

# A Cue for Love chapter 211

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## Chapter 211 Last Breath

Natalie was afraid that Ida would keep bumping into her surroundings due to her poor eyesight, but she couldn't win against the old woman.

Ida smiled brightly as she insisted on serving coffee and desserts to Natalie before she would sit down.

"Ms. Natalie, I'm very excited right now because this is the first time Mr. Samuel has brought a woman back." Tears swelled in the old woman's eyes. "He has always been an introvert since he was a little boy. He'll treat everyone with indifference aside from his family."

Natalie was stunned. I'm the first? Then what about Yara? Or Franklin and Sophia's mother? The both of them never came before?

"You're mistaken, Ms. Heath. The two of us are just friends."

"Friends?" Ida looked disappointed.

Before Natalie could answer, Samuel barged in and did it for her. "Yeah, we're just friends." His eyes narrowed as his lips curved upward coquettishly. "We're just friends for now. Relationship between two adults may change with circumstances."

Ida had been down that path once, so she could understand what he meant immediately. "Looks like I was being impatient for no reason. Young people should take it slow to build a strong foundation." She patted her forehead. "I hope I didn't scare you with my assumptions, Ms. Natalie."

"N-No," Natalie denied subconsciously.

When her eyes met Samuel's profound look, she realized he had just set up a trap that she couldn't escape.

Suddenly, love was in the air.

In an attempt to change the topic, Natalie asked, "What's your relationship with Ms. Heath?"

"She used to be my mother's wet nurse. She took care of my mother since she was a little girl. When I was born, my granny's already dead. In my eyes, Ms. Heath is my granny."

Ida shook her head with a smile. "I'm only a humble servant, Mr. Samuel. It's thanks to the Bowers family and the Zarate family that I am where I am today."

Samuel took a sip of water. "You deserve what you have today, Ms. Heath."

"Don't just talk. Eat some cakes." Ida pushed the food containers toward the duo. "I made these myself. Give them a try."

Samuel and Natalie picked up a slice of cake and ate it.

This cake... This is way too sweet and cloying. I don't like this. Natalie furrowed her eyebrows upon taking the first bite.

He immediately noticed her displeasure and grabbed the slice in her hand. Without hesitation, he threw the cake that she had already bitten into his mouth and chewed.

Natalie shot him a glare.

Samuel didn't look away. Instead, he picked up more and ate them with great satisfaction.

"Is it tasty?" Ida asked in anticipation.

"Still as good as always, Ms. Heath." He smiled. "It reminds me of my childhood."

"I'm glad you love it, Mr. Samuel."

Natalie sat at the side while staring at him. Even though both of them aren't related by blood, I can tell their familial relationship is greater than those that are. This is the first time I've seen him act so casually, in front of an elder, no less. Instead of the proud and mighty leader of the Bowers family that he usually is, he behaves like a teenager who's enjoying his time with his granny right now. Is this how he's like in front of his family? He's so different from his usual cold and arrogant self.

A tenderness welled inside Natalie. She didn't realize she had been staring at him.

After there was no more cake left, Ida wanted to clean the containers. Natalie offered her help and accompanied the old woman to the kitchen.

Inside the kitchen, Ida sighed. "My cake isn't all that good, is it?"

Natalie smiled awkwardly. "No."

"Mr. Samuel thought he could fool me just because I can't see that well." Ida grinned. "I'm getting old, so my tastebud isn't as sensitive as it used to be. When I gave the cake to my granddaughter, she said it was so sweet that her tooth was about to fall off."

"Nothing escapes you."

"Yep! I know Mr. Samuel lied about the taste because he didn't want to hurt my feelings." Sadness flooded into Ida's eyes. "Even though he's the head of the Bowers family, he's not as invincible as you may think."

"Hmm?"

"Years ago, Mr. Samuel saw his mother gasped for her last breath with his own eyes..."

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Chapter 212 Tragedy

Natalie's eyelashes fluttered as her hands stopped.

