

A Cue for Happiness Chapter 83-90

Chapter 83 Not Her

"I know it was parents' visit day at Sophia and Franklin's school today, so I asked the film crew for a day off to join you guys. Sadly, it seemed like the event already ended when I got there," Yara explained patiently.

Samuel only hummed in response, making her upset by the way he was behaving.

I stood by him all these years, but why can't he even spare a few more words to me?

"Samuel, can you not treat me this way?" Yara was on the verge of tears.

"I fell pregnant with Sophia and Franklin before getting married. I am their mom, yet I can't be by their side every day." She slowly made her way to him as tears rolled down her face. "They don't even like me or want to spend time with me. Even you... You're so cold to me. Samuel, we were so intimate before. Can't you treat me better?"

In front of Yara's slender figure and tear-stained face, any other man would have pulled her into his embrace out of heartache.

However, Samuel remained indifferent. He did not even budge.

"When you brought Sophia and Franklin back then, I've already made it very clear to you."

"I..."

"I never promised you anything," Samuel blurted with his eyes narrowed. "Not then, and definitely not now."

"But I'm still Sophia and Franklin's mom!" Yara shouted, feeling upset and indignant.

That was her trump card. Samuel could disregard her, but the twins could not. Even without his promise or a title as his wife, she was still the mother to the heir of the Bowers family.

"Oh, really?" Samuel asked casually.

Yara did not catch on to the change of his expression and continued to complain. "I... I'm not asking for much. All I want is to stay by your side and watch Sophia and Franklin grow up healthily."

Samuel pursed his lips and kept quiet. His gaze was on her for the longest time. It was as if he was about to see through her.

It was the first time he looked at her for so long. Even Yara began to feel uncomfortable under his gaze.

She's just the same as her... They have the same eyes. If I were to only compare the shape and color of their eyes, there would be no difference at all. It's a pity that these eyes aren't as bright and clear as the ones I like. What's the point of being similar when it's not the one I want?

"Samuel, you..."

"I'll have Gavin arrange a driver to send you home."

With that, Samuel did not spare another look at Yara and made his way to the back seat of the car. He carried the kids and brought them upstairs.

Yara watched as Samuel walked away. Her reluctance and indignance were through the roof.

I only had my eyes on him for the past six years and even killed my sister for him! I'm not going to just let him go like this.

After getting off work, Natalie went shopping with Effie.

Although the latter was a lot younger than her, they were still girls, after all.

The first place they headed to once they arrived at the mall was the makeup counters.

Effie loved to do her own makeup, so she made several purchases.

Seeing how Natalie only stayed by her side without buying anything, Effie felt a bit embarrassed. "Boss, aren't you getting anything?" she asked.

"I don't really use them," Natalie said, shaking her head.

Her hyper-realistic mask was fake, anyway. Furthermore, her real skin never broke out, so she didn't need any makeup.

"Here, Miss." A counter lady came up, promoting her products enthusiastically. "This is our newest concealer, and it's going to help cover those freckles of yours really well. You can try it."

"Yeah, try it, Boss!" Effie chimed in.

Suddenly, a shrill voice interrupted their conversation.

“With that amount of freckles, I’m afraid that even an entire bottle of concealer won’t be enough to cover them!” It was Natasha.

Chapter 84 Watch Out Or I Will Ruin Everything

As Natasha scanned over the freckles on Natalie’s face, she just couldn’t control the anger boiling up within her.

Shawn was someone with a reputation so much better than Natasha’s own boyfriend, Yonah. Why is this ugly girl tarnishing his reputation?

However, Effie seemed angrier than Natalie. She was naturally hot-tempered, and the situation had sparked that anger in her.

“Is that how you’re supposed to speak to others?”

“Am I wrong?” Natasha taunted. “People use concealer in small amounts to cover imperfections, but this girl caked her entire face in it! Also, I was talking about her, not you. Why are you even yelling at me?”

Effie came from a reputable family, and she had her ways to deal with people who used dirty tricks. However, she was far from being an expert when faced with someone so openly rude.

“Shut up or I’ll slap you!”

