

A Cue for Love chapter 51

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Chapter 51 Touched By A Stranger

It had been five whole years.

Yara was still waiting for the day she would marry into the Bowers family and become Samuel's woman.

Initially, she thought she could get her status elevated because of Franklin and Sophia, and that it would just be a matter of time before Samuel married her. However, five years had passed, and yet, Samuel seemed as though he did not intend to marry her at all.

Even the public had no idea that she was the biological mother of the eldest grandson of the Bowers family.

She was tired after the long wait and did not want to waste more time.

Yara was deep in love with Samuel. Instead of waiting for him to come to her, she decided to take the first move and capture the heart of her beloved one.

"Samuel, I haven't asked you for anything in the past five years, but I hope you can agree to this," she said.

Samuel glanced at her. "Well, if it's something I can agree to."

"Really? That's great!"

Delighted, she swore she would perform well at her father's 60th birthday banquet and won Samuel over.

She became excited and wanted to hold Samuel's hand with that thought in mind. However, the man avoided her coldly before she could touch him.

Giving her an icy look, he said, "I told you before. I don't like to be touched by a stranger."

The smile on Yara's face faded as she awkwardly put her hand away.

"Is there anything else?" Samuel asked in a cold tone.

"N-No."

"If so, you may leave now." He put down the coffee cup in his hand indifferently.

His words were clear. He wanted Yara to stop bugging him and leave.

At first, Yara was thinking of spending some time alone with Samuel, even if it was only watching him from the side quietly.

However, seeing the stern look on his face, she had no choice but to leave.

As she was leaving, she saw the two munchkins of the Bowers family were sending Natalie off.

Franklin frowned as he reminded, "Natalie, you must remember to change the dressing on your wound. Don't be lazy. Okay?"

"Okay. I'll remember that." Natalie smiled.

"You're really tough. How could you not even shed a single tear after bleeding so much?"

"Well, I'm already ugly. I'll look uglier if I cry."

"No, you're not ugly at all." Looking at Natalie's freckled face, Franklin continued earnestly, "In my heart, you and Sophia are always the prettiest girl in this world."

Natalie was lost for words upon hearing that.

On the other hand, Yara got so furious that she could not even say a word.

Sophia, who could not verbalize her thoughts, looked at Natalie and nodded her head repeatedly, indicating that she agreed with her brother.

Knowing the two little ones genuinely liked her, Natalie was as happy as a lark.

Even though she was wearing an ugly hyper-realistic mask, they never despised her for her appearance.

"Thank you for the concern. Don't worry. I'll take good care of myself." She caressed the heads of the two children. "Give me a call whenever you miss me."

When Natalie rose to her feet, she naturally spotted Yara staring at her with a meaningful gaze.

Without Samuel around, Yara's façade faded. Her eyes turned vicious as she looked at Natalie.

Five years had passed in the blink of an eye, and Yara's delicate facial features were more exquisite than before.

However, she was still the same vicious, ruthless woman.

Meanwhile, over those five years, Natalie was no longer the country bumpkin who had just come from the countryside and foolishly believed that Yara was the person closest to her in the world.

“You looked surprised when you heard my name just now. Are you all right?” Natalie asked.

“What? You must be overthinking. I’m not surprised at all.” Yara tucked the stray hair behind her ear, her gaze filled with contempt and mockery.

“Really? I thought you knew someone who had the same name as mine.”

Slightly stunned by Natalie’s words, Yara acted cool. “So what? You are not her anyway.”

Natalie raised the corner of her lips. At that moment, she felt the urge to take off the hyper-realistic mask from her face so that Yara could see clearly who she was.

However, it was not a good time yet.

After saying goodbye to the two children, Natalie boarded the car and left the Bowers residence.

Yara felt agitated for no reason when she saw the twins staring at the ugly woman with a longing gaze.

For the past five years, she had tried so hard to please the twins, but they always went against her, causing her to lose her patience.

However, they were well-behaved and liked a woman who had a face full of freckles.

“That woman is so ugly. How can you say that she’s pretty?” Yara questioned angrily. “I am your biological mommy, the one who brought both of you into this world. I’m much prettier than her. Okay?”

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Chapter 52 Marry Into The Bowers Family

“Hey. Stop dreaming. Who gave you such confidence to think that you looked much prettier than Natalie?” Franklin gave Yara the side-eye.

“Y-You...”

"What? Did I say anything wrong?" He knitted his brows and looked at Yara in disdain. "I wonder why an adult like you still doesn't have any self-awareness."

"Did you just say I don't have any self-awareness?" She squatted down and held his shoulders. "Listen. I am the biological mother of you and Sophia. No matter how much you hate me, this is a fact that will never change. Sooner or later, I will move into the Bowers residence and officially become your mommy."

If the twins were not Samuel's children, she would have sent them to hell with Natalie.

After all, they were her bargaining chip to marry into the Bowers family.

To avoid being questioned, everything must be under her control.

