

## A Cue for Happiness Chapter 101-110

### Chapter 101 You Think You Can Run Away

“Is that how you truly feel?”

Natalie clenched her phone as she answered coldly, “Why would I lie to you? Samuel Bowers, who do you think you are? Why would I be pretentious in front of you?”

Knowing that Sophia was missing, Natalie began to panic.

However, she did not want Samuel to see it.

“Hurry up and look for Sophia. I’m busy. I don’t have the time to talk to you.”

Upon finishing speaking, Natalie hung up the phone.

She was biting on her lip so hard that it started to bleed, but she did not even notice it.

Sophia is so young. Her aphasia condition has just slightly improved. Where could she go? Moreover, the Bower family attracts so much attention. Their enemies can’t do anything to harm the brothers. What if they lay their hands on Sophia instead?

The more Natalie thought about it, the more miserable she felt.

Without any hesitation, she called Yandel.

“Yandel, I need your help locating a girl. I’ll send you her information and photo later. You have to find her whereabouts in a couple of hours.”

“Boss, who’s this girl?”

“I don’t have the time to explain. Also, give Jerome a call for help as well.”

“You’re going to make Jerome pay back the favor just like this? This is too-”

While Yandel was complaining, Natalie ignored him and hung up the call.

She always knew that Jerome was interested in her.

That was why she had never contacted him. She did not want to take advantage of his feelings.

However, nothing was more important than ensuring Sophia’s safety now.

After sending the information and photo, Natalie quickly rushed home. She did not find Sophia there.

Where did Sophia go? Did she run away from home? Was she kidnapped?

Meanwhile, in the convenience store, Xavian tore open the packaging of the snack before giving it to Sophia.

The latter then started eating slowly. She did not cause a mess while eating her snack.

As Xavian watched her eat, he became more fond of her. Deep down, he wanted Natalie to give birth to a younger sister who looked exactly like Sophia.

After Sophia finished eating, Xavian held her hand.

“Where do you live? I’ll take you home.”

Sophia quickly shook her head and said adamantly, “N-Natalie...”

Xavian did not expect her to be still thinking about Natalie after she was fed.

He sighed and replied, “Let’s go. I’ll bring you to my house.”

With a pair of teary eyes, Sophia said, “T-Thank.. you... X-Xavian...”

“Okay.”

Xavian held Sophia’s hand as both of them walked toward the compound.

However, several steps later, Xavian noticed that the two gangsters were still following them from behind.

Since the convenience store was packed with people, they did not dare to take make a move on the children yet.

Clearly, the men were waiting for Xavian and Sophia to be alone.

They had to walk through a tree-lined road in order to get back to Xavian’s house. Both sides of the road were planted with sycamore trees. At that moment, not a single person was seen on the entire street.

The two men were still following behind them.

At that moment, even Sophia had noticed the sound of footsteps behind them. There was a hint of worry on her face.

“S-Someone...”

Xavian held Sophia’s hand tighter as he whispered, “I’ll count to three. Don’t look back. Just keep running with me. One. Two. Three.”

On the count of three, Xavian started running with Sophia while he held her hand.

When the men saw the kids running, they quickened their pace.

Not only that the children’s legs were short, but there were also limits to their stamina.

They were not as lucky as the previous time. One of the men who had a scar on his face came to a halt in front of them.

“Why are you running? You think you can run away from us with those short legs of yours?”

## **Chapter 102 An Enraged Samuel**

Despite being helpless, Xavian protectively nudged Sophia to stand behind him.

His heart thumped for a moment. Even so, he did not show a single trace of his anxiety in front of the terrified Sophia.

He mustered all his courage before locking eyes with the man who had a scar on his face. “We’re mere children. Why are you kidnapping us?”

“Please. Who do you think you are?” The scar-faced man sarcastically said while scratching his chin. His gaze then swept past Xavian and landed on Sophia. “Sweet little Sophia Bowers over there is the one we want, not you. The Bowers family will have no choice but to fulfil our demands if we hold her captive.”

The Bowers family? Sophia?

The pieces finally clicked together in Xavian’s mind as he now understood what was happening.

This little girl standing behind me is Samuel’s daughter.

“S-Scared...” Tears poured from Sophia’s eyes as her tiny body trembled fervently.

She had been highly guarded by the Bowers family her entire life.

There were times when she tried to sneak out for fun in the past. That led to two outcomes; someone would catch her right before she could leave her home, or Franklin would get assigned to accompany her.

Today was her first time successfully sneaking out alone to find Natalie. Unfortunately, she failed to find the latter and had somehow ended up in the clutches of the evil scar-faced man.

The man briskly grabbed Xavian's shoulder as if he were toying with a vulnerable ant.

To that, Xavian retaliated. He grabbed the man's arm and bit down hard, leaving two jagged rows of bloodied teeth marks.

"How dare you bite me, you rabid dog? I'll finish you off here and now!" The scar-faced man broke free of Xavian and flung the latter onto the ground.

