

A Cue for Happiness Chapter 13

Chapter 13 My Daddy Is Senile

- Franklin froze when he heard that. Then, he turned around to look at Samuel, who was entering the dining hall.
- Samuel still had his phone in his hand, and the top two buttons of his black shirt were undone. He looked extremely intimidating as his dark eyes filled with anger.
- The little boy pursed his lips before puffing up his cheeks, calling out reluctantly, "Daddy."
- Natalie shuddered internally when she met those dark and bottomless eyes of that man. This little snake boy is actually Samuel's son? So that means he has a pair of twins? Sophia isn't his only child?
- Samuel glared at Franklin coldly before saying, "What in the world are you thinking with that underdeveloped brain of yours? You, taking her as your woman? What makes you think you can do that?"
- Franklin was visibly afraid of Samuel. However, when he remembered that he had so boldly declared that he would protect Natalie earlier, he realized that he couldn't act too cowardly in front of his father. Hence, he plucked up his courage and replied, "Daddy, I like her. I want her to stay."
- Samuel frowned even harder. "Do you even understand what you're saying?"
- "Of course, I do!" Franklin touched his earlobes, his cheeks flushing. "Daddy, you can't be so prejudiced. I'm already all grown up, so I know that I have to be proactive in pursuing the woman I like."
- "Who taught you this?" Samuel asked coldly.
- "Um..." Franklin felt slightly guilty under his father's gaze.
- "Franklin Bowers. Who. Taught. You. That?"
- The boy looked around frantically before eventually deciding to sell Steven out. "It's Uncle Steven. I heard him saying this to another lady. That lady was really happy when she heard it. I thought that she will be happy too if I say this to her. Then, she'll stay by my side and keep me company."
- Hearing that, Samuel made a mental note to make things clear with Steven.
- "Go back to your room. I have something to discuss with Ms. Nichols." He glanced at Franklin nonchalantly as he spoke.
- The latter still wanted to spend some time with Natalie, but since his father was adamant about sending him away, he was getting suspicious that his father liked this woman as well. Is he brushing me off because he wants to keep her for himself? I'm his biological son!
- He pouted before mumbling almost inaudibly, "You want her for yourself, so you're abusing your status as my daddy to do this. We'll see about this..."
- "Franklin, what are you mumbling about?"
- Instead of answering back, Franklin merely shook his head meekly. "I-I'm going back to my room."
- Before he left, he still reminded Natalie in all seriousness, "Daddy won't let me stay, so I'll have to say goodbye to you for now." Even though that was what he said, the expression in his eyes seemed to be saying "Daddy is old and senile. Please understand."
- Natalie squatted down and patted the little boy's head once more. "Bye!"
- When she turned around after watching Franklin leave, she found Samuel staring at her silently. The look in his eyes was unfathomable, sending a chill down her spine.
- "Ms. Nichols, you seem like you're adept at taking care of children?"
- "Perhaps?"
- Natalie didn't consider herself an expert in childcare. She once thought of taking good care of those two kids back at home, but now that Xavian and Clayton had gotten a bit older, they were the ones who had been taking of her instead.
- After they were done with dinner, she followed Samuel to the study on the second floor.
- Inside, aside from typical office furniture, there was an entire row of tall bookshelves that was nearly five meters tall. At that height, it would only be possible to retrieve the books via a ladder. She couldn't help but be stunned by the incredible sight.
- The look in Samuel's eyes was cold yet focused. "Ms. Nichols, I do have a deal that I need to discuss with you. I need you to treat a person for me."
- Natalie pinched the space between her brows. I've been keeping my identity as a skilled doctor pretty well all along. How did this man here get to know about this identity of mine? And how much does he know about it? Could it be that he already knows my true appearance under my mask?
- She decided to go along with him. "Mr. Bowers, you've looked into my background, so you should know that I'm a coroner, not a doctor. What I do is completely different."
- Samuel stepped closer to her, his slanted eyes fixing on her the whole time.
- For some reason, Natalie felt like she was a newborn baby, naked as day, under his intense stare. He studied her so seriously that she was even feeling somewhat guilty.
- "Sophia has had aphasia ever since young. I've brought her to see countless doctors, and they all told me that her condition isn't physical but psychological." After a pause, Samuel continued, "You're the first person to make her speak, saying the word 'Mommy'."
- "I made her speak?"
- "I don't see the need for me to lie to you about this." He glanced at Natalie before saying frostily, "I only want you to let Sophia open up."
- Upon hearing that, she breathed a sigh of relief internally. Luckily, this isn't about my cover getting blown.
- "As long as you can heal Sophia's condition, I will fulfill any wishes that you have."
- "There's no need for that." Natalie shook her head and smiled.
- "Humans' greed is immeasurable. I know that." Samuel raised his eyebrows while he spoke, his voice filled with restraint and apathy. "What wish do you have that even the Bowers family is unable to give you?"
- "I think you're the greedy one here." She rolled her eyes at him. "I meant what I said. I don't need the Bowers family to satisfy any of my needs."
- Natalie sounded resolute when she answered Samuel, her eyes filled with a glacial look.
- "Mr. Bowers, I am willing to treat Sophia's condition for nothing in return."
- "For nothing in return?"
- Natalie's clever eyes were gleaming when she replied, "I like Sophia, and I don't mind getting more chances to see her. That is all. I'm not interested in anything that has to do with you or the Bowers family."