Even though Ida had been through a lot, she couldn't help but sigh again as she recalled the past. "Shanice Zarate was a famous and talented socialite in Dellmoor when she was young. After she was married into the Bowers family, she gave birth to Mr. Samuel and Mr. Steven. However, one night, when her sons were fast asleep, she cut her own wrists. Mr. Samuel was only five at that time. He woke up after he smelled the scent of blood. The moment his eyes opened, he saw his mother covered in blood as she passed away."

Natalie knew rich families like the Bowers family had a lot of secrets, but she never thought Samuel had to live with such a tragic experience. He was five years old. Clayton and Xavian are five years old this year. I can't imagine the despair and pain Samuel went through after seeing his mother die by suicide.

"Natalie..." Ida held her hand tightly. "I hope you'll be the one to bring warmth into Mr. Samuel's heart."

Natalie wasn't sure how to respond to that, but upon seeing the desperate hope in the old woman's eyes, she nodded reluctantly as a vague answer.

After she finished helping Ida, Natalie returned to the living room.

Ever since she entered the building, she hadn't had the chance to take off the dress she had been wearing since the press conference. It was hindering her movement.

Samuel glanced at her before turning to Ida. "Ms. Heath, can you give Nat a change of clothes? Her dress is dirty."

"I'll go and find one right now." Ida then headed upstairs.

Once the old woman was out of earshot, Natalie bit her lip and asked, "Who gave you permission to call me 'Nat'?"

“Everyone can call you ‘Natalie,’” he scoffed. “So, I’m not going to call you by the name that everyone else does. I want to call you by a nickname that only the closest person to you can call.”

“You-” She gritted her teeth and suddenly found herself speechless in front of him. Even though he was gone for half a month, not only did he not back off, he even forces himself closer and closer to me.

He stood up from the couch, held her waist, and whispered in her ear, “Just a nickname is enough to throw you off balance? How would you react when I do and say more intimate things to you?”

Her body tensed up as his hot breath brushed past her earlobes.

At that moment, Ida descended with a green gown.

Upon hearing the old woman’s footsteps, Natalie pushed Samuel away and tried to calm her pounding heart.

“My clothes are torn and old. It isn’t suitable for you to wear. That is why I decided to give you this instead.” Ida handed the gown to Natalie. “This belonged to Ms. Shanice. I’ve been keeping it as a memento. I didn’t think it’ll be of use today.”

“Thank you, Ms. Heath.” Natalie proceeded to head inside a room to change.

She didn’t feel too different after changing into the gown and walking out of the room.

However, Samuel’s eyes lit up when he saw her in that outfit.

The graceful green gown managed to outline her slender figure perfectly. Her fair and smooth legs, like an antique porcelain vase, possessed an ivory luster.

Natalie looked around. “Where’s Ms. Heath?”

“She went back to her room to rest because she was getting tired,” he answered as he was still gazing at her. “She’s also trying to set us up together, so there’s only one room for the both of us.”

“I’ll take the couch.” She took a few steps toward the furniture before he held her wrist.

“You don’t sleep on the couch,” Samuel said in a low voice. “If anyone’s going to sleep on the couch, it’s me. You’ll be sleeping on the bed.”

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## Chapter 213 Not An Idiot

Natalie grew up in a village since she was a girl, so she wasn't that pampered. "I can sleep on the couch, Samuel."

"Are you pitying me?" Samuel gripped her wrist tighter. "From now on, if you say another word, we'll be sleeping on the bed together."

She lowered her head and stopped arguing with him. If... If the both of us really do sleep on the same bed, I wonder how things between us would turn out. It's hard for me to imagine. If it weren't for Mr. Morin earlier, perhaps I would've become his woman.

The two of them promptly parted ways for the night.

Natalie went to the guest room that Ida had prepared while Samuel slept on the couch in the living room.

The building was quite far away from the city, so the entire place was very quiet. The only sounds around were the rustling of the trees and the chirping of the wildlife.

Even though it was a comfortable and soothing place, she couldn't sleep at all.

Curling herself into a ball, images flashed in her mind.

In the past, when Natalie couldn't sleep, it was because she thought about herself, her mother, and her granddad's vengeance.

However, the only thing on her mind that night was Samuel.

She thought about his domineering presence, his strength, his affection, and his warmth. Of course, the most important thing of all was the way he always showed up when she needed him the most.

