

A Cue For Love Chapter 1156

Chapter 1156 The Biological Daughter Of The King

The only person in Loang who dared to address Cynthia by her first name was Mikhail. As the king of Loang and the most powerful person in the country, Mikhail made Cynthia quake in her boots with just one rhetorical question.

Only after taking a deep breath did Cynthia manage to calm herself slightly. "I was only disciplining the attendant for failing to carry out my order as intended," responded Cynthia with a soft smile. "That's all, Your Majesty. It's nothing to concern yourself with."

The injured and bloodied man remained on the floor, afraid to get up. "Leave us," ordered Mikhail after glancing at the attendant.

"Yes, Your Majesty." The subordinate then wiped the blood off his face and hurriedly left as if the king would change his mind if he did not make himself scarce in time. Afterward, only Mikhail and Cynthia remained in the room.

Even though Cynthia was still shaken up, she put on a smile while pouring Mikhail a cup of hot coffee. "Your Majesty, this is made with some of our finest coffee beans. You should try it."

Cynthia then humbly extended the beverage to Mikhail, but he did not take it. Despite the awkward situation, the woman dared not make any sudden moves but maintained her stiff posture and continued to hold the cup out to Mikhail, who simply gazed at her and refused to take the cup from her.

When her arms eventually got too sore, Cynthia dropped the cup and got the back of her hand scalded by the hot beverage. She immediately inhaled sharply because of the pain.

Cynthia was no fool; she could tell that Mikhail was giving her a hard time on purpose. "Do you know what you did wrong?" inquired Mikhail coldly. "I don't," replied Cynthia, trying her best to ignore the pain from the wound on the back of her hand.

"You don't?" Mikhail spoke in a higher pitch when questioning Cynthia for the second time.

"I don't!" "You've got some nerve!" exclaimed Mikhail before approaching Cynthia to wrap his fingers around her neck and tighten his grip.

"What makes you think you have the right to hurt Natalie?" Mikhail looked so furious that he seemed as if he was going to rip Cynthia's heart out. "Others may not have any idea, but you know better than anyone who she looks like!"

Cynthia's heart almost skipped a beat when she heard that. As expected, Mikhail knows that I'm related to Natalie's death! I just... didn't think the news would reach him so soon. I didn't even have the time to cover it up!

"I didn't," denied Cynthia. "I didn't come here for confirmation. What I want to know is why you hurt her. Why?" Mikhail wrapped his fingers around Cynthia's neck so tightly that she could not breathe.

Grasping Mikhail's hands, Cynthia did her best to get her words out of her mouth. "She just... looked like... that woman... She's... not her... That woman... died long ago."

"So what?" questioned Mikhail with blood-red eyes. "The fact that she looked like that person is reason enough for me to forbid you from laying a finger on her. Don't think for a second that you can do whatever you want just because you've been with me for a long time!"

Upon hearing Mikhail, Cynthia was convinced that he had lost his mind.

The DNA test confirmed that Natalie is Mikhail's progeny and the princess of Loang, but the king was kept in the dark about it. If Natalie's face is reason enough for him to murder me, he'll grind me to dust when he finds out she's actually his daughter! With that thought in mind, Cynthia began to turn pale, and her suffocation only worsened.

I can't tell him! He can never know that Natalie is his biological daughter! Cynthia had her mouth wide open, grimacing as she struggled to stay alive. However, Mikhail had no intention of showing the woman mercy.

Suddenly, a female attendant rushed in to grovel at Mikhail's feet.

"Please spare Lady Cynthia, Your Majesty. She saved you when she was young. On top of that, she valued your life over her brother's and her father's," begged the attendant, bringing up all the things Cynthia had done for Mikhail. "Even if she's in the wrong, you can't treat her this way. She's been with you the longest; she devoted her life to Luna Palace."

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Chapter 1157 Are You Kidding Me

At that point, Cynthia felt as though her eyeballs were going to pop out. She would have collapsed to the ground if Mikhail had not been holding on to her like a python. The attendant's right!

I gave my entire life to this man when I agreed to be imprisoned in this glorified cage. I used to think I was the victor, but time has shown me that I've won nothing but a useless title. I didn't care for friendship or family when I had them, and now I have none.