Natasha smirked. “Tsk, tsk, tsk. Ugly people these days just can’t handle others calling them ugly!”

Natalie proceeded to take the concealer from the counter lady and raised her eyebrows challengingly.

She grabbed a brush from the makeup brush holder. After dipping the brush into the concealer, she swiped it across Natasha’s lips.

Natasha was just reveling in the satisfaction of her bullying when she suddenly felt the wet brush against her lips. Completely taken aback, she flipped out immediately.

“What the hell do you think you’re doing!”

“Your mouth has such a huge imperfection. Why aren’t you covering it up?” The corner of Natalie’s lips quirked up slightly, but her round eyes stared at Natasha with an innocent gaze. “This bottle of concealer is on me! Consider it as a gift.”

“You-”

Natasha had wanted to slap her since their last encounter. It was just unfortunate that she was not wearing any shoes back then and that the police were there as well.

She felt that Natalie was overly stubborn, and she wanted nothing more than to personally teach her a lesson.

Wiping away the concealer on her lips, Natasha raised her arm, ready to slap Natalie across the face.

However, as soon as her arm rose, Natalie grabbed onto her wrist.

“Ouch...”

Natasha did not expect that Natalie would be so strong and involuntarily sucked in a quick breath.

In contrast to Natasha’s pained expression, Natalie was looking down at her through half-lidded eyes, and the corners of her lips were quirked upwards higher than before.

Her hand looked small and powerless, but it clenched tightly around Natasha’s wrist. She wasn’t able to move at all.

“Is it fun bullying other people?” Natalie asked coldly. “You think you’re so powerful just because you’re from the Larson family and you’re Yonah’s girlfriend?”

“How... How did you know that?”

“I know way more than you can imagine. If you still want to stay by Yonah’s side, then you should know what’s good for yourself. You wouldn’t want me to ruin your relationships, do you?”

“You-”

Natasha was in so much shock that she was rendered speechless.

As soon as Natalie was done speaking, she released Natasha’s wrist from her grip.

Natasha did not expect Natalie to let go and stumbled from the force she exerted earlier on, sending herself sprawling onto the ground.

“If you dare tell Yonah about this, I won’t let you off easily.”

“It will have to depend on my mood.” Natalie bent over slightly. With a murderous look in her eyes, she said, “Don’t try to mess with me. If you do try again, I’ll make sure Yonah will know about it.”

Natalie initially planned to focus all her efforts on the Nichols family. However, if Natasha wanted to send herself into the lion's den too, Natalie wouldn't stop her.

As expected, Natasha's expression soured.

All of a sudden, Natasha felt like she had seen Natalie before. Her eyes looked extremely familiar.

That's right! I've definitely seen her somewhere before.

Nonetheless, no matter how hard Natasha tried to recall, she was not able to remember if she had ever met a lady with freckles all over her face.

"Who are you exactly?" Natasha sat on the floor as she looked up at Natalie. "How did you know that my last name is Larson? And how did you know about Yonah being my boyfriend? How do you know all of this? Do you know me?"

Chapter 85 The Jerk And The Malicious Woman

Know you?

Oh. You bet I do.

Natalie was never truly in love with Yonah back then. However, the act that Natasha and Yonah pulled off together had fooled her completely.

She had gone to the hospital to do a spinal cord analysis in order to check if she was able to donate to Yonah. However, when she took the test results to Yonah, Natalie finally realized that she had been pranked by Natasha and Yonah.

She respected Yonah as a school senior.

Yet, all Natasha and he wanted to do was to humiliate her.

What made them think that just because they were from distinguished families, they had the right to trample all over her?

Natalie snapped out of her reverie of unpleasant memories and smirked. "Yup."

Her slightly nasal voice paired with a simple word caused Natasha to break down slowly.

She said that she knows me. So why don't I have any recollection of her?

Besides, if she's lying, how does she know about me cheating on Yonah?

If her “adventures” were revealed to Yonah, he would not let Natasha off the hook so easily.

Her face paled at the thought, her eyes wide with fear and panic.

On the other hand, Natalie was calmly handing her credit card over to the counter lady. “I’ll pay for the concealer. After you’re done packing, please hand it over to Ms. Larson here.”