She wasn't an idiot.

She knew she had feelings for him. She simply didn't want to admit it.

Her hands tightened balls of fists as she forbade herself from diving in headfirst into love.

The next day, the smell of warm milk woke Natalie up.

After cleaning herself up in the bathroom, she saw Samuel and Ida sitting at the dining table. "Good morning."

Ida smiled. "You've woken up, Ms. Natalie. Would you like some warm milk?"

"Sure." Natalie nodded and approached the dining table.

She could sit next to Samuel, but she intentionally sat on the opposite side instead.

His line of sight was obviously focused on her face, but she pretended not to notice it.

After picking up the cup of milk and giving it a sip, she turned to Ida and said, "This is pretty good. I really like it, Ms. Heath."

"If you like it, you should drink more. I added a little something special to it, so if you ever miss the taste, come find me. I'll be happy to have visitors."

"Okay." Unlike the cake from yesterday, Natalie really enjoyed the milk.

She was holding the cup and sipping the milk like a kitten while avoiding Samuel's gaze.

You'll be stronger without desires, Natalie. Don't fall for him. Those words repeated in her mind over and over again. I haven't achieved true strength and executed my revenge. This desire will only get in my way.

"I'll go and grab myself another cup, Ms. Heath."

"Okay."

Natalie then walked into the kitchen.

Even though Ida couldn't see well, she could still feel the invisible barrier between Natalie and Samuel. "Mr. Samuel, did you say something to hurt her?"

"It wasn't me." Samuel took a sip and answered with a profound look, "Someone hurt her too deeply. It's hard for her to believe anyone who tries to get close to her."

"Ms. Natalie is--"

"I know. She's a good girl. I'm willing to wait for her."

"Good, good. I'm glad you're determined, Mr. Samuel. I hope you two will get together..."

He smiled. "We will."

When Natalie returned from the kitchen, she saw Ida and Samuel smiling brightly. What did the two of them talk about that made them look so happy?

She continued to drink her milk, oblivious to what had happened.

Her cup was only half empty when a set of footsteps was heard rushing toward the building.

Moments later, a girl in white sportswear appeared. Her face was still flushed from the sprinting as she asked, "Where's Samuel, Granny? He's still here, right?"

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Chapter 214 Natalie Is Jealous

Stella ran and panted heavily, but the moment she saw Samuel, she could not stop herself from giving him a hug.

"Why is it so difficult to meet you at the right time and place?!" Stella buried her tiny face in his chest and vented her frustration. "Why didn't you tell me you came to visit Granny? I almost missed you again."

"How difficult can that be?" Samuel did not push her away. Instead, he gave her shoulder a gentle pat. "Well, I'm standing in front of you right now."

"I miss you."

"You can take a good look at me now."

Natalie stood still while holding a bowl of soy milk in her hand. Her heart sank when she saw the two in each other's embrace.

I guess Samuel treats the other women like how he had treated me too. I'm not that special someone in his life, after all.

Seconds later, Natalie pulled herself together. What's wrong with me? Samuel's love life is none of my business anyway. Who am I to judge?

Yet, she could not stop her heart from twitching.

D\*mn it.

She even began to experience shortness of breath.

When Samuel turned around and looked at her, Natalie raised the bowl to cover her eyes.

She did not want the man to see how panicked she was.

Upon noticing how Natalie was trying to hide her jealousy, a corner of Samuel's lips quirked up.

After releasing Samuel from her hug, Stella noticed an unfamiliar face from a distance.

"Who is she?" She pointed at Natalie. "Is she your new assistant? Did you fire Billy because he screwed things up?"

"What are you talking about?" Ida pulled a straight face. "She's Mr. Bowers' friend."

Stella instantly turned her attention to Natalie and started studying her from head to toe. She then took a glance at Samuel and said, "Got it. She's your friend now, but one day, she'll become my sister-in-law. Am I right?"

Sister-in-law?

Natalie froze for a moment.

Stella grinned and extended her hand to Natalie. "Nice to meet you. I'm Stella. Samuel's cousin."

She's Samuel's cousin? What was I thinking earlier?