“Mikhail... Just... kill me!” uttered Cynthia with a broken heart before slowly shutting her eyes. Now that I’m empty, desperate, and miserable, maybe dying in Mikhail’s hands like this isn’t such a bad thing!

Hesitation started to fill Mikhail’s eyes as he gazed coldly at the aged Cynthia. Meanwhile, the attendant continued to grovel and repeatedly begged for mercy, hoping to save the lady.

Just when Cynthia thought she was about to die, Mikhail abruptly released her throat and caused the frail lady to fall to the ground like a dried-up leaf. “Cough! Cough!” Finally able to breathe normally again, Cynthia coughed while catching her breath.

Her throat was so severely injured that she felt as though it got cut with knives when she gulped. “Cynthia, I’m only letting you go because of what you did for me!” stated Mikhail cruelly. “However, from now onward, you’re no longer the chief concubine of Loang. Get out of Luna Palace immediately, and don’t ever let me see you again!”

With that, Mikhail waved his hand and strode away. The king never looked at Cynthia again ever since. “Are you okay, Lady Cynthia?” inquired the female attendant as she hurried over to help Cynthia get up.

“Haha!” At that moment, Cynthia could not help but laugh out loud. “He decided to kick me out just because he thinks I hurt someone who looks like that woman.” “Lady Cynthia...”

“How? How did it come to this?” questioned Cynthia in disbelief while holding onto the attendant’s shoulder. “I’m the one who’s been by his side for the longest! Not only did I sacrifice my family, but I also betrayed my closest friend for him. In the end, I’m still no better than a dead person.”

Cynthia thought her heart had hardened enough that she would feel no pain, yet her past wounds never healed. It turns out that a broken heart can still be broken!

“Lady Cynthia, don’t be discouraged. His Majesty was probably just blinded by anger. When he changes his mind, you can come back,” suggested the attendant as she helped the lady get up from the floor, unsure how best to comfort Cynthia.

“That won’t be necessary.” After wiping the tears from her face, Cynthia took the jewelry off her hands, neck, and ears and handed them to her trusted aide, for she would not need them after leaving Luna Palace.

Natalie’s death isn’t such a bad thing. Mikhail will never know that woman gave birth to a daughter and that the daughter was Natalie. So what if he’s a king? He has completely no idea that Natalie died right under his nose. Cynthia then cackled with a head full of disheveled hair, gloating over Mikhail’s ignorance.

Meanwhile, Samuel and Yandel were notified by the police to identify a corpse at the designated place.

Samuel froze like a statue as if he had been struck by lightning, his heart beyond broken. "Are you kidding me? Do you mean to tell me that Boss is dead?" exclaimed Yandel furiously before punching the police officer at the door in the face.

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Chapter 1158 Much More Terrifying

The officer was stunned for a while, but as soon as he regained his senses, he grabbed Yandel by the collar. "Do that again, and I'll make sure you regret it! Was your boss Natalie Bowers? If so, her body was sent here yesterday and is now in the morgue." After breaking free from the officer, Yandel dropped his jaw in disbelief.

"That's impossible! Impossible! You must be talking nonsense!" roared Yandel with intense hatred in his eyes. "Only the toughest person in the world can be my boss, so there's no way she's dead! No way!" Yandel shoved the young police officer so hard that the policeman staggered into a wall.

"Why would I be talking nonsense? I've already told you everything; you decide what you want to believe." "I don't believe you! You told me nothing but nonsense!" "What's your problem?"

"This is just the way I talk. You can arrest me if you don't like it!" Samuel furrowed his eyebrows and stood beside Yandel as a freezing aura surrounded him.

Unlike Yandel, who acted like a wild beast on a rampage, Samuel simply watched Yandel argue with the officer as though he was nothing more than an observer of the situation.

Then, Yandel and the officer broke into a fight. Both held nothing back as they traded punches and gave each other injuries to complain about later.

When Yandel noticed how quiet Samuel was, he could not help but ask, "What are you standing there for, Samuel? They just told us that Boss is dead! Are you going to just let them lie to our faces like that? I thought you were supposed to be her man!"