As Xavian's body crashed landed, he let out a series of loud gasps. It felt as if all his bones had snapped at once.

No! I can't give up now!

He wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth while clambering onto his feet to protect Sophia.

Before he could do anything, a hand patted his shoulder as a gentle voice spoke. "Hang on, Sweetheart. I have a task for you."

A wave of relief and joy surged through Xavian as soon as he heard that.

"Mommy, you're here!"

"No child should have to witness a vicious fight," Natalie stated with a piercing, cold gaze. "Xavian, I want you to take Sophia over to that corner and cover her eyes. Don't forget to close your eyes too. You guys aren't allowed to look without my permission, got it?"

"But-"

"Sweetheart, when has Mommy ever let you down?"

"I... I understand."

"Good."

At once, Xavian spun on his heels to calm and help Sophia settle in the corner. Meanwhile, Natalie turned toward the two middle-aged men in front of her.

She had asked Yandel and Jerome to track down Sophia earlier but worried that Sophia would come looking for her. Hence, she decided to look around her neighborhood for good measure.

Because of that, she chanced upon her son and Sophia, who got picked on by two men.

Blurry anger shrouded Natalie's vision. Any harm done to her son was enough to strike a nerve in her. However, a fit of scorching rage seethed from her at that moment as she witnessed the men threatening both Xavian and Sophia.

"You should mind your own business, lady. Hand over Sophia." The scar-faced man spoke with a half-smile while taking a knife out of his pocket. "Obey me, and I'll let you walk away unharmed."

"Hand her over to you? Pfft. In your dreams!"

"How dare you!" Feeling provoked by Natalie's sharp retort, the man bolted over and tried to stab her.

Natalie dodged sideways in a flash, narrowly escaping the blunt edge of his knife before landing a forceful jab on the man's abdomen.

Utter shock flashed on the man's face. He had not expected Natalie to dodge his attack with such grace and skill. Annoyed, he barked at his accomplice, "What the f\*ck are you standing around for? Hurry up and finish her off this instant!"

It was evident that someone had paid the two men to kidnap Sophia as they were willing to use any means necessary.

They quickly drew their knives and surrounded Natalie.

The men continuously attacked her for some time. It did not take long before she grew weary, and her dodging speed slowed down.

Eventually, the knife of the scar-faced man made a deep cut on Natalie's arm.

Not wanting the children to worry, she bit her lip and continued fighting off the men without making a sound.

A second cut soon formed on Natalie's arm.

Then, one of the men managed to slash another cut on her upper arm.

Thick, warm blood began to ooze from each cut. A sharp stinging pierced through Natalie's entire arm, rendering her weak and unable to exert any strength.

It was then that a Hummer sped over to the scene.

A tall figure got out of the driver's seat. In an instant, a hostile aura emanated into the space around them.

## Chapter 103 None Of Your Business

Sheer panic arose in Natalie as she could not guarantee the safety of Sophia and Xavian now that she had gotten hurt. However, a flicker of hope lit in her eyes upon witnessing Samuel's appearance.

Relief poured over Natalie as she no longer resisted her body's pains. At that moment, she allowed the discomfort of her wounds to take over her consciousness.

Darn, these cuts really do pack quite a punch...

The two men had not realized the figure was Samuel. After turning around to lock gazes with him, their faces instantly twisted into expressions of shock and terror.

The scar-faced man shared a knowing look with his accomplice and muttered, "Let's get out of here!"

They turned around quickly, wanting to escape.

The two barely took a few steps before Samuel brought them to the ground with a swift leg sweep.

At that, the scar-faced man gripped his knife tightly. He wanted to get up and fight back but could not as his wrist got ruthlessly stepped on by a pair of expensive leather shoes.

"Ahhhh!" The man cried out in agony. His face writhed almost to the point of distortion.

Crack! Some seconds passed before his wrist bone got utterly crushed, and he dropped his knife.

"M-My hand!" The scar-faced man shrieked while quivering in pain.

All traces of color drained from his face. Even his arm turned to a ghastly white.

Meanwhile, the accomplice pissed his pants in fear while begging for mercy. "We... We were only following orders. Technically, we didn't harm Sophia! Only that random ugly woman got hurt. Please have mercy on me!"

Samuel's eyes narrowed to vicious slits.

This punk has got some nerve! Sophia is my daughter, and Natalie is my beloved. How dare he hurt and offend the two most precious women in my life! He'll pay dearly for crossing me. I'm going to make him regret the day he was born.

"How about no?" With that, Samuel crushed the accomplice's wrist.

Billy brought some other subordinates of the Bowers family with him to the scene sometime later.

“Apologies for being late, Sir...” Billy said in a low voice.

“Bring these two men with you for interrogation. I want to know who sent them here to kidnap Sophia.” Samuel’s brows drew close as he continued with a hint of malice in his tone, “Once you extract the information, do treat them well and show them how hospitable we, Bowers, can be.”