Natalie was so embarrassed that she wanted to dig a hole and hide in it.

"Hello. Nice to meet you." Natalie held Stella's hand and introduced herself. "I'm Natalie. Natalie Nichols."

After a brief introduction, the four of them took their seats at the dining table.

Stella started gulping down her grandmother's soy milk, as she had not had it for quite some time.

To avoid misunderstanding, Ida started explaining to Natalie, "I used to work for Ms. Shanice as a wet nurse, and my daughter and I lived with them in their residence. When my daughter grew up, she married Ms. Shanice's brother."

"In other words, Stella is my granddaughter. She's also Mr. Samuel's cousin. They grew up together here and had a close relationship with each other. That's why they behaved like that earlier. I hope you don't mind."

"I see," Natalie responded with an awkward smile and tried to hide her guilt.

The two ladies clicked right away, and they even exchanged contact numbers. Stella was so fond of Natalie that she kept asking the latter all kinds of questions.

Natalie, too, thought Stella was adorable. She also liked how steady and open Stella was. Natalie enjoyed being around her.

After breakfast, Samuel left the house with Natalie.

An awkward silence filled the air when the two were traveling in Hummer, as they did not speak to each other.

After sending Natalie home, Samuel returned to the office to handle some matters.

Since the three children were away in preschool, Natalie was all alone in the house.

After leaving the press conference last night, Natalie had not had the time to go through the messages on her phone.

After making herself a cup of coffee, she sat in front of her desk and started working.

She logged into her Twitter account and noticed two trending hashtags on the sidebar.

The first was: Wendy takes you back in time

The second hashtag was: Yara responds to the rumor on pre-recorded music

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Chapter 215 Trying To Clear Her Name

Natalie tapped on the first hashtag and found pictures and videos of the game.

“She danced so well! My heart broke when she collapsed on the drum.”

“The game developer has found the right person to play the role!”

“I look forward to seeing her performance in the future!”

“Me too! I hope she can star in historical films in the future! I could totally picture her as an ancient beauty!”

Natalie was delighted to read all the positive comments from Wendy’s fans.

Despite being a newbie, Wendy had secured a role in Nation Glory and expanded her network in the industry. As her boss, Natalie was proud of her achievement.

With the resources available to her, Natalie believed she could take Wendy up to the next level. I’m pretty sure Hans can’t do what I did.

Wendy was no doubt gifted in dancing, but the fact that she had suffered injuries on her waist meant that her career as a dancer would, unfortunately, be a short-lived one.

Based on Wendy's ability to internalize a character, Natalie believed Wendy could become a good actress.

She also believed that the press conference marked not the peak but the beginning of Wendy's career.

Natalie then clicked on the second hashtag and scrolled through all the posts.

It was a highly discussed topic.

Yara posted three photos on her Twitter but did not caption them.

The first photo showed a thermometer that recorded 38.9°C, whereas the second one showed IV drip on a hand.

The last photo was a card that contained these handwritten words: I'm sorry! I couldn't perform because I wasn't feeling well. I should've informed the organizer instead of making an appearance in such a manner. It's all my fault! Once again, I'm sorry to all the gamers and my fans!

Netizens all went crazy in the comment section.

"Stop lying! We would still be in the dark had the string in the piano didn't snap!"

"Can you all stop being so harsh on Yara? She forced herself to perform even when she had a high fever. Just give her a break!"

"Poor Yara. She has to perform even when she's sick!"

"What is this? Stop trying to justify your action!"

"Yara has already apologized. Can't you all just let her off? Don't cross the line, or else we, her fans, will take you down!"

Natalie let out a cold snort. Is Yara still trying to clear her name?

By playing the sympathy card and issuing a timely apology, she had successfully gotten her fans to stand by her side. What an excellent public relations move! All she needs to do next is to lay low for a period. When other scandals began to make headlines in the coming weeks, people would eventually forget about her fake live performance.

Well played, Yara. Well played.

Natalie still held grudges against Yara for what the latter had done to her when she was still a country bumpkin six years ago.

But time had passed, and Natalie had changed too.

It had never crossed Yara's mind that it was Natalie, the sister whom she had tried to burn to death, who set up the trap to expose her fake live performance.