Yandel got even more upset when Samuel completely ignored him. "Is this how you repay Boss' undying love for you? If so, she was a fool to fall for you!"

Just when Yandel was about to continue fighting the officer, Samuel suddenly reached out to grab the man by the arm. "What do you think you're doing, Samuel?" inquired Yandel.

“Stopping you from doing anything stupid,” replied Samuel coldly.

“Am I supposed to stand by and do nothing like you while they tell me that Boss is dead?” questioned Yandel rhetorically with blood-red eyes. “Should I tell myself to calm down and remind myself that I can’t do anything to make the dead come back to life?

Or should I convince myself to give Boss a proper burial before I take out those responsible for her death one by one? Do you actually think I’m being irrational here, Samuel? I have no problem being rational, but even if I do what needs to be done perfectly, will that bring Boss back? If not, then what’s the point of staying calm? Tell me! What’s the point?”

The man then burst into tears, for he had been by Natalie’s side for many years. After what they had been through together, Natalie was like family to Yandel, so he could not accept being told suddenly that she was gone.

Pursing his lips, Samuel ordered Billy, “Knock him out and remove him. He’s too noisy.” “Samuel, how dare you—” Yandel did not manage to finish his sentence before Billy knocked him out from behind.

It was not easy for Billy to remove the unconscious Yandel, but he did it anyway with the man’s arm around his neck.

“Who are you?” questioned the injured police officer when Samuel walked over and gazed coldly at him. With his obsidian eyes narrowed at the officer, Samuel slowly parted his lips to inquire, “Could you tell me how my wife died?”

The officer was taken aback when he lifted his head to meet Samuel’s gaze. This man isn’t as violent as the one before, but somehow, he seems much more terrifying!

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Chapter 1159 Wretched

This man is terrifying! The young officer wiped the corner of his swollen mouth and said, “Yesterday, we had a routine interrogation. She couldn’t stand it and took her life out of guilt. This afternoon, she bit her tongue when the security was loose.”

She took her life out of guilt? “Impossible!” Samuel raised his deep gaze. Nat is a woman of dignity and will never run away from problems.

He had faith in Natalie. Thus, he was able to remain calm when Yandel was raging with fury. The reason was simple. It was because he never truly believed that Natalie was dead.

Perhaps, Natalie faked her death, or something unexpected happened. “Bring me to the morgue. I want to see my wife’s body,” Samuel said solemnly.

“Sure,” the officer replied. “I’ll take you to the morgue to identify her body once you go through the relevant procedures.” After a long while, Samuel finally completed the procedures.

Then, the officer led him to the morgue. The morgue wasn’t as dim as imagined, but it was chilly. Although the mortuary fridge for storing corpses had been sealed, they could still feel the bone-chilling cold.

The young officer rubbed his hands instinctively as he brought Samuel in front of the mortuary fridge with a “Natalie Nichols” name tag. “Mr. Bowers, your wife’s body is inside here. Why don’t we—”

Before he could finish speaking, Samuel said promptly, “Open it!”

The young officer faltered, “Well, her body was frozen, so it wouldn’t be nice to see. I’m afraid you will get saddened by the scene. I’m sorry for your loss.”

He thought Samuel would be dissuaded after hearing what he said. However, Samuel didn’t bother to lift his eyes as he repeated his words.

“Open it!”

“I—”

“Can’t you hear me?” Samuel furrowed his brows and said coldly, “How many times must I repeat myself?”

The officer knew there was no talking him out of it, so he had no choice but to open the mortuary fridge. Then, he unzipped the body bag.

The sole of the feet was revealed first, then it slowly moved upward, disclosing the lower body, the upper body, and then the face of the body.

The frozen corpse was stiff and pale, and discoloration of skin had begun.

Seeing that, Samuel narrowed his eyes.

The officer muttered, “I told you a frozen corpse wouldn’t be nice to look at—”

Samuel’s gaze inched upward and finally fell on the body’s face.

It’s her!

Stretching out his arm, Samuel caressed the face of the frozen body.

There was no extra human skin to peel off, and only one human face was presented in front of him.

Is this really Nat?

Suddenly, Samuel felt his heart pounding hard.