Billy had served Samuel for a long time; he had seen the numerous torturing methods Samuel employed when dealing with enemies.

However, this was the first time that Billy saw Samuel this enraged.

Even so, he kept quiet and responded with a simple, “I understand, Sir.”

The two men had passed out on the ground due to the excruciating pain they felt. Hence, Billy and the other subordinates lugged the men onto a car’s trunk as if the two were mere logs.

Samuel did not approach Xavian and Sophia first. Instead, he rushed over to Natalie’s side.

He asked, “Are you all right?”

Natalie felt relieved earlier when she saw Samuel. Yet, now that the situation got resolved, she had mixed feelings and decided to shove Samuel away.

“I’m fine,” she replied.

“You’re bleeding profusely right now. How is that fine?” Samuel refused to let Natalie turn him away. He persisted, “Why are you like this? How far must it go before you’re willing to admit that you’re hurt and that you need help?”

Wrath gleamed in Samuel’s dark gaze at once.

It was the first time Natalie saw Samuel in such a furious state.

An ache throbbed in her chest as she recalled the incident that happened last night.

The woman that Samuel kissed yesterday was indeed Natalie herself.

However, she was wearing her hyper-realistic mask, so there was no way that Samuel could recognize her.

Natalie clenched her jaw bitterly at the thought of how Samuel flirted with her that night while thinking she was a different person.

She covered her bleeding arm but could not conceal her temper in front of Samuel's nagging.

Eventually, she gave in to her anger and snapped, "Do you not understand a word I'm saying, Samuel Bowers? I already told you that I accepted ten million from Yara under the condition that I must disappear from your life. You don't have to concern yourself with my affairs. It doesn't matter if I'm bleeding to my death because my life has nothing to do with you anymore!"

### **Chapter 104 Bear The Consequences**

Samuel was worried about Natalie's injury. Never in a million years did he expect her to refuse his help so coldly.

Nevertheless, his arm snaked under Natalie's knee and lifted her in a bridal carry before walking toward his car.

"Samuel Bowers! Let me go right now! Hey! Are you even listening to what I'm saying? You jerk! You clearly hear me screaming in your ear, so why are you pretending not to understand?"

Samuel cast a casual glance at Natalie. "So what if you agreed to stay away from me? You may have made that promise to Yara, but I didn't promise her anything."

Upon hearing that bold statement, Natalie was so surprised that she was at a loss for words.

"You—"

"Think of it as me forcing you to stay in my life. Don't worry. I'll bear the consequences for doing so." Samuel's eyes shined brightly with hope. He then continued, "Now, be a good girl and stay still in my arms. You'll lose more blood if you keep wiggling around, and I can assure you that losing blood will worsen your suffering during the recovery process."

Natalie was used to getting injured.

Even so, she could not help but fall for his kind gesture.

At the same time, she was annoyed at herself for having mixed feelings; she had already decided to cut ties with Samuel, yet she still yearned for his care.

"Don't order me around with that mocking tone of yours!" she eventually scoffed.



“Save all that anger for after you recover. You can yell and hit me then, but for now...” Samuel then glanced down at her, his gaze soft with affection as he spoke with a low and gentle voice. “Please don’t resist me. I’m worried about you...”

A lump lodged at the back of Natalie’s throat.

I’ve made a lot of harsh remarks toward him. Still, why is he not giving up on me? Why is it that even though he shares a complicated relationship with Yara, I still feel like he only cares about me?

She pondered while opening the car door. It was then that a different thought struck her mind. “Wait a minute. Where’s Sophia? And where’s my little one? Where’s Xavian-”

“Relax. The kids will be fine now that Billy is around to look after them,” Samuel reassured.

Natalie lightly nibbled her lower lip after hearing that.

At last, there was no reason for her to refuse Samuel’s help. She let go of her hand and allowed him to carry her onto the passenger seat.

Samuel promptly leaned over to fasten the seat belt for Natalie, making sure to avoid her wounds.

He moved with great caution like he was handling the world’s most delicate gem.

Natalie obediently sat still while fixating on the man who did all this for her.

Am I hallucinating? When will this seemingly perfect dream end?

Samuel gave one last assuring glance at Natalie before heading to the driver’s seat.

He kept silent throughout the drive but accelerated as he wanted to have Natalie’s wounds treated quickly.

In less than ten minutes, his Hummer pulled up at the entrance of a private hospital.

When getting out of the car, Samuel carried her once more.

“You do know that only my arms got injured, right? My legs are fine...”

“I know.” A mischievous glint flitted past Samuel’s eyes as he went on. “But I want to hold you, so quit moving around and worsening your wounds, or I’ll kiss you in public.”

Natalie froze. “Y-You...”

“You’re more than welcome to test the waters if you don’t believe that I’ll actually kiss you.”

Of course, Natalie did not dare to challenge him on this matter. So, she could only compromise.

Even though blood gushed from many open wounds on her arm, she felt comfortable and safe in Samuel’s warm embrace.

