

A Cue for Happiness Chapter 31-40

Chapter 31 Grabbed His Leg

Samuel stood firmly in front of her. The black bathrobe he was wearing made him look graceful and wild.

As someone with prominent status, the man's eyes were always austere and chilly.

Shocked by his abrupt appearance, Natalie looked at him with her mouth agape.

Meeting his intense stare, she could not construct a sentence to explain why she was sneaking around in the corridor at midnight.

Instead of getting up, she hugged her knees tightly like a wary kitten.

"N-None of your business," she replied.

As soon as she finished her sentence, another deafening thunder sounded, causing her to tremble once more.

The next second, her mind went blank. Out of terror, she grabbed his leg tightly and pressed her face against him.

"D-Don't..."

Samuel's eyes darkened as he glanced at the woman.

She looked at me with such disdain just now, yet she's clinging to me tighter than ever at this moment.

Natalie was only wearing a bathrobe she got from the guest room. There was no underwear underneath as she had just woken up from her sleep. With her warm body clinging tightly onto his thigh, he could feel her perfect curves. Within a split second, the volcano in him erupted.

"Let go," he ordered.

Natalie lifted her head and looked at him. It was evident that she had embarrassed herself in front of him.

Just when she was about to let go of her grip, another booming thunder sounded again.

At that moment, she no longer cared about her pride. Instead of letting go of his leg, she held on to it tighter than before, as if she was desperate to merge her body with his.

The thunder roared on incessantly.

Samuel could feel that she was scared stiff, just like a frightened kitten.

“Let go,” he demanded again.

“Never.”

“Don’t make me repeat myself for the third time.” He was starting to lose patience.

“I won’t let go even if you repeat the fourth time.” As those painful memories flashed across her mind, she began to babble incoherently, “Please... Don’t leave me alone. Mom, don’t go...”

At that instant, a glint of darkness flashed across Samuel’s eyes upon hearing her words.

He knew at once that she had no intentions of flirting with him at all.

She was merely treating him like a lifeboat in the dark that saved her from the darkness.

However, he was experiencing the opposite.

Although she was not interested in him, she still sparked the fire in him, bringing it back to life.

Though his body stiffened, he did not push her away. Veins popped up on his hand as he clenched his fist.

Sometime later, the storm was finally over.

After pulling herself up and calming down, Natalie finally realized how shameless her action was.

Slowly, she let go of his leg. However, the awkward atmosphere was still lingering in the air.

Standing up slowly while adjusting her robe, she did not have the guts to look at the man’s cold eyes.

Deep down, she knew how shameless it was of her to cling to him despite being told to let go. Strictly speaking, it looked as if she was taking advantage of him.

Despite hoping to remain silent, she still had to give him an explanation.

"I'm sorry. Don't get me wrong. I'm afraid of thunder, and I only grabbed your leg out of anxiety."

"Do you think I need your apology?" One could feel the coldness in Samuel's eyes as he wore a seething expression.

"Samuel, I... I know that you're upset. However, I still have to apologize."

Deep down, Natalie could not figure out the reason behind his rage. She wanted to flee the scene as fast as she could since she had apologized.

However, he did not intend to let the matter rest. Before Natalie could make her move, he pulled her by her shoulder to stop her from leaving.

Chapter 32 Strong Desire

This man is insane!

Natalie bumped into the man's firm chest due to the impact. Instantly, she felt a sharp pain in her nose, as if she had bumped into a wall.

"I've apologized, Samuel. What do you want?" She glared at him.

"Are you going to abandon me after taking advantage of me?" he asked coldly.

Taking advantage of him? His words woke her anger immediately. With an annoyed tone, she snapped, "Who's taking advantage of you? I've explained everything. There's no need to be so aggressive, is there?"

"Don't you have your sweetheart?" he asked.

"Yes! What does that have to do with you?"

Domineeringly, he lifted her chin and said in a chilly tone, "Get away from me since you are not available."

"Well..." She frowned. Sweetheart is my son! Since when did he become my man?

Just when Natalie was about to explain, Samuel let go of his grip. "Don't let me discover your secret, Ms. Nichols. I won't let you go once I find your flaws," he snarled.

