he suspected this wasn't Natalie but a lady who wore a hyper-realistic mask. This might be Natalie's plan to fake her death. However, there was no extra human skin on this face that could be torn off.

Bending down, Samuel wanted to be as near Natalie's body as possible.

This is absurd! Nat will never end her life this way. It's complete nonsense that she took her life out of guilt. She knew of the Leitz family's conspiracy, and we agreed to face it together. She wouldn't have possibly given up like this now that we are halfway through our plan.

He kept rubbing the jawline of the corpse, trying to find a flaw.

Desperate, he only wanted to find a tiny flaw to prove that this was an illusion and that Natalie was alive.

However, there was nothing.

Why isn't there anything?

Suddenly, Samuel lost his domineering aura and arrogance and was wretched.

A Cue For Love Chapter 1160

Chapter 1160 Unfair

Nothing! There really isn't anything! Samuel went down on a knee and continued searching the edge of the corpse's face hoping to find a flaw.

However, the face of the body was impeccable, and no flaw could be found. Just like that, a graceful man like Samuel knelt in front of the mortuary fridge with reddened eyes while tears rolled down his cheeks.

"That's impossible! This can't possibly be her!" The officer couldn't bring himself to watch the scene.

He thought Samuel was rational since the latter stopped Yandel from causing a scene. Seeing Samuel's distraught look now, he finally understood the situation.

It wasn't that Samuel didn't love his wife but that he didn't believe she was dead before seeing her corpse himself. "Mr. Bowers, I know you feel upset, but the dead can't be resurrected." The young officer sighed. "I'm sorry for your loss, but I'm sure Natalie wouldn't want you to be in pain because of her," he consoled.

However, his words fell on deaf ears. Samuel continued to stare at that familiar yet unfamiliar face.

Why isn't your heart beating? Why are you ignoring me when I'm right in front of you? I was wrong! Terribly wrong! I shouldn't have let you take the risk. Nat, you can do whatever you want to me as long as you're alive. I'll take any punishments you give me willingly. Please wake up. Stop joking around!

"Nat—"

The young officer tried to console Samuel but was ignored. Thus, he couldn't help but feel dejected.

Alas, men are bound to fall for a woman's beauty. This man exudes an imposing aura, so he must have a high status. Seeing how he loses his demeanor and charisma for a dead lady, he is no different from any other ordinary man.

It was his duty to let Natalie's family claim her body.

With no choice, the officer stood by Samuel's side while the latter mourned.

After a long while, Samuel slowly stood up from the ground. Facing Natalie's body, he said faintly, "Nat, I'll take you home."

He sounded gentle and affectionate, as though he was speaking to a living person.

Witnessing the scene, the officer didn't think it was a frightening sight. Instead, it warmed his heart, yet he felt helpless.

I'm not sure if this lady trafficked psychotropic drugs in Loang, but it is a pity she lost her life just like that.

Samuel took Natalie's body with him after completing the procedures.

After settling down Yandel, Billy met up with Samuel.

When he found out that Samuel decided to take Natalie's body home, he was taken aback. "Mrs. Bowers has already passed away, Mr. Bowers. Her body was frozen in the mortuary fridge. If we bring her home now, I'm afraid that her body will—"

Decay even quickly.

Billy didn't dare to continue what he intended to say.

He knew Natalie's body was Samuel's last hope and was scared Samuel would collapse in despair if her body decayed quickly. Billy could never imagine how Samuel would react.

“Mr. Bowers, I think it’s best if we bring Mrs. Bowers to the funeral home directly,” Billy said after plucking up enough courage.

“That’s enough.”

“Mr. Bowers—”

“Billy, what you are worried about will not happen.” With tears in his eyes, Samuel smiled wryly. “I’m not insane. I only want to take her home and get her a change of clothes.”

Billy’s expression turned grim as he nodded. Then, he sent Samuel and Natalie’s body home.

It was Emma who opened the door.

She covered her mouth in shock when she saw Samuel carrying something like a body bag in his arms.

“This—”

Emma didn’t know what was inside, but she could vaguely guess what it was when she saw the shape of the body bag.

“It’s her.” Samuel had no intention of hiding the truth.

Having understood Samuel’s words, Emma could not conceal the pain on her face as she shed tears in grief. “How can this be? What has the world come to? This is unfair—”