The counter lady, who had watched how Natalie tore Natasha apart with just her words, looked up at Natalie with admiration shining in her eyes.

“No problem.”

“Thank you.”

After the transaction, Natalie and Effie left the store.

Just as Natalie was about to discuss the details of the case with Effie, she realized that Effie was not next to her.

She looked back and noticed Effie tailing behind her like an obsessed fan.

“What’s gotten into you?”

“You’re so cool, Boss!” Effie gave Natalie a thumbs-up. “Your words worked like a bucket of ice-cold water. Her attitude sizzled out with just a few words from you!”

“Bullies are usually scared of being the target of bullying.” Natalie shook her head and chuckled. “I just didn’t expect her to have gotten much worse after so many years of not seeing her.”

“Boss, do you really know her?”

“Yeah.”

Natalie nodded.

“But that doesn’t sound right... She didn’t seem to recognize you.”

Effie suddenly came close to Natalie, scanning Natalie’s hyper-realistic mask carefully. Something’s not right here.

Natalie was not pretty but, she had recognizable features. Her facial features would’ve left a lasting impression.

However, with the way the lady was staring earlier on, it was obvious that she did not have any recollection of Natalie.

Natalie pushed Effie away, saying, "We weren't close back then. It's not a surprise that she doesn't remember me."

"Then... Are you going to tell her boyfriend and ruin all her hidden relationships too? What was his name again? Yo... Yonah?"

"That's unnecessary." Something flickered in the depths of Natalie's eyes. "Birds of a feather flock together. A jerk like him and a b*tch like her are a match made in heaven."

Oh. Isn't that a little too much?

However, Effie liked the fact that Natalie was brutal. With just one sentence, Natalie turned into Effie's new role model.

Grandpa has such good taste in people. Putting such a goddess in the Major Crimes Unit as a coroner was an amazing idea!

Soon, Natalie got ready to go home after parting ways with Effie.

At that moment, a lady walked toward her, saying timidly, "Ms. Nichols, Ms. Yara has requested to see you. Please follow me."

Yara?

"Yara Nichols?" Natalie's gaze turned cold.

Jeanne nodded slightly. "Yes. I'm Ms. Yara's assistant. She has something to say to you."

"Well, I don't have anything to talk to her about."

Jeanne was taken aback for a moment. She looked reluctant, and her eyes watered slightly. "Ms. Nichols, if you don't follow me back, Ms. Yara is going to put the blame on me."

Natalie scanned Jeanne's face carefully.

She's not faking those tears.

Natalie knew the way Yara worked. Her innocence was a mere facade, and she had many dirty tricks up her sleeve. This assistant was probably merely a pawn to her.

"Fine. I'll go."

Chapter 86 Samuel And You Seem Close

Jeanne nodded with tears in her eyes when Natalie agreed.

“Ms. Yara isn’t here. You’ll need to follow me to the office headquarters, Ms. Nichols.”

“Okay.”

Natalie pursed her lips as she followed after Jeanne and got into a black minivan.

“Here-”

Jeanne turned around and noticed Natalie offering a tissue to her.

“Take it.” Natalie looked away before she continued, “Your tears should be for someone who understands you. Those who don’t would only deem you as a weak pushover.”

Jeanne was at a loss for words.

Natalie’s tone was casual and she barely spared a glance at Jeanne, but Jeanne could sense that she was genuinely concerned.

She took the tissue and wiped her tears away. Her heart was filled with warmth.

The minivan stopped in front of Crown Entertainment.

The door opened and Natalie followed after Jeanne once again, quickly entering the entertainment building.

Crown Entertainment was a top entertainment company. Be it talent management, film production, or marketing strategy, the company had a great influence in the industry.

Movie stars Yoel Jensen and Tabitha Smith were managed by Crown Entertainment ever since they were newbies. Now, they had successfully grown to be household names in the industry.

However, as far as Natalie knew, Yara’s contract was not with Crown Entertainment, but Triumph Entertainment.

So why is she at Crown Entertainment?

Jeanne noticed Natalie’s furrowed brows and quickly took the initiative to solve her confusion.