At that moment, their eyes met in a close distance.

The cold and frightening aura in his eyes gave her the shivers. She could not read his mind at all.

When she faced him, she felt like a naked newborn. There was no way to hide from his gaze at all.

Samuel had become the head of the Bowers family at a young age and had control over the elderly of his family. He was certainly not an average Joe. There was no way she could hide everything from him.

His smoldering gaze made her anxious at once.

However, it did not take long for her to pull herself together.

Why do I have to expose myself? Perhaps he's just testing me with his arrogance! After all, he needs some proof to catch a slip-up of mine, and I'm not that stupid to tell him what he needs.

At the thought of it, she quirked her lips into a smile as her eyelashes batted. "Do the wealthy all have such an odd taste in women? You have so many beautiful women around you, yet you're interested in an ugly one like me?"

Her tone was casual and filled with sarcasm.

"We can't be sure about that."

After saying those words, Samuel vanished from her sight, leaving her frozen on the spot.

After returning to the guest room, Natalie fell into a daze while figuring out what he meant.

Deep down, she did not know if she had done anything that sparked his suspicion. Still, nothing came into her mind, no matter how hard she tried to recall. In the end, she fell into a deep slumber unknowingly.

That night, she had a long-lost dream, and it was even an erotic one.

In her dream, the man pressed his tender lips on hers as he set his desire free.

It's so warm. His kiss is so deep.

Unwilling to be led along by him, she bit his lips as an indescribable desire rose in her like a tide.

The man let out a groan as he felt the pain. Undoubtedly, her action lit up the scorching fire in both of them again.

The touch on her lips was so surreal that it did not feel like a dream.

When she woke up, she realized that she was the only one in the room.

All of a sudden, she felt a weird stinging pain on her lips. To her surprise, there was moisture on her fingertips when she raised her hand to feel her lips.

Moreover, they were droplets of blood.

Could it be that I was too into the dream that I bit my lip too hard?

“Tsk tsk! Look at you, Natalie Nichols!” Speechless, she rubbed her hair and sighed. “How strong is your desire for you to bite your lip to this extent?”

Chapter 33 He Valued Her

It was a long night.

Natalie did not sleep well at all. After washing up, she opened the door and was surprised to see a box at the doorway.

There was a brand new set of clothes and lingerie in it.

The lace trims on the white lingerie made it look pure and sexy.

Judging by the taste in clothes, she believed that Gavin, who was almost sixty, was not the one who picked the clothes.

Could it be... Samuel?

However, she got rid of the thought at once. He’s thinking of exposing me all the time! How would he buy me lingerie?

After going back into her room, she put on the set of clothes. To her surprise, the cutting and size of the clothes suited her well, especially for the lingerie, which fitted her cup size perfectly.

How can it be that accurate?

After going downstairs, she realized that Samuel and the kids were already in the dining room. The housekeepers had prepared a sumptuous breakfast that included bagels, doughnuts, hot chocolate, paninis, muffins, and coffee.

Natalie’s mood brightened up the moment she saw the two kids.

She greeted them merrily, “Good morning, Sophia and Franklin.”

Sophia smiled and nodded with all her might.

“You are so slow! Sophia and I have waited for you for fifteen minutes!” Although Franklin sounded displeased on the surface, he had gotten the cutlery ready for her.

“My bad. I’ve kept Mr. Franklin and Ms. Sophia waiting,” Natalie said cheekily.

She picked up a bagel and added some cream cheese to it.

Just when she was about to take a bite of it, she exchanged gazes with Samuel, who was taking a sip of coffee, unintentionally.

Startled by his gloomy gaze, she almost dropped the bagel on the table.

Her eyes narrowed as she wondered if she had offended him early in the morning.

“Do you want a bagel too, Mr. Bowers?” She put the bagel onto his plate and smiled. “Since you want my bagel so much, I’m giving it to you.”

She thought that there was nothing wrong with giving him the bagel.

However, the kids exchanged gazes uneasily as they began to feel anxious.

Meanwhile, Billy cursed in his heart after seeing what Natalie had done. Giving her a stern look, he rushed to Samuel’s side and said, “Sir, I’ll take the plate away at once.”