"Well, you say that yourself. We've never admitted to that." Franklin raised his eyebrow and spoke indifferently.

Yara shouted, "Franklin Bower, you-"

"Daddy, why are you here?" Franklin suddenly hollered as he looked at the person standing behind Yara.

Startled by his words, she quickly let go of Franklin and stood up.

As she turned around, she put on her gentle smile, but there was no one behind.

Realizing Franklin had tricked her, she yelled, "You!"

"Hahaha! Someone like you want to marry my daddy?" Franklin scrunched up his face and stuck his tongue out at her. "Dream on!"

He was too lazy to bother with Yara and turned to hold Sophia's hand later. "Sophia, let's go!"

Sophia did not have a good impression of Yara either. Hence, she obediently followed Franklin to the foyer, leaving Yara behind.

Watching the twins leave, Yara trembled with anger. "B*tch!"

In truth, the twins' biological mother was Natalie.

However, they were so well-behaved and obedient to another woman named Natalie as well.

Damn it! Why does someone with the name of Natalie keep showing up around me? It's so annoying!

She muttered to herself, "Another Natalie, huh? I'm going to make you regret using this name!"

At Centurion Corporation, Samuel stood in front of a large window overlooking the scenery beneath.

Watching the bustling streets in Dellmoor, he was deep in thought.

Knock! Knock!

After a few knocks on the door, he finally came back to his senses.

"Come in."

Billy entered the office and placed a few documents that needed to be signed onto Samuel's desk before reporting about work progression clearly and concisely.

A dark expression loomed over Samuel's face as he listened to the details without paying full attention.

After Billy finished reporting, Samuel asked nothing about work. Instead, he ordered, "Billy, help me to investigate Yara and the Nichols family."

"Sir, didn't we investigate them before?"

"That information is too general. What I want to know is something more than that." Resting his chin on his palm, Samuel cast a meaningful glance at Billy. "I don't care about what had happened to Yara in the past. What I'm concerned about are the Nichols family's secrets. For example, Thomas has another daughter of similar age to Yara."

Although Billy did not know Samuel's intention of requesting him to investigate the Nichols family, he knew there must be a reason behind this.

Billy nodded. "Sir, I'll send someone to investigate them."

"Okay."

A moment later, something crossed Samuel's mind, and he reminded, "Remember to keep a low profile throughout the investigation. Make sure not to alert anyone."

"Yes."

After Billy left, Samuel strummed his fingers on the desk and went into deep thought.

He was referring to Natalie when he reminded Billy not to alert anyone.

This woman is good at hiding her true self. She disguises herself by wearing a mask to cover her face, protecting her real identity all the time. She must have been hurt by someone deeply before. That's why she disguises herself so that no one can ever hurt her again.

The more Natalie acted that way, the more Samuel's heart ached for her.

He did not want to force her to reveal her true identity or admit anything. He would rather patiently wait for the day she told him everything herself.

Meanwhile, Natalie went to work at the Major Crimes Unit.

While performing an autopsy, she briefed, "The cause of death is not the trauma caused to the victim's abdomen but the wound on his head. Three steel nails were nailed into his head. We will send the nails to the forensic department for analysis after this."

Brandon handed the tools to Natalie while Effie took pictures and recorded all the observations during the autopsy.

After performing a complete autopsy, Natalie left the autopsy room and bumped into an old man in uniform at the coroner's office.

"Grandpa!" Effie was the first to speak.

The old man was the top police officer of the Major Crimes Unit, Gerald Jones.

Effie was surprised to see her grandfather in the office, whereas Brandon was lost in thought, not knowing what to do because he had never met the higher-ups before.

On the other hand, Natalie reacted as if she had met an old friend. She raised her eyebrows and asked, "Hey, Mr. Jones. What brought you here today?"

"Natalie? Oh, my goodness! What happened to your face?" Gerald was shocked when he saw her.

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Chapter 53 Scaring Suitors Away

Just as Gerald finished his sentence, Brandon and Effie looked toward Natalie.

Natalie quickly shot a glance at Gerald and said, "Mr. Jones, it's not proper for us to talk in the office. Why not we move to the meeting room and continue there?"

Gerald caught on and nodded.

After that, both of them walked to the meeting room, leaving Brandon and Effie looking at each other in puzzlement.

Before Gerald could ask anything, Natalie took off the hyper-realistic mask the moment she closed the door, revealing her bare face.

Seeing that, Gerald shook his head and let out a sigh. "Natalie, you're such a beautiful lady. Why are you disguising yourself?"

"Well, one should always keep a low profile."

"I don't understand." He was worried about the woman in front of her. "You'll scare the suitors away by doing so."

"Stop it, Mr. Jones. I've heard about you rushing the juniors to get married, but please quit rushing me. Okay?" Natalie rested her head on one hand. "Besides, I've been busy taking care of the two little ones at home and have no time to get into a relationship."

Knowing that she was not someone who could be easily convinced, he dropped the topic and went straight to the point. "Natalie, I'm here to see you today because I need your help to save someone."