Meanwhile, Yara locked herself in the hotel room during the day. The curtains were tightly drawn, and the room reeked of alcohol.

A few empty wine bottles lay around Yara's feet, and she swirled and sipped the wine from the glass in her hand.

After Mona had ended her call, she turned to Yara and said, "Take a short break. You don't have to go to the film studio either. I'll make the necessary arrangement with the film crew."

Upon hearing that, Yara smashed the partially-filled wine glass to the floor.

Startled by the sound of the broken glass, Mona shrieked at the top of her lungs.

Yara went up and strangled Mona. "It's all your fault! All this wouldn't have happened had you not suggested that idea!"

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Chapter 216 Open A Medical Center For You

Mona was gasping for air as she could not breathe. "Calm down, Yara. Please calm down. Trust me. I had always had your best interest in mind..."

She tried to take another breath and continued, "I really didn't expect the accident to happen, and I thought they'd appoint you as their ambassador for sure..."

Mona was taken aback by how strong Yara had become after gulping down a few glasses of wine. She was so terrified of Yara that she started trembling.

"You have my best interest in mind?" Yara gave Mona a killer stare. "Do you know how hard I've worked to get to where I am today? Because of this accident, I've now become a laughing stock!"

"Please, Yara. Stop. I can't breathe. Please..."

Yara ignored Mona's plea at first, but the moment her phone rang, she let go of her manager.

The ring tone that Yara had set for the Bowers was like a wake-up call, and upon hearing that, she instantly backed off.

Mona, who could now breathe, was relieved that the call saved her life. She almost thought she would die in Yara's hands.

Yara took a glance at her screen and realized the caller was Kenneth. She immediately picked up the call. "Hello..."

She was all choked up and sounded aggrieved and vulnerable. She was not as aggressive as how she behaved when she was strangling Mona earlier.

"How's your fever?" Kenneth was concerned about her. "You shouldn't have pushed yourself so hard when you're not feeling well."

"My manager was the one who made all the arrangements. I knew nothing when I was performing on stage." Words were stuck in Yara's throat as she was trying to explain to Kenneth.

She continued, "I only found out about the pre-recorded music when the string of the piano snapped. The mic that was attached to the instrument was not on at all. But still, it's my fault. Sorry to have disappointed you."

Kenneth was not pleased when he found out what Yara did from the news, but after listening to her explanation, he decided to believe her.

I'm sure a girl like Yara, who was kind enough to assist me when I needed medical attention, would not resort to such a despicable act.

Yara must have worked hard to put up a great performance, and it must be her manager who pulled the trick behind her back. If the accident didn't happen, she wouldn't have found out what her manager did as well.

Kenneth let out a sigh and said, "Don't be silly. You're someone who rushed me to the hospital years ago and didn't even leave your contact details. I trust you with all my heart, of course."

"Thank you, Mr. Bowers."

"Rest well, Yara." Kenneth then paused for a moment. "You should take a break and stop working for a while. Do you remember I told you about opening a medical center for you? I thought about it, and I think it's about time to do it."

"Huh?" Yara was nonplussed.

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing. Nothing. I was just a little surprised."

"We've talked about this before, and I think it's the right time to proceed," Kenneth said. "I hope my daughter-in-law could be a doctor instead of an entertainer."

What? But I know nothing about medic!

Yara was worried and unhappy about it, but she could not express her dismay. "Okay, Mr. Bowers."

After Yara had ended the call, Mona could not help but start shivering again.

Yara, who aggressively strangled Mona earlier, turned into a different person when she was on the phone with Kenneth.

Mona would not have believed the sudden change in Yara's personality had she not witnessed it.

After putting down her phone, Yara took a sidelong glance at Mona. "I'll stop acting for a while. Find me a doctor. I need to polish up my medical knowledge."

"Excuse me?" Mona could not believe her ears.

"Find me a doctor who can teach me about medic." A hard glint flashed across Yara's eyes. "No one must know about it. If anyone finds out about it, you're dead."

The murderous stare from the evil beauty sent chills down Mona's spine. She could only respond with a vigorous nod.