“Ms. Nichols, Ms. Yara’s contract with Triumph Entertainment is coming to an end. She and Crown Entertainment are discussing the terms for a new contract right now. If

everything goes smoothly, she will be signed to Crown Entertainment by the end of this month.”

“So that’s how it is.”

Yara had good connections and good resources at her disposal. However, regardless of the resources and publicity she had, she never once took part in a project nor did she win any awards.

Crown Entertainment was known to sign artists with good work ethics and high productivity. Thus, Natalie found it odd that they would sign a contract with Yara.

There had to be something going on behind the scenes of this contract.

Natalie smiled, but her gaze remained piercing cold.

Jeanne brought her to a VIP lounge before knocking on a door.

“Come in.”

Jeanne pushed open the door, her tone hesitant as she reported, “Ms. Yara, I’ve managed to convince Ms. Nichols to come here.”

Yara was currently resting on a leather couch.

As soon as she heard the sound of footsteps, her eyes slowly opened. Yara looked at Jeanne, then shifted her gaze onto Natalie.

Their eyes met.

When Natalie saw Yara, the hatred in her heart flared up once more.

She had ruined Natalie’s life, taken her children, and then tried to set her on fire. Unfortunately, she was also her biological sister.

For a moment, Natalie couldn’t look away from Yara’s face that was so identical to her own.

All she could feel was pain and hatred.

Natalie clenched her fists tightly, her nails digging into her palms.

How did someone she once wanted to dote on turn into such a snake?

“Ms. Nichols, you’re here. Take a seat.” Yara massaged her temples. She side-eyed Jeanne and ordered in an icy cold tone, “Jeanne, why are you still here? Do I still have to teach you how to treat guests?”

“I-I’ll go now.”

Jeanne turned and walked out. Suddenly, the VIP lounge felt too big with just Natalie and Yara left in the room.

Yara got up from the couch and slowly walked toward Natalie, her stilettos clicking on the floor with every step.

Natalie could feel Yara’s gaze burning into her. Every glance was careful and calculated as if she was assessing Natalie from head to toe.

After she was done scanning Natalie, Yara finally spoke up. “I heard that you’ve gotten close to Samuel recently...”

Chapter 87 I Will Leave Samuel

The sweet smile on Yara’s face was a stark contrast to her chilly gaze.

“Samuel’s friends are my friends. I believe that we have an affinity with each other.”

Natalie and Yara were biological sisters from the same mother. No matter how subtle Yara tried to make it, Natalie could tell that she was establishing her dominance and possession over Samuel.

Natalie briefly recalled the time in the book cafe when she wasn’t wearing a mask and was mistaken as Yara by Samuel.

Back then, Samuel had pinned her against a bookshelf in a corner and kissed her forcefully.

The kiss was so intense that her lips bled and became swollen.

Now, after hearing Yara’s words, Natalie sneered. Her eyes were filled with indignance.

“You and Samuel...”

“Him and I.” As soon as Samuel was mentioned, Yara covered her face shyly. “I’ve been by Samuel’s side for these past few years. You’re the first woman I’ve ever seen at the Bowers residence.”

As expected of Yara.

She had hinted at how deep her relationship with Samuel was. The tactic was subtle but straight to the point.

Two can play at that game.

With a cold smile on her face, Natalie stared right at Yara. "I'm curious. If you're able to enter and leave the Bowers residence as you please, why hasn't Samuel married you?"

"You-"

Natalie interrupted, "How long have you been by his side? Love and adoration are all about freshness. Once it's dragged on for too long, both parties grow tired of the relationship. When that time comes, marriage becomes impossible. If you want to marry Samuel, you should do it as soon as possible."

Natalie's words hit right on Yara's sore spot and caused her expression to turn sour immediately.

Yara had spent five whole years pretending to be Natalie, rejecting countless pursuits of other men because she only wanted Samuel.

However, that wish was still not yet fulfilled.

"Are you trying to bully me?" Yara's gaze changed, and her tone was now sharp.

"Mocking others and laughing at their misfortunes is bullying. What I said was merely the truth, no?"