"Who do you want me to save?" she asked.

"The head of the Watsons family, Max Watsons." The mention of Max put a solemn look on Gerald's face. "He is an old friend of mine and has always been kind to me. All of a sudden, he becomes ill and bedridden. None of the doctors can cure him. During this period, the wind of change begins to blow in the Watsons family. Max's children and grandchildren are fighting against each other. All of them hope to see Max die. The famous doctor treating him may be well-versed in medicine, but I'm not sure of the identity of the person who invites that doctor to take care of Max. As I know, you've inherited great medical skills from your granddad. I trust you and want you to give it a try."

Hearing that, Natalie knew there was something suspicious about Max's illness.

Like the Bowers family, the Watsons family was one of the influential families in Chanaea.

If Max remained unconscious and passed away without stating his will, there would be a dispute in the Watsons family. If that happened, the Watsons family which had been existing for over centuries would be wiped out.

She nodded. "I'll try, Mr. Jones."

Gerald nodded. "In terms of payment, I'm going to give you--"

Five years ago, after Natalie gave birth to Xavian and Clayton, Gerald helped her by giving her a legitimate identity and sending her abroad when she was destitute.

He was her savior, the one who gave her a new life.

“Don’t talk about reward. I don’t want that.” Natalie cut him off and looked at Gerald with her bright eyes. “Mr. Jones, three of us survived five years ago because of you. Don’t worry. I’ll do my best to cure Max.”

“Thank you, Natalie.” He smiled.

That afternoon, Natalie brought her medical kit and went to the Watsons manor with Yandel.

Before they arrived at the main door, Natalie reminded, “Just tell them you are an excellent doctor and carry on bluffing to attract their attention, Yandel. They may be uncertain about your identity, but they will definitely be afraid of your ability to cure Max and try to stop you. Stall them no matter what, and I’ll sneak in amidst the chaos.”

With a bitter expression, Yandel said, “Boss, can you stop asking me to do such a thing? Have you forgotten I’m the CEO of Dream Company?”

“So what? Is there a problem?”

“Boss, I’ll do anything you ask me to do.”

“Go on then, Yandel!”

In the next second, Natalie kicked him in the butt, sending him stumbling toward the door.

Left with no choice, he put on a smile and walked toward the butler at the entrance. “Good afternoon. I’m invited by Mr. Watsons to treat Old Mr. Watsons.”

Hearing that, the butler became wary. “I’m sorry. I did not receive such an order from Mr. Watsons. You shall not enter.”

The butler’s reaction was within Yandel’s expectation.

He had known that none in the Watsons family was a good person, as all of them wanted Max to die.

However, Natalie was waiting for him to sneak into the manor. Wasting no time, he swung his arm and threw a punch on the butler’s nose.

The butler wailed in pain. “Why did you hit me?”

“Do you not understand my words? I’m here to treat Old Mr. Watsons. If anyone tries to block my way, I’ll eliminate each and every one of them.”

Although Yandel had a baby face, he had good combat skills.

The butler quickly called for support after Yandel hit him. Instantly, a commotion immediately broke out in the Watsons manor.

Noticing Yandel had succeeded at diverting everyone’s attention, Natalie detoured to the rear of the manor and sneaked in through a window.

She had gathered the necessary information beforehand, so she knew that Max’s room was located on the east wing on the second floor.

With some sleeping drug in her hand, she headed straight for the room.

However, the moment she opened the door, there was no one else in the room except for Max, who was lying on the bed.

She hurried to him and placed her fingers on his wrist to check his pulse.

Even though Natalie had prepared herself mentally, she was still shocked by her findings. This is so strange!

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Chapter 54 Putting His Life In Danger

His pulse was irregular, indicating that Max had been poisoned.

Currently, there was more than a type of toxin in his body.

The toxins gathered in the old man’s body were invading his internal organs, causing him to slip into a coma.

The more Natalie dwelled on it, the more terrified she felt. The presence of different toxins means that more than one person has poisoned Old Mr. Watsons. How could they do that to the head of their family? The Watsons family is full of wolves! That’s why there are different toxins in Old Mr. Watson’s body. If Mr. Jones had not asked me to come over and check on Old Mr. Watsons, I’m afraid he would have only another two weeks to live.

Natalie quickly took out a set of acupuncture needles from her bag.

She lifted the shirt on Max and inserted the needles at different acupuncture points on his body.

At that moment, her priority was to flush out the toxins in Max's body.

He could only recover completely after the detoxification process.

Just when Natalie was about to insert the last needle at the acupuncture point between Max's eyes, someone forcefully gripped her arm and stopped her.

The person was holding onto her arm so firmly that she could not move her hand at all.

"Who are you? What are you doing to my grandpa?"

Natalie glanced at her arm that was being clutched before shifting her gaze to the person who stopped her.

The man was wearing a white shirt and a pair of gold-rimmed glasses.