Natalie was astounded by Billy’s reaction.

Is this man’s germaphobia that severe? I didn’t touch the bagel at all! What’s more, he’s the one who stared at my bagel!

“Did I ask you to take it away?” To everyone’s surprise, Samuel poked the bagel with a fork and had a bite of it. “I want to eat this bagel.”

The kids froze immediately after he spoke.

Billy was flabbergasted. Samuel’s germaphobia was so severe that he could not share any food with others.

Yet, he was so tolerant to this ordinary woman, who had freckles all over. No way! Billy could not believe that his boss was interested in Natalie as well, following the steps of Franklin and Sophia. This left him with many questions in his mind.

After finishing their breakfast, Franklin and Sophia had to go to kindergarten, while Natalie had to go home.

After bidding farewell to Natalie, the kids were sent to school by the chauffeur of the Bowerses.

Then, a Rolls-Royce Phantom stopped in front of Natalie. Without thinking twice, she headed to the backseat of the car and noticed that she could not open the door at all.

Feeling annoyed, she knocked on the window of the driver's seat to question the chauffeur. Is he fooling with me?

However, as the window wound down, Natalie froze at the sight of the man's stunning face.

The chauffeur is... Samuel?

His tone was sharp and cold as he looked at her with his profound, unfathomable eyes.

"I don't think it's a good idea. You have a busy schedule." With a smile, Natalie blinked and continued, "Do the Bowerses not have any other chauffeurs? Perhaps—"

Before she could finish her sentence, Samuel replied in a low voice, "No."

"H-How is this possible?"

"Ms. Nichols, judging by your question, do you think that I'm lying?"

"That's not what I meant."

Deep down, she knew that the atmosphere would be even more awkward if she rejected his offer. Reluctant to argue with him, she turned around and headed to the front passenger seat.

After closing the door, she could not control herself from speculating Samuel's thoughts. He's either blind or filled with evil intentions to have a close relationship with Yara!

Just when she got lost in thoughts, she felt his muscular body getting closer to her, shortening the distance between them to approximately three centimeters.

He fixed his lustrous gaze on her as he continued to approach her.

The scene reminded her of the dream she had the previous night. Simmering with anger, she blurted out, "What are you doing, Samuel?"

Instead of explaining himself, the man narrowed his eyes and buckled the seat belt for her.

At that instant, a vortex of hatred swirled inside Natalie. She grabbed the seat belt in her hand tightly as if she was going to crush it into pieces.

Meanwhile, Samuel was satisfied with her reaction when he saw that he had roused her anger.

Their car was stuck in a jam as it was rush hour.

Resting her head on her hand, she glanced out of the window as she seldom played with her phone in the car. All of a sudden, Samuel's phone rang and broke the silence.

When he picked up the call, the voice of a man could be heard on the other end.

Initially, she thought that the call was from Yara. After realizing that the caller was a man, she lost the mood to be nosy.

Still, she eavesdropped on them patiently. To her disappointment, all they were talking about was work. Up to this point, she had no more interest in them.

The call was from the general manager of a branch office responsible for their entertainment business.

Although she did not enjoy any drama, she overheard many of their trade secrets. If she were to expose any of them, Samuel would experience a loss of at least a hundred million.

This is such an important phone call! He's someone with brains. However, why didn't he have his guards up against me? Is he assuming that a coroner like me wouldn't understand their conversation?

Dream Pharmaceutical had started to get on track, whereas Dream Entertainment was still in its developing phase. Therefore, the phone call just now had provided her with some inside information.

Pursing her red lips, she swiveled her eyes around as she memorized those pieces of information secretly.

Not long after, they arrived at the entrance of her residence.

Samuel took a glimpse of her and asked casually, "Aren't you inviting me upstairs?"

Taken aback by the sudden question, she felt her heart skip a beat. Then, she smiled and said, "I'm afraid not. My sweetheart is waiting for me at home."

Though it was not her intention to say the word "sweetheart" in a cheesy tone, it turned out to be quite cheesy due to her maternal love. Moreover, her eyes sparkled upon the thought of her son.