Natalie met Yara's cold gaze, the corners of her lips curling up slightly.

You're trying to trick me?

Does she think that I'm still the same girl from the countryside 6 years ago?

She was the foolish one to let Yara hurt her back then. Now, she was determined to not give in.

Yara could feel her chest tighten from how stifled she felt. Nevertheless, she controlled her emotions and calmed herself down.

"Ms. Nichols, let's not beat around the bush anymore." Yara took a yellow folder from the couch and held it out to Natalie.

"What is this?"

“As you said earlier on, I’m not married to Samuel yet. However, I will become his wife one day. I’m not a believer in opposite-gender friendships, and I don’t want you to be overly close to Samuel.”

Natalie licked her lips, asking, “So you’re paying me to leave Samuel?”

“You probably not getting paid a lot as a coroner, right? I’ll give you five million to leave Samuel and cut off all ties with him.” Yara paused for a moment before adding, “If you think that’s too little, I can add more to the amount.”

Natalie never thought that a conversation that seemed to only happen in dramas would occur here, between her and Yara.

Even though Samuel had kissed her deeply and momentarily caused warmth to ripple through her, he was someone who had been tainted by Yara.

There was no way she would fall in love with him.

The trauma from five years ago had possibly taken away her ability to love someone as well.

When Natalie frowned and stayed silent, Yara said, “What do you think? This is a huge amount.”

Natalie lifted her hand and took the yellow folder from Yara. “I’ll sign it. However, I want ten million. Not a single cent less than that.”

Chapter 88 An Unfamiliar Type Of Pain

“Ten million?” Yara was shocked. “You still have the guts to ask for more?”

“So Samuel isn’t worth ten million?” Natalie unraveled the string around the yellow folder and said lazily, “If you’re unable to give me that, then I’ll just stick by Samuel’s side. Although my freckled face isn’t as beautiful as yours, who knows? Maybe Samuel has a different taste and likes me this way.”

“You...”

Yara thought that Natalie was ugly.

With an entire face full of freckles, it made her skin look dirty.

Other than her flaming round eyes, Natalie was just plain-looking.

However, she was the first woman Samuel had made an exception for.

Additionally, this woman was also called Natalie. Even though Yara was sure that the woman in front of her was not her sister, they had the same first and last names. It was like a bad omen to Yara.

“Okay.” Yara clenched her fists in determination. “Ten million it is. But once you sign the agreement, you will have to leave Samuel alone. You won’t be allowed to see him again.”

“Sure.” Natalie agreed coolly.

It was a win-win situation for her anyways. She wouldn’t need to face Samuel anymore, and on top of that, she could earn ten million. Why wouldn’t she agree?

Samuel had Natalie back then and now had had Yara by his side for the past few years.

In Natalie’s eyes, he was a filthy person inside and out. If Yara wants him, she can have him!

Nonetheless, when Natalie pressed the tip of her pen to the papers, she felt a strong pain in her heart.

Regardless, the pain disappeared as quickly as it had appeared, suppressed by Natalie’s logical reasoning.

Natalie swiftly signed the papers and handed the folder back to Yara.

“I’m done.”

It had taken less than a minute for Natalie to agree to the deal and sign the document.

There was no reluctance. Everything was smooth-sailing for Natalie. It was as if Samuel didn’t matter to her, and that never getting to see him again was no big deal.

After taking the check, Natalie strolled out of the VIP lounge.

The one thing entertainment companies never lacked was handsome men and beautiful women. It wasn’t just the celebrities, either; even the companies’ general staff were better-looking than average people.

In comparison, Natalie stood out like a freak when she walked around Crown Entertainment.

“Have you seen her before? She looks unfamiliar.”

“Never. With that face full of freckles, it looks like she hasn’t washed her face in a long time.”

Natalie had heard these insults before. It was so common to her she was tired of it. Can't you say something new? Something fresher?

Just as Natalie was being mocked and humiliated, a voice rang out from behind her.

"My lord."

Uh... What?

Natalie turned around and saw Hans standing behind her, looking smart in a full blue suit.

Natalie's recollection of him was how she saved his wife when she had a heart attack.