Although he was not as mesmerizing as Samuel, his facial features were exquisite as well. The man in front of her was undoubtedly handsome and attractive.

However, Natalie was not distracted by his good looks. The most important task for her to do at the moment was to save Max.

She spoke. "I'm a doctor. I'm here to save him."

"That's not necessarily true," Shawn said coldly, having no intention of loosening his grip.

"Not necessarily true?" She narrowed her eyes and glared at him. "Listen. Your grandfather is terminally ill. If I don't do something now, he will die for sure."

"Why should I trust you? I'll tear you into pieces if anything happens to Grandpa."

"I don't want to waste my time talking to you. Let go of me!"

"No."

Natalie tried to break free of his grip, but there was no way she could do so.

Knowing that her efforts were going to go down the drain at the last minute, she became increasingly frustrated.

She glared at him as she explained, "Do you know how many types of toxins are there in your grandfather's body? Four! That means at least four people poisoned him. Can you guarantee that the doctor who's treating your grandfather now is not working for the people who poisoned him? If I were here to take Old Mr. Watsons' life, I wouldn't have performed acupuncture. I can save my time by just stabbing him with a knife."

Shawn was at a loss for words upon hearing that.

His gaze fell upon the woman who appeared in his grandfather's room all of a sudden.

She had a low nose bridge and thick lips, and her face was full of freckles. However, her eyes were bright and captivating.

With her determined gaze, she seemed as steady as a rock.

The relationship among the members of the Watsons family had always been complicated. Growing up in such a family, Shawn was used to seeing people playing tricks on somebody else, so he did not trust other people easily. However, the moment he looked into the eyes of the mysterious woman in front of him, strangely, he wanted to believe her.

After a moment, he asked, "Can I trust you?"

"Do you have a better way?" Natalie gritted her teeth. "Your grandfather's life is at stake. I am not joking."

Shawn loosened his grip slowly and let go of her hand. With that, she quickly picked up the crystal needle and inserted it at the acupuncture point between Max's eyes.

Natalie felt relieved after inserting the last needle.

She then put her fingers on Max's wrist, feeling the changes in his pulse.

Just then, a series of footsteps sounded outside the bedroom. Once the bedroom door was opened, a group of well-dressed people forced their way in.

With a cigar in his mouth, a man with slicked-back hair glared at Natalie coldly. "Who is this woman? Why is she here?" he questioned.

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Chapter 55 Regret Believing In You

Natalie stood up straight and frowned at the man.

In response, the well-dressed, middle-aged man stroked his chin and flashed a sinister smile.

While she was thinking about how to get out of the situation unscathed, Shawn took a few steps forward and stood in front of her.

"Uncle Charlie," he greeted.

Charlie Watsons nodded and scoffed, "Are you the one who brought this ugly woman here and give her the permission to put so many needles on your grandpa? What are you up to?"

As soon as he finished his words, Chris Watsons chimed in from behind, "As the eldest grandson of the Watsons family, you hope your grandpa dies so that you can take over everything. Am I right? How could you do this, Shawn? How could you be so heartless?"

The wives of Charlie and Chris were not easy to deal with as well. They started to voice their criticism too.

"Eldest grandson? Says who? Don't you remember who his mother is?"

"That's right. Who does he think he is? It was Old Mr. Watsons who took him seriously when he was still in good health."

Although Shawn heard all of that, he did not give any response.

Standing behind him, Natalie could see nothing other than his back.

Even though she could not see the facial expressions of those people, she could imagine their disgusting faces as they said those words.

Old Mr. Watsons is still alive, but these people are already getting impatient and want to get a share of the family assets. What a bunch of a*sholes!

Facing the elders who were giving him a hard time, Shawn remained composed. "This is all a misunderstanding. I hire this doctor to treat Grandpa."

Slightly stunned, Natalie knew the man was actually not dumb. At least he knew she was on his side.

"She's here to treat him? This woman?"

"Are you kidding me? How old is she? She's way too young and lacks experience."

"Shawn, this lady is obviously full of nonsense. How can you be so foolish and listen to her?"

"What if your grandpa's health condition takes a turn for the worse after you let her treat him?"

Shawn pushed his gold-rimmed glasses up and uttered coldly, "There are several types of toxins in Grandpa's body. I wonder who are the ones who poisoned him?"

Several types of toxins?

The two couples' expressions immediately turned pale upon hearing that.

Four of them glanced at one another nervously for fear that their malicious intentions might be exposed.

At that moment, no one in Max's bedroom dared to speak.

Barf!

Lying on the rosewood bed, Max suddenly opened his mouth and spat out large mouthfuls of black blood, staining the silk bedsheet.

Everyone in the room was caught off guard, including Shawn.

He turned around to look at Natalie with his face darkened. "What is happening? Why did my grandpa vomit blood? Didn't you say that everything is going to be okay?"

Disregarding the filth, he carefully wiped the corner of Max's lips. However, the old man was still vomiting blood.