Samuel questioned with an arrogant tone, "Why isn't he working at this hour? Is he a stay-at-home boyfriend?"

"Watch your mouth, Samuel Bowers." Natalie snorted. "My sweetheart isn't dependent on me. He's a talented hacker. In the future, he's sure to be the top hacker in the world."

Chapter 35 On Par With Samuel

Samuel's gaze darkened, and she could see the faint outline of his veins under his shirt.

"It looks like he has an important place in your heart."

"Obviously. I call him Sweetheart," Natalie sighed.

Xavian and Clayton were the two most important people in her life. She was willing to give up anything for them.

Samuel's gaze turned cold. "If you have an opportunity to meet someone next time, what kind of man would sweep you off your feet, Ms. Nichols?"

She remained silent.

Natalie sensed that he was unhappy, but she wasn't sure of the reason.

She was still wearing the hyper-realistic mask that was ugly enough to make people cry. How jealous did Samuel have to be to still feel that way?

The first thing Natalie did when she returned home was to take off the mask.

Although it was made to look indistinguishable from a real face, ultimately, it was still a mask. Wearing it day and night made her feel stifled. She replaced it with a hydrating sheet mask and slumped on the couch.

Xavian brought an iced coke and sat down beside her. He watched her with wide eyes.

"Mommy, could you tell us what our stepdad is like?"

With her sheet mask on, Natalie couldn't speak properly. She replied awkwardly, "What... What stepdad?"

"I heard his voice on the phone last night! Don't treat me like a dumb three-year-old!" Five-year-old Xavian looked as if he understood everything. "Clayton and I have always been very supportive of your relationship, but... I have a small request. Stepdad has to at least be on the same level as Samuel!"

Natalie was caught completely off guard. She choked on her drink and started coughing aggressively.

“What does this have to do with Samuel?”

“If our stepdad is worse than Samuel, then you might as well choose Samuel.” He continued, “Sure, you don’t really know him yet. But with your real appearance and help from Clayton and me, I don’t believe you can’t get him!”

Natalie felt a shiver down her spine.

Could she tell him that she actually knew Samuel? And that she actually stayed at the Bowers residence last night?

Glancing at the little boy’s cute, elated expression, Natalie decided against it for the time being.

It was a rare day off for her. She decided to take Xavian to the supermarket.

Natalie picked up whatever she was craving.

Wanting to eat Tom Yum soup, she picked out the soup base. They then wandered the rest of the aisles.

There was a chubby salesman organizing the products, and Natalie didn’t want to get in his way. She pushed her shopping cart back by a few steps. Just then, she accidentally stepped on another woman’s white shoe.

“Ah!” A cry of surprise was followed quickly by the woman’s shrill voice. “Can’t you see where you’re going?”

Natalie was at fault, being the one who suddenly moved backward. She didn’t even see the other party’s face before she started apologizing profusely. “Sorry! I’m sorry! I really didn’t mean to! Are you hurt?”

Although she apologized, the woman didn’t calm down at all. Instead, she lashed out even more.

“You don’t seem blind, despite how hideous you look! What do you mean you didn’t mean it? I bet it was intentional!”

She continued, “What’s the point of apologizing anyway? Do you have any idea how much this pair of shoes cost? They’re more valuable than your life!”

The more the woman spoke, the more familiar the sound of her voice was. Natalie looked up carefully.

I can't get any unluckier than this.

Chapter 36 Old Hag

Isn't that Natasha?

There was no one worse than Natasha and Yonah.

Seven years ago, Yonah deliberately got close to her so that she would rely on him like he was family.

Subsequently, he lied to her, saying that he had kidney failure and needed an organ donor. Believing his story, she ran to the hospital to undergo a checkup to see if she could donate one of her kidneys to him.

She rushed to his house with the test results. However, seeing him in person, he looked far from ill.

Natasha was present then, wearing a smug expression on her face. She said sarcastically, "Natie, did you really believe that Yonah needed you to donate a kidney?"

"Aren't you Yonah's cousin?"

"Have you seen cousins kiss?"

"What?"

The two kissed loudly, completely unrestrained, in front of Natalie.

Yonah no longer looked like the gentle big brother that he was to Natalie in the past. He leaned in toward Natasha. "I told you. If you're nice to her, she'll do anything for you."