At first, he suspected this wasn't Natalie but a lady who wore a hyper-realistic mask. This might be Natalie's plan to fake her death. However, there was no extra human skin on this face that could be torn off.

Bending down, Samuel wanted to be as near Natalie's body as possible.

This is absurd! Nat will never end her life this way. It's complete nonsense that she took her life out of guilt. She knew of the Leitz family's conspiracy, and we agreed to face it together. She wouldn't have possibly given up like this now that we are halfway through our plan.

He kept rubbing the jawline of the corpse, trying to find a flaw.

Desperate, he only wanted to find a tiny flaw to prove that this was an illusion and that Natalie was alive.

However, there was nothing.

Why isn't there anything?

Suddenly, Samuel lost his domineering aura and arrogance and was wretched.

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Chapter 1160 Unfair

Nothing! There really isn't anything! Samuel went down on a knee and continued searching the edge of the corpse's face hoping to find a flaw.

However, the face of the body was impeccable, and no flaw could be found. Just like that, a graceful man like Samuel knelt in front of the mortuary fridge with reddened eyes while tears rolled down his cheeks.

"That's impossible! This can't possibly be her!" The officer couldn't bring himself to watch the scene.

He thought Samuel was rational since the latter stopped Yandel from causing a scene. Seeing Samuel's distraught look now, he finally understood the situation.

It wasn't that Samuel didn't love his wife but that he didn't believe she was dead before seeing her corpse himself. "Mr. Bowers, I know you feel upset, but the dead can't be resurrected." The young officer sighed. "I'm sorry for your loss, but I'm sure Natalie wouldn't want you to be in pain because of her," he consoled.

However, his words fell on deaf ears. Samuel continued to stare at that familiar yet unfamiliar face.

Why isn't your heart beating? Why are you ignoring me when I'm right in front of you? I was wrong! Terribly wrong! I shouldn't have let you take the risk. Nat, you can do whatever you want to me as long as you're alive. I'll take any punishments you give me willingly. Please wake up. Stop joking around!

"Nat—"

The young officer tried to console Samuel but was ignored. Thus, he couldn't help but feel dejected.

Alas, men are bound to fall for a woman's beauty. This man exudes an imposing aura, so he must have a high status. Seeing how he loses his demeanor and charisma for a dead lady, he is no different from any other ordinary man.

It was his duty to let Natalie's family claim her body.

With no choice, the officer stood by Samuel's side while the latter mourned.

After a long while, Samuel slowly stood up from the ground. Facing Natalie's body, he said faintly, "Nat, I'll take you home."

He sounded gentle and affectionate, as though he was speaking to a living person.

Witnessing the scene, the officer didn't think it was a frightening sight. Instead, it warmed his heart, yet he felt helpless.

I'm not sure if this lady trafficked psychotropic drugs in Loang, but it is a pity she lost her life just like that.

Samuel took Natalie's body with him after completing the procedures.

After settling down Yandel, Billy met up with Samuel.

When he found out that Samuel decided to take Natalie's body home, he was taken aback. "Mrs. Bowers has already passed away, Mr. Bowers. Her body was frozen in the mortuary fridge. If we bring her home now, I'm afraid that her body will—"

Decay even quickly.

Billy didn't dare to continue what he intended to say.

He knew Natalie's body was Samuel's last hope and was scared Samuel would collapse in despair if her body decayed quickly. Billy could never imagine how Samuel would react.

"Mr. Bowers, I think it's best if we bring Mrs. Bowers to the funeral home directly," Billy said after plucking up enough courage.

"That's enough."

"Mr. Bowers—"

"Billy, what you are worried about will not happen." With tears in his eyes, Samuel smiled wryly. "I'm not insane. I only want to take her home and get her a change of clothes."

Billy's expression turned grim as he nodded. Then, he sent Samuel and Natalie's body home.

It was Emma who opened the door.

She covered her mouth in shock when she saw Samuel carrying something like a body bag in his arms.

"This—"

Emma didn't know what was inside, but she could vaguely guess what it was when she saw the shape of the body bag.

"It's her." Samuel had no intention of hiding the truth.

Having understood Samuel's words, Emma could not conceal the pain on her face as she shed tears in grief. "How can this be? What has the world come to? This is unfair—"