At the emergency room, the doctor used a pair of scissors to cut open Natalie’s sleeve so he could treat her wounds.

Three jagged cuts trailed at different areas of her arm. Each had slashed into her pale skin varying depths, and they had not stopped bleeding.

Her now clotted blood clumped parts of her flesh and tattered skin together into a goeey mess.

“Miss, I’m afraid you’ll need stitches to close these wounds.”

“Alright. Go ahead, doctor.”

As the doctor cleaned and stitched the cuts on Natalie’s arm, he was surprised to see how the latter had not made a sound or even flinched once.

He raised his eyes and looked at Natalie, curious about how high her pain tolerance was.

It was not long before Natalie noticed the doctor’s confusion and spoke. “I’ve suffered from injuries that are far worse than this, so I don’t really feel much pain as you’re stitching me up...”

## **Chapter 105 Sorry For Being Late**

The doctor fell silent for a moment.

This girl is probably only in her twenties. I wonder what kind of trauma she has experienced to dismiss her current pain with such ease...

Samuel curled his fists as he stared at Natalie’s bloodied arm.

Three cuts... God knows how long these three scars will remain on her arm. Hell, they might not ever heal. For every wound and pain inflicted on Natalie, I will make sure to return the favor to those two scumbags by the millions! They’ll regret ever crossing me, this I swear.

The doctor eventually fixed Natalie up and gave her some advice on caring for her stitches. He then turned to Samuel and reminded, "Please take good care of your girlfriend."

"Doctor, you've misunderstood. He's not-"

Before Natalie could finish speaking, Samuel hopped in to interject, "I will. Thank you so much, doctor."

He then carried her out of the emergency room and into a private ward as if they were a loving couple.

Along the way, Natalie emphasized aloud, "I am not your girlfriend."

"Mm-hmm."

"Since you're aware that we aren't a couple, why didn't you correct the doctor earlier?"

At that, Samuel stopped in his steps to gaze adoringly at Natalie's face. "Because you will eventually become my woman. I am merely exercising my rights early."

"You-" Natalie shot him a glare.

"Don't use your deal with Yara as an excuse to avoid me." Samuel locked eyes with her and added in a firm tone, "No one can threaten me except you. You're the one person who has a hold on me."

This man is so charming whenever he gets serious like this...

Meanwhile, whispers of nurses and patients filled every hospital ward.

"That woman is average-looking, yet she's lucky enough to get carried in the arms of that drop-dead gorgeous man? I envy her!"

"Hmph. I bet that lady is wealthy and probably obsessed with handsome men. Maybe she's paying him to treat her so well!"

"Eep! I want a drool-worthy hunk to carry me in bridal style too!"

"Did you see how gentle he is with her? Ugh, my husband doesn't even treat me with half as much as that man does to her!"

It was though a stormy cloud formed above Natalie as she listened to the women's envy for her and admiration toward Samuel.

These women are out of their minds! I am not as hideous as they make me out to be! Besides, Samuel is obsessed with me and won't let me leave his life at all. I can't get rid of him even if I want to!

Natalie was so mad that her cheeks reddened and puffed up.

At that sight, an amused chuckle rumbled from Samuel's chest while he carried Natalie over to the bed in her private ward.

"Quit acting so tough all the time." Samuel's arms snaked past Natalie's sides and forced her into an embrace. He continued, "You were obviously worried about Sophia, so much so that you were willing to risk your life for her."

At once, Natalie's heartbeat skyrocketed from feeling his hot breath tickling against her skin.

She quickly averted her gaze to look elsewhere.

"So what?" She muttered. "I'm only worried about Sophia because I love her and wanted to save her life out of my own free will. It has nothing to do with you, so please stop being nice to me out of gratitude. I don't need or want any form of compensation from you."

Deep down, Natalie felt she had acted brashly by endangering her life to save Sophia.

I have children of my own too. If those men actually killed me, what would happen to my kids? How will they live without their mother? Things would have taken an extreme turn if Samuel hadn't arrived in time to rescue me... That's strange. I wasn't even worried about my life when Sophia was in danger. For some reason, my instincts told me I needed to protect her. That feeling earlier... It was like I would rather have ten deep cuts on my body than let Sophia suffer from even the slightest scratch. Weird...

"I'm sorry..." Samuel's sincere gaze locked on Natalie from a close distance.

"What do you mean?"

"I was too late," Samuel murmured. "If I had just arrived even a minute earlier, you would not have to suffer from so much pain."

Natalie's heart skipped a beat.

Elsewhere, Yandel sought the help of Jerome but quickly caught wind of Natalie's injury.

Jerome shot a grim look at Yandel as he questioned the latter, "What exactly is Natalie's relationship with that little girl? Natalie is normally someone who places her safety first and foremost, so why did she risk her life for a girl that she barely knows?"

## Chapter 106 You Are An Animal

Jerome's hands were now gripping Yandel's collar tightly.

"How on earth would I know, Jerome?" Dumbfounded, Yandel paused to compose himself before adding, "I don't know the details, but I believe she must have her reason for doing so."