Only then did Natalie find out that Natasha was Yonah's real fiancée.

Yonah's affection for her was all part of a bet.

He had lost, so he had to get close to her as a penalty.

Natasha was jealous, but she went along with the act just to see Natalie make a fool of herself.

Natalie slowly connected the dots.

Natasha narrowed her eyes and sized Natalie up. Her mood dampened.

“Tsk... Did you even wash your face before going out this morning? What’s all that dirt on your face?”

She was referring to Natalie’s freckles.

Of course, the freckles were only part of her mask. Natalie didn’t have a single speck on her real skin. She simply looked at Natasha coldly.

Although Natalie didn’t take it to heart, Xavian was angry.

“Maybe my Mommy didn’t wash her face, but it seems like you didn’t brush your teeth, you old hag! What’s that smell? It stinks!”

“Hag? Who are you calling an old hag?”

“Why are you asking me if you know who I’m talking about?”

“You... You...”

Natasha was around the same age as Natalie. They were both twenty-five years old. Her face turned red at the sound of that little brat calling her an old hag.

She had no intention of letting Natalie go, especially since her son had insulted her.

“Let’s sort out the shoes first.” Natasha crossed her arms and puffed out her chest arrogantly. “These shoes are a limited edition pair from the designer Ada. Since you stepped on them and damaged the toe, you’re not leaving until you compensate me!”

These shoes were worth six figures, being a limited-edition designer pair.

Did one step change its entire shape? Is it completely unwearable?

Natasha had not changed much. She was still demure and as meek as a lamb in front of men, but ruthless and calculating toward women.

She hadn’t changed at all over the past six years.

However, Natalie wasn’t the same naive girl who would only believe in the good in others.

“Compensate? I’m not paying.”

“If you don’t, I’ll call the police.”

“Suit yourself.”

Seeing that she didn't budge, Natasha really called the police.

It didn't take long for them to arrive. Instantly, Natasha started acting like the victim and accused Natalie of being aggressive.

Seeing that it was only a civil dispute, the officers grew frustrated.

"How much are those shoes? Why are you so adamant on compensation?"

When she heard the police ask about the shoes' value, Natasha piped up, eager to show off her wealth. "These are limited edition heels given to me by my fiancé. One pair is worth a few hundred thousand!"

She continued, "If she had just apologized, I would have let it go! But she insisted that it wasn't her fault! She didn't even flinch when I said I'd call the police. She doesn't respect your authority at all! The more she shows this terrible attitude of hers, the more I want her to pay for her mistakes!"

This is the definition of disorder.

The officers frowned. "Miss, you should have apologized. Since she demands such a large amount, you should pay some to at least show that you're remorseful."

"Aren't you just asking me to pay for my alleged mistake?" Natalie's eyes were dark and cold, but she wore a slight smile. "Then, with the police here, I'll pay for her shoes at market price, lest she denies it."

Chapter 37 Playing the Victim

Natasha scoffed like she had heard the world's funniest joke.

"Market price? What a big mouth you have! You know how much these shoes cost, and you think you can pay me back?"

Natalie sized her up quietly.

"If you don't want me to pay, I'll leave."

"Who said I don't want you to pay? This is a limited edition pair by Ada. It's worth three hundred thousand." Natasha raised her chin proudly. She said sympathetically, "It isn't a small amount. Don't hold out if you can't actually pay."

Three hundred thousand for a pair of shoes?

The police disliked such economic disputes. They were at a loss for words.

“Give me your bank card.”

“What?”

“Let me see.”

“Fine. Here.”

Natasha took out her bank card and showed it to Natalie for just a few moments, before putting it back inside her designer bag.

Natalie remained silent. She tapped her pale fingers on her phone screen.

Ding!

Natalie looked up lazily. “Please check your messages. You should have received the money.”

“What?”

Natasha’s voice raised an octave higher. She stared back in disbelief.

“What the... Are you being pretentious? T-this isn’t possible!”

Natalie didn’t take Natasha’s mockery seriously.

Xavian spoke curtly. “What’s not possible? Instead of blabbering so much, just check your phone to see if my Mommy transferred the money.”