Meanwhile, the rest of Watsons family snickered inwardly.

"See? I told you this woman is a quack. Do you still not believe me?"

"This is not treatment but murder!"

"Shawn, you're the one who hired this female doctor. Look at what happens to your grandpa now. You have to take responsibility for that."

"The Watsons family doesn't have an unfilial descendant like you. You don't deserve to have the right of succession!"

Shawn did not listen to what those people said. Instead, he fixed his gaze on Natalie.

I trusted her wholeheartedly. However, she set me up.

He shot Natalie a deadly stare as if he wanted to skin her alive.

Natalie, who became the target of the Watsons family, looked at Shawn and said calmly, "I didn't lie to you. It's normal for your grandfather to vomit blood. As I said, I can cure him."

Right after she said that, the rest of the Watsons family laughed mockingly.

"Are you sure it's normal? He's vomiting blood!"

“Call the cops! This woman needs to be arrested!”

“He is dying. I’m going to contact the funeral parlor and make the necessary arrangement.”

“Yeah. I’ll contact the lawyer to make some clarifications about the will. A murderer like Shawn who’s killed his grandfather shall not be given the right of succession.”

Meanwhile, the commotion caused by Yandel also caused the police to arrive at the entrance of the Watsons manor.

One of the police officers pointed his gun at Yandel. The latter knew being reckless was not the best option, so he decided to surrender. The police then arrested him and escorted him to the second floor of the manor.

Not knowing what had happened, Yandel was shocked to see Max lying in a pool of blood. What is this? It’s so scary!

Stunned, he hesitated before querying, **“Boss, you failed to save him?”**

Shawn glanced at Yandel and finally came to a realization. It turns out this man and the woman who treated Grandpa are actually partners in crime! He purposely distracted us away by causing the commotion downstairs. I shouldn’t have trusted her just now.

Rage and hatred filled Shawn’s mind instantly. He turned to Natalie and said, **“I shouldn’t have believed you.”**

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Chapter 56 I Will Remember Your Kindness

Natalie remained expressionless.

The Watsons family knew nothing about acupuncture. Therefore, it was merely a waste of time for her to explain the situation to them.

After taking a glance at the crowd, she strutted toward Max and took the needles on his body.

The crystal needles were her family heirloom, given by her maternal grandfather.

They were extremely precious and priceless, as each of them was made of rare, mysterious metal.

“Sir, please arrest this woman. She’s the one who killed my father!”

"Look at those needles. She used them to murder my father. All of us here are witnesses. She killed my father, and I want her to pay for it!"

Charlie and Chris had always fought to become the head of the family. However, this time, they were united against Natalie.

Right after Natalie removed the last crystal needle, she gave the two siblings the side-eye. "Who said Old Mr. Watsons has passed away?"

Hearing that, Charlie took a few steps forward and pointed at her. "Judging from the amount of blood my father vomited, how can he be still alive? You're so stubborn!"

"Yeah." Natalie's lips curled into a sneer.

When the police were about to arrest her, a cough interrupted them. It was Max, who had been vomiting blood endlessly a while ago.

Cough! Cough!

The sound of him coughing was soft, but it shocked everyone in the room.

Shawn turned to Max in disbelief. "Grandpa, a-are you okay?"

Sitting up with difficulty, Max wiped the blood from the corner of his lips. In a weak but firm voice, he said, "Who would dare to a-arrest my savior?"

Savior?

The two couples were stunned, but they immediately composed themselves.

Chris quickly explained, "Dad, since you were unconscious just now, you may not understand the situation. Let me explain it to you. This woman put needles in your skin, causing you to vomit blood. You can see for yourself if you don't believe me. Look. This bedsheet is stained with your blood."

Natalie could not help but roll her eyes.

His sons are still trying to mislead him by slandering me. Do they think Max and I are stupid?

Max glanced at Shawn and slowly said, "Get me a glass of water."

Shawn quickly did as he was told and said, "Grandpa, here."

However, Max did not take a sip of water after taking the glass. Instead, he threw it toward Chris.

Although he was still weak and could only exert little force, the glass somehow landed on Chris' forehead.

"Dad, what are you doing? Why are you throwing the glass at me?" Chris questioned angrily.

Max was fuming. "I'm unconscious, not dead. I know how I wake up from a coma. Just keep your mouth shut and stop spewing nonsense."

A thick silence immediately fell upon the room.

Everyone thought Max would die after vomiting so much blood. Seeing his condition miraculously improved, they were disappointed that things did not go as they wished.

After all, Max was the head of the Watsons family. As long as he was alive, everyone had to respect him.

Even though they were all thinking something else in their hearts, none of them dared to challenge him.

Now that Max was awake, his sons and daughters-in-law had to take care of him insincerely again.

Max clutched his blanket and instructed, "All of you, get out of this room right now. Let Shawn and my savior stay."

With that, the farce finally came to an end, and no one dared to say anything or disobey the order.

After everyone made their exit, Shawn and Natalie were the ones left in the bedroom with Max.