Hans was not too sure whether it was Natalie until she turned around.

"My lord, do you know how hard I tried looking for you? Why are you here?"

Just then, Natalie's hand was grasped tightly by the man who was the CEO of Crown Entertainment as he kept calling her "my lord" with tears in his eyes. The employees who ridiculed Natalie from before couldn't help but feel that he was being overly dramatic.

Everyone was taken aback by this sudden development of events.

Natalie squinted at him. "And you are?"

Hans then realized that they had never introduced themselves formally. "My lord, my name is Hans Becker, and I'm the CEO of Crown Entertainment."

Hans?

This man in his early-thirties in front of me is Hans?

"Nice to meet you. I'm Natalie Nichols."

Hans was always a strict person when it came down to business. There was never a day where he was lenient to the other executives. However, he was being exceptionally flattering and patient toward Natalie.

"My lord, are you free now? Shall we go to my office and have a drink?"

Chapter 89 A Reason To Search For Her

With Hans' expectant and encouraging gaze on her, Natalie was treated like a VIP and led into the CEO's office.

The remaining people watched Natalie's back as she walked away, shock written all over their faces.

What does that woman have for the CEO of Crown Entertainment to treat her so importantly?

Once they were in the CEO's office, Hans invited Natalie to sit on the couch. Without bothering his assistant, he quickly poured her a drink.

For a moment, the hot water misted and the fragrance of tea wafted in the air.

"Yana's health was bad ever since she was a child. It was especially tough after she gave birth to Zoe. The doctor even told us that it would be difficult for her to live past her thirties." Hans looked at Natalie, his face set in a solemn expression. "You have excellent medical knowledge and are perhaps my last hope. I would like to ask for your help to heal Yana.

"She told me that ever since she was young, her heart had never felt this comfortable. That was when I realized: even if she didn't have an attack, that didn't mean she wasn't uncomfortable or in pain. She just never complained in front of Zoe and me."

Natalie narrowed her eyes slightly as she sipped on her tea.

"If I can heal Mrs. Becker..."

"So what you're saying..." Hans clenched his fists tightly. "... Is that you can heal Yana?"

"If the condition for healing Mrs. Becker is for you to hand Crown Entertainment over to me, would you still be willing?" After saying that, Natalie raised her head to look at him.

There wasn't a hint of hesitance in Hans' voice when he agreed easily. "Yes, I'm willing to do that. As long as Yana can be healed, I will transfer all properties under my name to you."

Hans' response didn't shock Natalie at all. It was the determination in his eyes that shook her deeply.

It was often cited in ancient tales that men back then were fickle-minded.

Hans' deep, everlasting love for Yana made it hard for others to not feel touched.

Natalie put down the cup in her hand and thought for a moment before she said, "Mrs. Becker was born with the heart disease, but it isn't irreversible. I'll use acupuncture to help her damaged heart arteries, then use medicine to strengthen the healing effect.

There's just one issue: two of the medicines are rare and hard to find, so I'll need some time to source it out."

"You can tell me what they are. I'll try my best to help with the sourcing as well."

"I've always been following the news for any updates on them. Once I find out anything new, I'll let you know."

"Okay. That's great." Hans' eyes burned with unshed tears. "I'm just so happy you agreed to help Yana... You might not know how important she is to me. I will do anything to keep her alive, even if it means sacrificing my own life."

Natalie was so moved that she started to smile. Sighing, she uttered, "Mr. Becker, your loving relationship with your wife will surely go on for a long time."

"Thank you. I'll ask my lawyer to settle the transfer to your name right now."

"Mr. Becker, I don't want property rights. I just want two types of authorities in Crown Entertainment."

"What is it?"

"The access to the contracts of artistes under Crown Entertainment within these three years as well as the rights to decide on anything related to filming," she said confidently. "After three years, this authority will automatically be terminated."

Hans, too concerned about Yana's health, didn't really care about the conditions Natalie laid out.

At the moment, Natalie's conditions sounded a little strange but agreeable. Therefore, he wasn't planning to reject them.

Natalie smiled to herself.

If Yara wants to sign a contract with Crown Entertainment, she has a lot in store for her.