Onlookers gradually gathered around.

“She already said she transferred the money. Just check it!”

“Who’s the one putting up an act now?”

“It’s going to be so embarrassing if she really transferred the money!”

Natasha was the daughter of a wealthy family and wanted to be seen as above the average person. Although three hundred thousand wasn’t a huge sum to her, she didn’t believe the ugly girl in front of her had the ability to pay up.

Huffing in anger, she took out her phone. “Let me check then! How long you can keep up with your lies?”

She opened up her notifications.

Natasha felt like her head was about to explode.

The text message notified her that she had received a total of three hundred thousand, not a penny more or less.

Everything happened too fast. Her complexion paled, and her voice trembled as she spoke. “H-How? W-Where did you get so much money?”

“You’ve already been compensated. Who the heck asks where the money came from?”

“You...”

Natalie was ruthless. She swept a glance at the high heels.

“Since I paid you every penny, you can take off your shoes now.”

“What do you mean?” Natasha stared at Natalie with wide eyes.

“Come now, is that really that hard to understand?” Xavian tilted his head. His eyes were dark. “Mommy already paid for the shoes. So now she’s the owner! Aren’t you embarrassed to be wearing someone else’s shoes?”

When Xavian spoke such ruthless words in his sickly sweet voice, Natasha was completely stunned.

It took a long time for Natasha to find her voice again. “How can you do this? If you take away my shoes, what am I going to wear?”

“What are you going to wear?” Natalie responded casually but coldly, “What does that matter to me?”

“You! You’re shameless!”

“I’m shameless? Natalie’s lips curved into a mocking smile. She glanced at the police officer beside her. “Officer, am I wrong for doing this?”

The officers thought about the context and replied carefully.

“Not at all.”

Chapter 38 Do As You Wish

Natalie narrowed her almond-shaped eyes.

“Miss, even the officers here agree with me. Take them off. I’m waiting for this exquisite pair of shoes.”

Even the onlookers started snickering at Natasha.

“She paid for them already. Why isn’t this woman taking off her shoes?”

“She doesn’t know what to do now that she knows the other woman has money!”

“Shame on you! Is there anything going on in that head of yours?”

Natasha’s face burned red in embarrassment. Her eyes grew bloodshot. However, there was nothing she could do about her situation.

All her life, she was used to getting what she wanted. Even Yonah acted carefully around her. It was the first time she had been humiliated like this.

She took off her shoes slowly.

When she finally took them off and stood on the marble floor with her bare feet, she felt like she was stripped naked.

“Here you go.”

She forced the words out of her mouth, her voice gritty.

Natasha’s eyes were about to burst into flames from how hard she was staring at Natalie. If not for the crowd, she would have slapped her face silly.

“Thank you.”

Natalie then took the pair of limited edition heels from Natasha’s hands and threw them into the trash without even sparing a glance at them.

“Hey!” Natasha’s nerves were on the verge of snapping.

“Why did you throw my shoes in the trash?”

“Your shoes?” Natalie turned to look back at Natasha. “These are the shoes that I bought for three hundred thousand. I can do whatever I want with them. They’ve been contaminated by your nasty feet, so they aren’t suitable for wearing anymore. Why should I have to report to you if I’m throwing away my shoes?”

“You bully!”

Natasha’s pride was shattered. She stomped furiously on the ground with her bare feet.

“I’m a bully? Then ask the police to arrest me.” Natalie blinked calmly.

“The officers are right here, you know.” Xavian added scathingly, “But these officers are busy. Their job is to catch bad guys to keep the city safe, not to help you solve such petty problems!”

He continued, “When you call them just because you’re angry, you’re just preventing them from doing their real jobs!”

When the officers heard this, they were moved.

That little kid is absolutely right!

Natasha did not know what else she could do. She broke down, crying and screaming.

Natalie was satisfied. Finally, she could stand her ground against the woman that had once towered over her.

“Going barefoot must be uncomfortable.” Natalie’s gaze drifted toward the direction of the trash can. “If you really want them back, you could always pick them up to wear.”

Natasha burned with even more rage. She opened her mouth to retaliate but soon got cut off.