Natalie heaved a sigh of relief. "Old Mr. Watsons, I'd be arrested if you had woken up a little later."

"Luckily, I was in time." Max sighed. "You saved my life. What's your name?"

"Natalie Nichols." She smiled politely.

"Natalie. It's a good name." Max nodded slightly with tears of gratitude welled up in his eyes. "You saved my life. The Watsons family and I will always remember your kindness."

Thinking of the bunch of strange people just now, Natalie shifted her gaze onto Shawn before looking back at Max.

She waved her hand dismissively and said, "It's my pleasure to help you, Old Mr. Watsons. As for other people, I don't think they think the same."

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Chapter 57 Curing Freckles With Leftover Tea

Shawn's eyes flickered slightly, and his cheeks were rosy red.

"I'm sorry that I've misunderstood you just now, Ms. Nichols." His ardent gaze was fixated on her. "You saved my grandpa. I'll remember your kindness forever."

Natalie said coolly, "There's no need to remember it for so long."

"Ms. Nichols, are you still blaming me for what I just said?"

"I'm not that petty." Natalie nodded politely at Max. "Old Mr. Watsons, I was entrusted by Mr. Jones to come and treat you. I hope that the Watsons family can keep this matter a secret, as I don't do public consultations."

Max nodded in response to her request.

Natalie then put her crystal needles away and placed them in her shoulder bag.

She reminded, "I'll have to administer acupuncture two more times on you to cleanse the remaining poisons in your body. I'll need your grandson to accompany me to get your medicine. They should be taken after meals. The poisons in your body are slow-acting. It was probably added to your diet in very small doses by someone around you. Although it's not easy to detect, it would become rampant with time. There are four kinds of poisons in your body. I hope you can use this opportunity to reevaluate the people around you."

She explained everything she had to as a doctor.

As for the Watsons family's matters, she was not interested in being involved in them.

Max closed his eyes and took a deep breath before saying, "How can I not know what the people around me have in mind? What I really didn't expect is that they would lay their hands on me for their desires. Although I'm rumored to be ruthless and merciless, I'm much more merciful compared to them."

It was already enough of a headache for him to have such messy family affairs.

Tactfully, Natalie refrained from making any comments.

"Old Mr. Watsons, I'll need Mr. Watsons to go with me to pick up the medicine. I'll come by three days later for the next acupuncture."

Max forced a smile. "Thank you, Natalie."

Shawn arranged for some trusted subordinates to stay at Max's side before going downstairs with Natalie.

As they walked side by side, his gaze fell on Natalie.

"You really don't hate me for what I said?"

Natalie halted her steps and teased, "I do."

Shawn was dumbfounded, as he clearly did not expect her to say that.

It was probably his first time being teased like that. Natalie chuckled uncontrollably as she watched him stand there with a helpless look on his face.

"You—"

"I've already said that I'm not that petty." She said with a smile, "You don't know medicine, so it's normal for you to be worried when you see the person dearest to you vomit out so much dark blood. If I were to see that happen to my grandpa while I had a knife in my hand, I would stab your heart."

Shawn froze and looked at Natalie.

She always manages to catch me by surprise every time. Moreover, she exudes a kind of calm aura that makes her stand out despite her unassuming looks. This girl is far more interesting than a lot of noble ladies!

Just as they descended the stairs, something splashed in Natalie's direction.

Shawn quickly pulled her back, but Natalie's face still got doused with tea.

The culprit was none other than Chris' wife, Mandy.

However, she was not the least bit sorry for her actions. She swayed her waist and said sarcastically, "I'm really sorry. My hands slipped and I accidentally splashed this leftover tea on your face."

She covered her mouth and snickered, adding, "Aren't you a doctor? I heard that leftover tea is effective in treating freckles. I wonder if my tea can help wash away the dirty freckles on your face?"

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Chapter 58 Hyper-realistic Mask

The atmosphere in the living room of the Watsons manor felt heavy.

After helping Natalie stand straight, Shawn looked sternly at Mandy.

"What are you doing, Aunt Mandy?"

Before Mandy could say anything, Chris took her by the shoulders and said unconcernedly, "Shawn, didn't she make it clear? Her hand slipped."

"You—"

"She already apologized. What more do you want from her?" Chris continued, "No matter what, I'm still Old Mr. Watsons' son and a member of this family. You can't just side with this ugly girl!"

In fact, Chris and Mandy were upset at Natalie for ruining their plans, so they were trying to take it out on her.

Although they knew that Shawn was not a person to mess with, they did not believe that he would really stand against them over such a trivial matter as spilling tea.

Shawn clenched his fists. Just as he was about to step forward, Natalie gripped his hands.

"Wait."

"Ms. Nichols..."

"I'm the one they're bullying." Natalie raised her face slightly, her eyes cold. "Don't trouble yourself."

"What?"

The corners of Natalie's lips tugged up into a curve under Shawn's skeptical gaze.