"What reason could there possibly be?" Anger flitted past Jerome's dark eyes as he barked, "What on earth could be more important than her own life?"

All Yandel could do was helplessly purse his lips.

He, too, was worried about Natalie's wellbeing and safety.

However, the intensity of his worry was nothing compared to Jerome's.

Just as Yandel was scratching his head over how to reassure Jerome, his phone rang.

"Hello?"

"Yandel, it's me." Natalie's calm voice traveled from the phone's speakers, sending a rush of relief down Yandel's spine.

"Boss, are you all right?" he instantly asked.

"It was only a small injury," Natalie replied smilingly on the other end of the call. "I won't die from it."

"I was worried sick-" Before Yandel could finish his words, Jerome, who was right beside him, snatched the phone.

"Why would a perfectly healthy lady like yourself talk about death all the time? It's bad luck!" Jerome shouted.

Natalie's amused grin grew wider upon hearing Jerome's voice. She teased, "You little rascal, how could you yell at me? It seems like you've become ruder now that you're older now, huh?"

She and Jerome had grown up in the same town.

The latter was two years younger than her and had followed her around like a loyal pet.

Jerome was much scrawnier as a kid, unlike his currently tall and muscular build. Because of that, he often got picked on by the kids in his town. It was Natalie who threw stones and chased those bullies away every time.

While Natalie was the daughter of the prestigious Nichols family, Jerome had a powerful identity too.

He was the grandson of Finley Blackburn, a significant figure within the military and political world. Not only that, but he was also the sole descendant of the Blackburn family. Thus, one could say he was someone important.

“Who do you think you’re calling a little rascal?” Jerome muttered.

“Well, if you don’t want to be my little rascal, then I’m going to hang up.”

“You-”

“Come now, please don’t be angry. I’m calling to let both of you know that I’m safe and sound. Yes, I got hurt, but it’s nothing serious. I’ll catch up with you once I recover, okay?” Natalie explained.

Jerome could not argue with her. Thus, he let out a grumpy huff as a form of reply.

“Attaboy.” With that, Natalie ended the call while still grinning smugly.

She thought back to the little boy who constantly followed behind her and addressed her politely. Now, he had grown into a fine man and had become the youngest lieutenant in the army.

She could not help but feel proud of his transformation.

Just then, Samuel opened the ward’s door and entered. As soon as he noticed Natalie holding her phone, a tense smile curled on his face.

“Who were you on the phone with?” Samuel asked, feigning ignorance. “Was it a guy or a girl?”

“A guy.”

Samuel swiftly approached and pushed Natalie down onto the hospital bed. “A guy?”

Just then, a plan hatched in Natalie’s mind as she wanted to retaliate against Samuel.

“Yep,” she stated candidly. Her eyes locked on him to prove she was serious. “On top of that, he and I are childhood sweethearts.”

Childhood sweethearts? Samuel thought to himself.

Technically, Natalie was telling the truth as she and Jerome had grown up alongside each other.

They shared a close relationship during their childhood. However, it was more akin to kinship than a romantic relationship since Natalie only saw Jerome as her younger brother.

Samuel's eyes bore into Natalie's as if he were trying to stare into her soul.

She's taunting me because she knows I have feelings for her.

"Now, now, Natalie. That's hardly fair..." Samuel remarked.

Natalie caught the threatening look in his eyes. However, now was not the time for her to surrender. She taunted, "It takes one to know one."

Samuel wanted to reveal just how deep his feelings for her ran. He was even willing to serve his heart on a silver platter to prove how much he loved her. Despite that, he knew that Natalie would not reciprocate his feelings, especially since she always had her guard up against him.

Her face was fake.

Her identity was fake, too.

Everything about her was fake.

Samuel's rage skyrocketed from all his pent-up emotions, so he leaned in to bite Natalie's lips.

Disbelief struck Natalie. She shot him a wide-eyed glare as her bottom lip burned with a shade of red like wildfire. "Samuel Bowers, you animal! I'm an injured patient!"

## **Chapter 107 So What If We Kiss**

Gosh! I have an arm filled with cuts! How dare this man behave so wildly and pin me under him?

Samuel slightly distanced from Natalie while caressing her lips with his finger. "So what if we kiss? One little peck won't affect your injured arm. After all, it's your lips that I'm ravaging."

With that, he threw himself against her body and planted his lips deeper against hers.

This time, he was more cautious not to touch the injury on Natalie's arm. He even made sure to avoid placing too much of his weight on her body.

"Y-You animal..." Natalie's muffled voice cursed.

Unfortunately, it had little effect on Samuel, who hungrily continued to run his tongue along the insides of her mouth.

Natalie's resistance toward his kiss only made him desire it even more. He wanted her to get used to the intimate gesture and make her fall for him.

Before the situation got steamier, a woman opened the ward's door and spoke. "Samuel, are you here? I've come to visit you."