“I spent my money on those shoes. I can do what I want with them.”

This was payback for everything she endured those years ago.

Just after Natalie dealt with Natasha, she bumped into Ross.

“Ms. Nichols...”

Ross greeted her instinctively. Natalie rushed forward to cover his mouth.

“You don’t need to address me that way when we’re not in the office.”

The act of covering his mouth was intimate. It so happened that Natasha, who was still glaring at Natalie, saw it happen.

She recognized Ross with a single glance. Wasn’t that the man her cousin was toying with?

Did his standards drop to the ground after Belle dumped him? How could he fall for this greasy, freckle-faced freak?

I’ll remember this day. Just you wait, I’ll get my revenge on you!

Chapter 39 Mommy Is Too Stubborn

Natalie let Ross go, completely unaware that Natasha had seen the entire scene unfold.

“How should I address you?” Ross asked with his brows furrowed, as though he found it hard to even ask that question.

“Since we’re out of the office, I’ll address you as Ross, and you can call me Natalie.” Natalie was used to her carefree lifestyle, which she had adopted since she was young. She was definitely not used to becoming the center of everyone’s attention, more so to be addressed as the Chairman.

“N-Natalie?”

“Yeah.”

Observing the awkward expression Ross put on as he tried to force her name out of his lips, Xavian burst into laughter. “My Mommy doesn’t bite! You don’t need to be afraid of her!”

“You are...?”

Natalie bent down and ruffled the young child’s head and said, “This is my youngest son, Xavian Nichols.”

“Youngest son?”

“Yes. He has an older brother.

Ross carefully observed Natalie and Xavian. He was once again startled by this young woman.

She was only in her mid-twenties and had already given birth to a set of twins. Furthermore, she had single-handedly built the Dream Company. There was so much more to Natalie than what met the eye.

“What about their father?”

“Their biological father had gotten himself into trouble with the law and disappeared. I’m guessing that he found his final resting place in the countryside somewhere.”

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to,” Ross instantly apologized.

“It’s all right.” Xavian smiled up at Ross and tugged the end of his shirt. “My brother and I are working really hard to find a new partner for my Mommy. We’ve already found someone, but my Mommy is too stubborn to say yes.”

“Please help my brother and me to convince her so that we can finally have a step-dad!” Xavian said with a firm expression.

However, what came after his request was a strong flick to the forehead by his mother.

“Ouch! Mommy, aren’t you afraid of hurting me?”

“Are you still going to speak nonsense?”

“I won’t anymore.” Xavian shook his head and frowned.

The three of them then left the market and headed to a nearby restaurant.

Ross, who was clean-shaven and clad in a suit, led the way toward their destination with Xavian walking next to him. The two of them looked like a father bringing his adorable son out for a trip.

As the duo caught the attention of the people around them, the passersby craned their necks to look for the mother. They were expecting to see a beautiful woman that could fit into the picture of the perfect family.

However, their expectations were shattered the moment they saw Natalie, who had freckles all over her face.

She was... too ugly!

Once the three of them entered the restaurant and found their seats, Ross and Xavian immediately opened the menus. Both of them were very considerate of Natalie and were the epitome of gentlemen.

The heartwarming scene caused every waitress in the restaurant to be filled with jealousy.

“How is it possible that an ugly lady like her managed to snag a handsome man and give birth to an equally good-looking child?”

“She must have done something amazing in her past life to deserve this!”

“Exactly! Have you seen how well her husband is treating her?”

Steven was walking out of a private room with the intention of smoking when he overheard the waitresses’ gossip.

Unable to suppress his curiosity, Steven glanced over to the table and instantly found Natalie having a lovely dinner with another man.

Unbelievable!

Steven was already well aware that Natalie's capabilities were well above average, but he did not know that this freckled woman was this capable.

Not only did she manage to tame the two children from the Bowers family, but she was also able to snag such a handsome young man for herself.

One really could not judge a book by its cover.

It really did not matter if a woman was pretty or not, as long as she was capable.

Steven soon lost his earlier desire to have a smoke. He turned around and returned to the room.

There were two other people in the said room. One of them was Samuel, and the other was Yohan Kennedy, a close friend of the two brothers.