She walked over to the table and picked up a cup. Then, she smashed it and picked up a piece of porcelain before walking toward Mandy.

Mandy was from an affluent background, so she had never encountered such a situation before. She took a few steps back and asked, "W-What are you trying to do?"

Although Natalie's fighting skills were average, she could still handle someone like Mandy easily.

The next second, the sharp porcelain piece was pressed against Mandy's neck.

Mandy was scared out of her wits. She stammered, "Y-You're... going to kill me? Y-You're crazy!"

Chris was also afraid, but he did not dare to speak.

Natalie responded, "Depends on my mood."

Though Shawn was also surprised by the turn of events, he did not interfere.

He observed from the sidelines, feeling startled by the coldness and ruthlessness in Natalie's eyes.

As Natalie's grip tightened slightly, Mandy quivered with fear.

"Do you know what will happen to you if my hand slips now?"

As soon as Mandy heard her words, she began trembling more violently.

"Please don't... I-I was wrong. I shouldn't have splashed tea at you."

"You're finally speaking like a human?"

"I'm sorry."

"I can't hear you."

Natalie exerted more force, causing a trickle of blood to seep out from Mandy's neck.

Mandy was scared witless.

Soon after, tears rolled down her face like beads.

"I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I was wrong! I shouldn't have splashed tea and mocked you. Please don't do this."

When Natalie heard the words she wanted from Mandy, she let go and threw the piece of porcelain on the ground.

"I'm not from the Watsons family, so I won't go easy on you guys."

Mandy was so frightened that all her strength left her body. She crumpled to the ground, unable to let out another harsh word.

After that, Natalie stepped over the broken porcelain pieces and turned to leave.

Shawn followed quickly. Without uttering a word, he walked by her side.

"There are indeed lots of weirdos in the Watsons family," Natalie lamented and pursed her lips.

If it weren't for the fact that Max is an old friend of Gerald, who treated me with kindness, I wouldn't have involved myself in this matter.

As Shawn looked into Natalie's soulful eyes, he froze for a moment. He wondered if he was among the weirdos she mentioned.

He opened the passenger door of the Lamborghini for Natalie.

After she got into the car, he went over to the driver's seat. It was then that he realized there were still tea stains on her face. He took some tissue and handed them to her.

"Here."

"Thanks."

Natalie flipped open the mirror in the car. However, she did not use the tissue to wipe off the tea on her face.

Instead, she lifted the edge of her freckle-covered hyper-realistic mask by her temples and tore it off her face slowly.

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Chapter 59 Not Surprising

Her action was totally out of Shawn's expectations.

He truly believed that Natalie had a face full of freckles.

Thus, he was amazed when she revealed her real face after removing the hyper-realistic mask.

Her face beneath the mask was flawless. It was so fair and smooth that no pores could be seen.

Contrary to the flat nose and shapeless lips on her mask, she had a tall nose and cherry-colored lips that were exquisite-looking.

Even without comparison to the hyper-realistic mask, her face could be described as perfect on its own.

"You..."

Natalie turned and glanced at him lazily after hearing him gasp.

“You must be surprised.” Natalie played with the hyper-realistic mask in her hand. “My expression was similar to yours when I first obtained this mask. However, this mask still has its drawbacks. Although it’s waterproof, it will wrinkle when met with slightly warm water, making it uncomfortable to wear.”

Shawn’s eyes were firmly drawn to her face. In fact, he found it hard to look away.

“Why do you wear such an ugly mask when you’re this good-looking?”

“There are countless people who want me dead.” Natalie wiped her face with the tissue and stated nonchalantly, “I would be a living target if I walked around with my real face.”

This woman is only in her twenties, yet she speaks and behaves in an old-fashioned manner. A girl of her age should be living a carefree life, but she is being so cautious about everything.

Shawn did not know what he should say to her. However, his heart skipped a beat and began pounding involuntarily when he glanced at her beautiful face.

Soon after, he drove Natalie to one of the research laboratories under Dream Pharmaceutical.

Natalie scanned her fingerprint to open the door and took out two bottles of medicine from her special compartment.

“Here. Let him take one red pill and three white pills at a time. Make sure he avoids spicy food, seafood, and alcohol.”

Shawn took the bottles and looked at Natalie, who had worn her hyper-realistic mask again.

After seeing her real appearance, he no longer found her freckled-face ugly. On the contrary, he found it inexplicably adorable.

Unexpectedly, Shawn liked the fact that no one else had seen Natalie’s real face. It felt as if her beautiful face belonged to him solely.

Natalie waved her hand in front of his face. “Shawn, do you understand what I’ve said?”

“Yes.”

As she rarely stayed in the research laboratory, she left along with Shawn.

“I know that Dream Pharmaceutical is growing rapidly nowadays. What’s your relationship with this group?” Shawn inquired hesitantly.

"The CEO is my friend. He knows that I like to tinker with medicine, so he gave me special permission to use the research laboratories under Dream Pharmaceutical."