Both Samuel and Natalie instantly recognized that it was Yara's voice.

Natalie was out of breath after the kiss. However, she suppressed her breathlessness and let out a flustered cough to hide how she had been kissing Samuel earlier.

Meanwhile, Samuel seemed to be in a much more composed state compared to her. The only odd thing was that his voice sounded hoarse and deep, as though his desire was now satisfied.

Any adult, especially those with experience in dating, would know both of them had been kissing passionately a while ago on the patient's bed from a single glance; Yara was no exception.

Her face paled instantly. She felt as though her heart skipped a beat. Without realizing it, Yara's jaw dropped, and she could not bring herself to utter a word.

The truth was that she wanted to visit the Bowers residence to win over Franklin and Sophia, and ultimately, Samuel. There, she found out from Gavin that Sophia was with Steven.

Gavin knew nothing and had only told her that Samuel was at the hospital.

Humans were the weakest when they were sick. Plus, Samuel rarely fell ill, so it was only natural that Yara would use this opportunity to gain his favor.

Unfortunately, she did not expect to find him literally tongue-tied with Natalie.

Yara's sly plan to seduce Samuel had backfired into a ridiculous joke.

Samuel is not the one injured. It's that ugly, freckled b\*tch who's hurt. What's worse is that she's blushing and is panting ever so slightly. I know that look. I bet she's all giddy inside, thinking that Samuel is in love with her. How could she do this? She's received ten million from me and has even signed an agreement to stay away from Samuel. So what the hell is she doing shoving her tongue down his throat right now?

Yara's fists clenched tightly. Nevertheless, she bit back her anger as she was in Samuel's presence.



It was not the right time for Yara to do anything to Natalie at that moment. Thus, she planned to teach the latter a lesson once Samuel was gone.

“You. Are you done staring?” Samuel snapped with an icy expression.

“S-Samuel, I was so worried that you got injured...” Yara bit her lip gently, her eyes filled with reluctance. “I... I suppose I’ve misunderstood.”

A smirk formed on Natalie’s lips when she saw Yara pretending to be a meek and tame woman.

Triumph swelled in Natalie’s chest, knowing that Yara could not do anything to her for kissing Samuel.

She thought to herself, How refreshing. Upsetting Yara seems way more fun than I thought...

Just as Samuel was about to get up from Natalie’s body, a pair of small and slender hands suddenly grabbed his shirt.

“You-”

“My arm hurts a lot...” Tears welled in Natalie’s eyes as she pouted at Samuel. “Where are you going?”

She was doing it on purpose.

In fact, she was doing this to infuriate Yara.

However, she was uncertain about whether Samuel would play along with her.

If he chose the flirtatious Yara over Natalie, the latter would feel utterly humiliated.

Deep down, Natalie had no idea what and why she was putting on this act.

It was far too late to take back her actions; she lay beneath Samuel and had already said those cringe-worthy words with that helpless expression of hers.

Meanwhile, Samuel continued staring at her without saying anything for a long time.

Natalie’s heart sank, wondering if she had just made a fool of herself.

## **Chapter 108 I Am Your Man**

Moments passed before Samuel pinched her chin and said, “Do you want me to stay?”

“Huh?” Natalie was stunned. Then she glanced at Yara, who was still standing by the door before muttering, “But there’s someone waiting for you-”

“Do you want me to stay?” Samuel repeated. He stared at Natalie like a predator stalking at its prey with a domineering aura and possessiveness.

Both of them maintained an affectionate position as he lay on top of her in the relatively small hospital bed.

At the same time, Yara was burning with so much rage that her body trembled.

I don’t get it. I’m a hundred, maybe even a thousand times prettier than Natalie. Whatever she’s doing with Samuel, I can do better. So why is he obsessed with her?

“Samuel…” Yara’s eyes reddened with frustration. “Natalie is injured. I think she needs some space to recuperate. Maybe we should leave-”

Right then, Natalie interrupted by answering Samuel’s question loudly, “Yes.”

Samuel’s eyes narrowed as he looked at the devious woman beneath him. Then, his lips curled into a smirk.

He knew that Natalie was competing with Yara, and she was using him as a tool for their fight.

However, he was not bothered by it at all.

Natalie’s sweet answer had captivated him.

“Since you’ve cleared the misunderstanding and you know that I’m not injured, why are you still sticking around?” Although Samuel did not mention any names, it was evident that he was dismissing Yara.

At that, Yara’s face twisted into a hideous frown as she had not expected to get chased out of the ward so heartlessly. “Samuel, I-”

“Leave, and close the door on your way out.”

Yara hesitated. Although she did not want to leave, she had never once challenged Samuel’s decision in the past five years and was not about to do so now.

Her jaw clenched so tightly that her teeth almost got crushed under the unyielding weight. Nevertheless, she did as told.

This isn’t over. Wait and see, Natalie. I’ll eventually win him over!

As soon as Yara left the ward, Natalie dropped the act and resumed her cold demeanor.