Noticing how Steven had entered the room not even a few minutes after he left for a smoke, Yohan couldn't help but tease him. "Are you that fast?"

Steven paid no attention to Yohan and instead sat down next to Samuel. "Sam, guess who I saw just now?"

Samuel pursed his lips into a thin line and said nothing.

Even after getting ignored by his brother, Steven did not let it get to him, for he continued describing vividly what he saw. "Sam, I saw Natalie and her boyfriend."

"Her boyfriend is pretty good-looking, I'll admit, but not as handsome as we are. He's probably as good-looking as Yohan."

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Yohan choked on his drink when he heard his name. "Excuse me, Steven Bowers. I'm ten times more handsome than you are."

Steven was blissfully unaware of the tension in the air thickening and continued, "This is witchcraft! Is that woman a witch?"

Bang!

A glass of wine hit the table with a large force, its contents accidentally spilling out due to the sudden movement.

Steven and Yohan were startled at the sound. When they came back to their senses, they noticed that Samuel's expression had turned serious.

Yohan glanced at Steven and widened his eyes, a sign of asking, "What's going on?"

Steven was also in a state of confusion. He had no idea that he had accidentally offended his brother with his words.

Samuel got up and headed toward the door.

Steven blurted out, "Where are you going, Sam?"

"Going to see if that man is really as handsome as you say he is," Samuel said faintly as his long, slender fingers rolled up his long sleeves, showing off his muscular arms. He looked like a soldier who was ready to engage in combat.

The door slammed shut. All who were left in the room were Steven and Yohan, who both had equally dumbstruck looks on their faces.

"Since when did your brother become this vain?"

"I have no idea."

"Didn't you say that he had started caring about his looks?"

"Yeah, he did. But not to that extent!"

Back in the restaurant, Natalie suddenly had the urge to use the restroom in the middle of her meal. She then left the table.

The walk to the restroom was pretty long, considering it was at the end of a long corridor. However, she had only taken a few steps into it when a man rushed out.

Just as Natalie was about to collide with the man, a hand reached out and grabbed her waist, pulling her out of the way.

As her back was to the unknown person, she had no idea who it was.

The man who nearly collided with her apologized hurriedly and quickly walked away, but the person who was behind her refused to let her go.

Natalie's first instinct was to raise her elbow to hit the person behind her. Before she could even move, however, her elbow was stopped.

Both of their bodies were flush against each other. It was clearly a man as his wide chest was gently pressing against Natalie's back. She could literally feel the warmth radiating off him.

"Let me go." Natalie gritted her teeth and warned. "Do it before I hurt you."

The arm that was on her waist pulled her closer to him, and the distance between them was closed.

"Are you sure about that?" A metallic voice rang from behind her.

At that moment, Natalie recognized the voice, and an image of its owner popped into her mind. She stiffened.

"Samuel?"

Just as her question left her lips, Samuel slowly spun Natalie around to face him. Their position was now reversed, with Natalie backed against the wall and Samuel hovering over her.

Their eyes met.

Samuel's eyes bore holes into hers with the intensity of his gaze.

Natalie, on the other hand, stared back at him without a hint of fear. Her eyes were filled with rage, indicating that she was wary of Samuel.

"What are you trying to do, Samuel?"

"I'm helping," Samuel replied faintly as he placed his hands on both sides of her head. He continued to stare at her as he spoke. "Ms. Nichols, aren't you supposed to thank me?"

"Thank... Thank you."

But even after Natalie had uttered her thanks, Samuel was still unwilling to let her go. His eyes glinted with an unknown expression.

"The sweetheart you've been going on about is him?"

Had Samuel seen Xavian?

Natalie nodded her head without thinking much of it.

But to her dismay, Samuel had obviously misunderstood. His hands curled into a fist when he heard her reply.

Thump! He hit the wall just a few inches away from Natalie's ear with his fists.

Natalie widened her eyes in disbelief and looked at the fuming Samuel in front of her in shock.

Is he drunk? Or has he gone crazy?

What is he thinking? Does he even know that if that punch was directed at my face, the sheer force would likely shatter my bones to bits?