In Centurion Corporation's CEO office, Samuel stared at his phone in a slight dazed.

Billy had never seen Samuel in such deep thought while on his phone. He couldn't help but ask, "Mr. Bowers, it will be Mr. Franklin and Ms. Sophia's fifth birthday in just a few weeks. Do you have any ideas on how you're going to celebrate it?"

"Franklin and Sophia's birthday?"

Samuel's eyes lit up as he glanced at Billy quickly.

“That was a good and timely reminder.”

Billy was confused.

Now, Samuel finally found a reason to go looking for that woman again.

Chapter 90 Breach Of Contract

Startled by Samuel’s abrupt compliment, Billy left the CEO’s office and swiftly got back to work.

Samuel gradually rose to his feet and walked toward the window.

Under the golden light of the setting sun, Samuel looked especially elegant and handsome in his pressed white shirt.

He made a phone call to Natalie.

Beep...

The call was connected instantly, and a crisp voice traveled through the phone.

“Hello.”

“It’s me, Samuel.”

A moment of silence ensued on the other end of the line as if she was waiting for Samuel to speak first.

“Are you free tonight? I want to meet up with you to discuss Sophia and Franklin’s birthday.”

“I’m busy tonight,” Natalie rejected instantly.

“What about tomorrow?”

“I’m fully occupied tomorrow.”

“The day after tomorrow?”

“Busy as well.”

Samuel was starting to lose his patience with Natalie. Frowning, he queried, “Okay. How about you let me know when you are free, and I’ll rearrange my schedule to fit yours.”

"I don't want to meet you." As she said so, Natalie was at home, fanning herself with the check with her hand. "In other words, let's never meet again. We can discuss Sophia and Franklin via phone call or email."

Samuel's expression darkened upon hearing that.

He gripped the phone so hard that the veins on his arms were popping out.

"Are you aware of what you're saying?" he growled out, his tone clearly irritated.

"Yes, I do."

Natalie casually placed the check on the coffee table and hugged her legs tightly. A trace of cold determination flashed through the depth of her eyes.

Even if she hadn't received the ten million check from Yara, she still thought that it would be best to never see Samuel ever again.

Sure, Sophia and Franklin are his children.

Sure, Yara is able to freely enter and leave the Bowers residence.

Samuel mistaking me for Yara and kissing me was also something that happened.

Who cares if he's a handsome, aloof CEO? Being a womanizer is probably in his DNA.

Even though she herself was unsure as to why she was wearing a hyper-realistic mask, she was even more confused as to why Samuel would still take the initiative to approach her with the mask on.

She didn't want to get trapped in a whirlpool of feelings, especially not between Yara and Samuel.

"No, you don't, Natalie."

Natalie let out a snicker. "Why would I not know? I don't want to meet with you because I don't feel like it."

"Give me a reason." An icy look appeared in Samuel's gaze.

A reason?

Natalie caught a glimpse at the check on the table, her face lighting up with a gloating expression.

“Yara found me and gave me ten million to ensure that I would never see you ever again.” The corners of her lips quirked upward before she continued, “I can spend this ten million lavishly as long as I don’t meet with you. I accepted the offer and signed the agreement on the spot so I could receive the ten million check from Yara.”

Natalie had indeed received the money from Yara. However, she wasn’t required to help keep Yara’s secret from Samuel.

Besides, how Samuel would think of Yara after this was none of her business.

There was a long silence on the other side of the phone.

After a long while, Samuel’s deep and husky male voice rang out.

“Am I really only worth a ten million to you, Natalie?”

The question startled Natalie, but she replied firmly, “Yes.”

“I’m the head of the Bowers family and the CEO of the Centurion Corporation. Since when have you become so shallow-minded?” Samuel queried.

Upon hearing that, Natalie’s heart skipped a beat.

At this moment, Natalie was utterly relieved that they were not having this conversation face-to-face.

Otherwise, he would have noticed the clear flustered panic in her eyes.

“Samuel, it’s too late now.” Natalie bit her lower lip before continuing, “I have signed the agreement and received the money. I can’t breach the contract.”