Her hands retracted from Samuel's shirt while she put on a calm expression.

Samuel knew Natalie was mean but did not expect her to give him the boot so heartlessly.

"That's it? So I'm merely a tool for you to use then dump once you achieve your motives?" he asked.

"Of course." Natalie avoided his gaze and muttered, "Besides, you already knew I was putting on an act..."

A dull pain sank in Samuel's chest upon hearing that.

This woman will be the death of me. I was willing to become her tool, but who would've known that she would turn and ditch me like that?

He pursed his lips but did not adjust his posture. Instead, his body continued to press down on Natalie's.

Despite Yara interrupting them earlier, he had not forgotten about Natalie's male friend earlier.

He casually asked, "Who's that childhood sweetheart you were talking to on the phone?"

Natalie froze. Oh my gosh, he still hasn't dropped the topic about Jerome.

"Samuel, why should I report every detail in my life to you?"

"Well, because I'm your man." Samuel boldly met her gaze and declared in a deep voice, "Are you really going to challenge me?"

"Since when did you become my man?"

"Well, I've devoted all my love to you, and only you..." His dulled tone continued, "How can I not be yours?"

An air of seriousness emanated from the ends of Samuel's hair to his toes.

Natalie wanted to rebuke him.

Yet, when she looked into his dark and mysterious eyes, she could not seem to utter a single word.

Natalie feared that Samuel would bite her lip again out of anger. The thought of her already swollen lips suffering from another bite stopped her from fighting the latter.

Hence, she decided to change the topic instead. "Well, I'm an exhausted patient who's already lost a lot of blood. I want to get some rest now..."

"Okay." Samuel's stubborn gaze locked onto hers as he said, "Go ahead and rest up. We'll talk about that sweetheart of yours later."

In truth, Natalie was utterly worn out from everything that had happened.

She had slight hopes that Samuel would be gone by the time she awoke from her nap.

However, his arms wrapped around her just as she was about to snuggle under the blanket to sleep.

### **Chapter 109 Arranged Marriage**

Shock surged through Natalie as she quickly dodged him. "What are you doing? I'm already injured, and you're-"

Samuel pulled her closer into his embrace. "I'm tired too. Let's stay like this for a while..."

Perhaps Natalie had bled so much, or maybe it was Samuel's warm embrace, but she fell asleep right after shutting her eyes.

In her dreams, she recalled the night from five years ago. She saw the scene of herself trying hard to escape from the sea of flames. Yara was also there to snatch away one of her sons and a daughter.

The nightmare caused her to unknowingly tighten her arms around Samuel's waist and mutter, "N-No! My babies, please don't take them away from me..."

Her heart ached as she was unable to break free from her nightmare.

Samuel lowered his head and gazed at the squirming woman in his arms while gently stroking her back. "Don't worry. I'm here."

Back at Bowers manor, Kenneth Bowers watched endearingly as his great-grandson enjoyed some ice cream.

Kenneth was both Samuel and Steven's grandfather.

He initially assumed that Samuel was not interested in women and believed that Steven would be the first of his grandsons to birth some great-grandchildren for him. Much to

his surprise, Samuel was the first to give him two great-grandchildren—Franklin and Sophia.

Kenneth utterly adored Franklin and Sophia, especially the former. It would be an understatement to say that Franklin was Kenneth's prized possession.

"Slow down, Dear, or you'll choke on your food..." Kenneth smiled so lovingly that almost all his wrinkles stretched out. He assured, "There are still some left, so you don't have to hurry it all down at once. You can eat to your heart's content."

To that, Franklin nodded. "You're the best, Great-grandpa!"

"That's for sure!"

Kenneth's heart softened with glee at the title "great-grandpa." He gleefully thought to himself, Gosh, I hope Franklin will bring his sister, Sophia, along with him when he visits me next time.

The thought of having a pair of great-grandchildren by his side made him delighted.

Just as Franklin was cheerily licking his ice cream, he received a text from his sister.

The text said: Franklin! Natalie got hurt earlier when she was trying to protect me from some evil men!!

What! My woman is injured?

Franklin's heart sank at once. He immediately put down his spoon and spoke nervously. "Great-grandpa, I'm afraid I can't eat the ice cream anymore. Something urgent came up, and I need to go home right away..."

That shocked Kenneth, who immediately asked, "What? What could be so urgent? Didn't you promise that you'd practice playing the piano here for a month this time?"

"Great-grandpa, my Natalie got hurt!"

Curious, Kenneth asked, "Natalie? Is that the name of your pet cat or dog? Shall I get someone to fetch it over here?"

"Nope! She's my woman. I'm going to marry her when I grow up!" Franklin spoke with a determined expression. He was evidently not joking. "She's hurt, so I have to see her right now! Great-grandpa, please get someone to send me home."

When Kenneth heard how important this "Natalie" was to his great-grandson, he immediately instructed his staff to send Franklin back to the Bowers residence.

Of course, he, too, went along with Franklin as he wanted to see who exactly was “Natalie.”