Natalie only considered Shawn as a client, so she chose to hold back on some information.

"I'll walk you downstairs."

"Okay."

They soon arrived downstairs.

Natalie smiled at him. "I'll visit the Watsons manor in three days. If there's nothing else, I think it's time for us to say goodbye."

Shawn felt a little reluctant to leave, so he continued to find a topic. "It's already evening. Why don't I treat you to a meal?"

"No need."

"Why?"

"There's someone making dinner at home. He'll be angry if I don't come home for dinner."

"Next time, then."

Shawn had no reason to make her stay any longer, so he could only watch as Natalie faded from his sight.

Meanwhile, a Hummer was parked by the research laboratory.

Samuel was sitting in the back, looking at the lone Shawn. His eyes flickered, and his lips curled up into a smirk.

Billy recognized him and remarked, "Sir, isn't that Shawn Watsons, the precious grandson of Old Mr. Watsons?"

"That's right." Samuel's tone was emotionless.

"Do they know each other? He's staring at Ms. Nichols' back. Did Ms. Nichols perhaps leave him behind?" As Billy pondered, he could not help but say it out loud.

Although Billy knew that Natalie was not ordinary, he felt more impressed after witnessing her behavior with his own eyes again.

"That's not surprising," Samuel said slowly as he rested a finger under his lips.

“That woman dares to reject even me, let alone Shawn, who hasn’t fully matured.”

Seeing how she rejected other men bluntly, Samuel felt that the woman he had his eye on was indeed exceptional.

Billy, on the other hand, was confused as to why the woman with freckles all over her face was courted by many. Although rich men have various preferences for women, they should at least be pretty, right?

“Sir, where do we go next?”

“To keep watch.”

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Chapter 60 Close Enough

When Natalie returned home, she saw a group of middle-aged women surrounding the entrance of the flat and swooning.

“Isn’t this young man so handsome?”

“He must be waiting for his girlfriend here!”

“I wonder which girl is so lucky to be this young man’s girlfriend?”

Natalie was dubious as to how handsome the man could be.

No matter who he is, I’m sure he can’t be more handsome than those two guys from the Bowers family.

She glanced nonchalantly at the man surrounded by the older women. When she saw his face, her eyes widened immediately.

Samuel? Why is he here?

Samuel was wearing plain gray trousers and a white and black shirt, but he looked as if he had just walked out of a fashion magazine.

Two of his shirt buttons were unbuttoned, revealing his sexy collarbone. He seemed fatally tempting.

He stood under the setting sun with one hand in his pocket, looking indescribably handsome.

Sensing that someone was looking at him, Samuel turned to look at Natalie.

Did he come here to meet me? Could it be that something happened to Franklin and Sophia again?

Just as Natalie's thoughts were rapidly turning, he took his hand out of his pocket and walked up to her slowly.

"Which floor is your house on?"

"Huh?"

Samuel frowned slightly, and he repeated the question patiently.

"Which floor is your house on?"

Natalie was a little confused. She mumbled, "It's... on the eighth floor."

Without saying anything, Samuel grabbed her hand and headed toward the elevator.

Natalie took a few steps before coming back to her senses. She stopped and asked, "Samuel, what are you doing?"

"You're not going to invite me to your house? Are you sure you want to talk to me here while being surrounded by these women?"

"You-"

Just as she was about to glare at him, she noticed that the older women around them were staring at her very intensely.

At that moment, Natalie felt as if she had become the target of their jealousy.

She then pulled Samuel into the elevator stiffly. As the elevator doors closed, shielding her from the jealous gazes of the women, Natalie breathed a sigh of relief.

Ugly men are a source of trouble, but it's even worse when they're good-looking!

Ding!

After the elevator reached the eighth floor, Samuel followed Natalie to the entrance of her house.

"Samuel." Natalie turned around and raised her eyes slightly. "Why did you come here? Does it have anything to do with Sophia and Franklin?"

“Can’t I come looking for you for matters not related to them?”

“That’s not it, but you should at least...”

Samuel’s eyes narrowed slightly, his lips curling up into a smile.

“I missed you, so I came to see you.”

Natalie was completely taken aback by his words.

“Samuel, are you sure there’s nothing wrong with your taste?” Natalie pointed at her own face. “How could you say those cheesy words to this face?”

Although she did not allow others to dislike her hyper-realistic mask, she herself despised the freckle-covered mask to no end.

Samuel took Natalie’s hand, and he looked into her eyes.

“I won’t allow you to say that about yourself.”

“Samuel, do you need me to refer an optometrist to you?”

“Is there something wrong with my eyes?” He leaned down abruptly, closing the distance between them. The tip of his nose was touching hers. “Didn’t you study medicine? Why don’t you take a look first? Is this close enough?”

They were so close that they could feel each other’s warm breath. Their lips were almost touching.

For the first time, Natalie was at a disadvantage in front of a man.

Just then, the door creaked open, and a tiny face poked out.

“Mommy, are you back?”

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