Since this little girl has won over the heart of my great-grandson, I can help set up an arranged marriage between them.

As soon as they reached the Bowers residence, Franklin noticed Sophia, who had cried so much that her eyes became swollen.

Steven sat next to Sophia and comforted her, “Natalie is currently recovering in the hospital. She’s not dead. Plus, your daddy is currently with her, and he says I can take you to visit her when she’s all better. Please stop crying! I swear I’m not lying to you!”

Upon seeing Franklin’s return, Sophia immediately rushed into his embrace while conveying her message between sobs. “S-Sam. She... injured... a lot... blood...”

Her tears continuously poured as she mumbled.

Steven’s heart ached for her. Likewise, Kenneth also felt a pang in his chest at the sight of his crying great-grandchild.

This “Natalie” person... Who exactly is she? Even my great-granddaughter is crying hysterically.

Seeing how the two children were too emotional to utter a single word, Kenneth glanced at Steven and said, “Steven, get over here. I have something to ask you.”

## **Chapter 110 Steven Is An Idiot**

After instructing Gavin to watch over the children, Steven followed Kenneth to the study on the second floor. “Grandpa-”

“How could you?” Kenneth barked without a shred of mercy. “Even Sophia knows to speak up about this urgent matter. How could you not inform me about it at once?”

Ever since Franklin and Sophia were born, Steven’s ranking in Kenneth’s heart had dropped to the lowest. The latter became biased to the twins and no longer favored his grandson, Steven, as much.

“I-I forgot.”

“You forgot? How could you forget to update me on such a serious matter? You idiot! What good is your brain if you can’t even use it to do something so simple?” Kenneth fumed.

I would've spanked him on the butt if I had brought my cane with me.

On the other hand, Steven scratched his head while suppressing how furious he felt.

Idiot? Well, I've never seen an idiot as good-looking as me. Hmph! That old geezer doesn't know what he's saying.

"How did Sophia's condition improve so much? Did you guys manage to hire a professional to coach her?" Kenneth suddenly asked.

"Nope. Her speech naturally improved after meeting Natalie..."

At that, Kenneth's lips parted in surprise. "Natalie? Is that the girl who made Franklin want to return so urgently?"

"Yep."

A pleased smile spread on Kenneth's face as he mused, Well, I'll be a monkey's uncle. Here I thought Franklin was the only one who liked Natalie. Now, it turns out that Sophia likes her a lot too. This "Natalie" sounds like the perfect candidate for my great-grandson's wife.

"What is Natalie like? Her character, I mean."

Steven pondered for a while before answering, "She's decent. Even Sam, who's a picky person, approves of her. Most importantly, she got injured this time because she risked her life to protect Sophia."

Kenneth stroked his beard with satisfaction. Hmm. She has excellent character and even knows how to care for Sophia's safety. That sounds ideal.

"What about her looks?"

"Quite ordinary, and maybe even a little ugly," Steven mindlessly blurted out. He then realized how harsh his words were and quickly added, "But Sam, Franklin, and Sophia find her attractive."

As soon as he finished, Kenneth scrutinized him with a look of disdain. "You idiot... It sounds like you're the only one with poor taste, then."

At that, Steven's jaw dropped. Now, he's saying that I have bad taste in women?

After interrogating Steven, Kenneth now had a good impression of Natalie. He nodded to himself. It looks like this "Natalie" is an excellent candidate to become my great-grandson's wife.

He then suggested with a cheery grin, "Steven, since Franklin likes Natalie so much, let's meet up with her parents and discuss the possibility of an arranged marriage..."

Hearing this, Steven instantly paled and asked, "Grandpa, you want to make Natalie your great-grandson's wife?"

"Is there a problem with that?" Kenneth shot a side-eyed glare.

"This Natalie... turns twenty-five years old this year." Steven blinked before resuming in an awkward tone, "Grandpa, are... you sure about the whole marriage thing?"

Kenneth let out a few intense coughs before glaring at his grandson. "You idiot! Why didn't you tell me this crucial information earlier?"

"But Grandpa, you didn't ask..."

"How dare you talk back to me?"

Steven cradled his head and mumbled inwardly. Why am I always the one getting criticized? Are all the second-born children not as loved as their firstborns? I just endured the kids' bullying, and now I have to put up with Grandpa's insults? Man, this sucks!

Meanwhile, Natalie sneezed in her sleep, and it woke her up.

She was the only person on the patient's bed; Samuel was no longer beside her.

Natalie then got up to use the private restroom inside her ward. However, upon arriving at the restroom's door, she overheard someone talking on the phone from inside.

The person murmured, "Xavian..."

Hearing the mention of her child's name, Natalie instinctively leaned her ear against the door.

Is Samuel talking to Xavian on the phone? Why would this man have my son's contact number? And what's he planning to tell Xavian? Hang on. Why isn't he talking anymore?

She began to inch closer to the door.

Just then, the door flung forward as Samuel opened it from inside.