

A Cue For Love Chapter 1163

Chapter 1163 Motherless Kids

Like a cub that had lost its mother, Sophia kept hitting and biting Samuel all over. Her emotional outburst prompted the other four to break down in tears as well.

Franklin, Xavian, Clayton, and Yumi all began wailing at the top of their voices. "You meanie! How could you not keep your promise?"

"Give Mommy back! We want Mommy back!" "I don't like this! I don't want Mommy to die!" Instead of explaining anything to the kids, Samuel simply stood there and repeatedly apologized, "I'm sorry... It's all my fault..."

Of course, the kids didn't actually hate Samuel. They just couldn't accept the fact that Natalie had died. Jerome's heart ached as he stood there and watched from the side.

Emma spent the most time around the kids, so seeing them cry their hearts out like this brought her to tears as well. Ms. Nichols' death was so sudden... These poor kids lost their mother at such a young age...

Just like that, the five kids knelt before Natalie's corpse and cried until they were exhausted.

Even then, they continued to kneel and refused to get up. While they were too young to understand what paying their last respects meant, they wanted to burn Natalie's appearance into their memories as much as possible.

Meanwhile, at the Leitz residence, Helma had just received word about Natalie dying in prison.

Shock filled Helma's eyes when she first heard about the news. Once the shock wore off, however, she let out a disdainful chuckle and muttered, "Heh... I can't believe this woman actually broke under the intense interrogation and bit her own tongue to kill herself! And here I thought she would surprise me with some trump card up her sleeve... Tsk, tsk, tsk... This is such a disappointing ending!"

Of course, disdain wasn't the only emotion she displayed.

Helma was also gleeful that Natalie's life ended in tragedy.

Oh, Natalie... Did you really think you could succeed in life after humiliating me at the banquet? Look at where that has gotten you now!

With a smug grin on her face, she went downstairs to have the cooks whip up a seafood stew. Upon reaching the living room, however, she saw Geert sitting on the couch with a gloomy frown on his face.

Confused as to why he was acting that way, Helma called out to him, “Father?”

As Geert did not respond to her the first time, Helma called out to him again.

That was when he turned around and asked, “Did you hear about what happened?”

“Yes, Father. I have.”

“That was your doing, wasn’t it?” he yelled with a look of disgust on his face.

“What did I do, Father? That woman bit her tongue because she couldn’t stand the interrogation! I had nothing to do with that! Why are you so concerned about her? If you’re feeling lonely because of Mother’s absence, I could try to get you connected with young women!” Helma retorted.

Geert got up from the couch, walked up to Helma, and grabbed her by the throat.

“Father, what are you—”

“Your mother is not someone who can be easily replaced!” Geert yelled furiously while glaring daggers at Helma.

“Ugh...”

Helma could only struggle helplessly while gasping for air.

She couldn’t accept the fact that her father was choking her with enough force to kill her.

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Chapter 1164 Two Voices

Helma’s eyes went wide as she stared at Geert in disbelief. He is my father, and yet, he is strangling me because of that woman? Helma’s face was red as she gasped, “I-I can’t breathe... I’m going to die...”

The suffocation was becoming too much for Helma to handle, and she felt like she was truly going to die. Not only were Geert’s eyes bloodshot, but his body was also exuding a terrifying bloodlust that Helma had never seen before.

Her father was a gentle and loving man, so she knew he wasn't his usual self. "Stop it, Father... Let go of me..." Helma mumbled weakly in her state of fear and panic.

Geert shot her a disdainful glare as he shouted, "Shut up! You are unworthy of calling me 'Father'!"

Helma could clearly feel the oxygen level in her lungs depleting with each passing second. Her eyes slowly lost focus as her consciousness started fading away.

"Argh! Stop it! Stop it right now!" Geert started yelling all of a sudden. He then raised his left hand and tried to pry the fingers of his right hand off Helma's throat.

Had someone else walked in on them, they would probably have freaked out after seeing that.

It was as though Geert's left hand was trying to stop his right hand.

As both hands belonged to the same person, they were more or less equal in strength.

After about ten seconds of struggling, both of Geert's hands released their grip on Helma's throat.

He then crouched down and wrapped both of his hands around his head.

Although Helma was free from his suffocating grip, she was in so much shock that she slumped to the floor and went limp. While she was completely oblivious to Geert's twisted expression and convulsing body, he, too, couldn't be bothered to pay attention to her.

Pain tore through his entire body, and he felt as though two forces were ripping him apart from the inside.

"Get away from me! Get away from me!" Geert screamed at the top of his voice as he ran back into his bedroom.

Not wanting anyone else to see him like this, Geert locked the bedroom door and went into his bathroom.

There was a huge mirror hanging on the wall.

As Geert gazed into it, he saw a partially unfamiliar look in his eyes.

He then turned on the tap and filled the bathroom with the sound of running water, but anyone listening closely outside the door could still hear two distinct voices conversing with each other.

“You’re crazy! You almost made me kill my daughter!”

Geert’s reflection in the mirror snapped back at him angrily, “That’s your daughter, not mine! I wanted to keep Natalie alive because I still have use for her, but Helma went against my wishes and got Natalie killed in secret!”

“No, it couldn’t have been Helma! She may hate Natalie, but she doesn’t have what it takes to kill her! You can’t blame Natalie’s death on her!”

“So what if I am blaming her, huh?”

“Helma would’ve died if I didn’t stop you in time! She’s your daughter too, you know?”

“As I said, she isn’t my daughter! You and I may share the same body, but we are two different individuals! I’m not as cowardly as you are!”

“You... Shut up!” Geert yelled as he grabbed a glass from the sink and smashed it against the mirror.

The mirror shattered into dozens of pieces that covered the bathroom floor.

It wasn’t until then that the voice Geert was talking to disappeared.

His chest was heaving as he gripped the edges of the bathroom sink.

While he couldn’t care less about Natalie’s well-being, he didn’t want anyone to find out about his secret.

Unbeknownst to everyone, there had always been a second person inside his body.

A Cue For Love Chapter 1165

Chapter 1165 I Have Returned

It was a secret that Geert had been keeping all this while. For many years, he did his best to stop that other soul from taking over his body. However, the results of his efforts diminished over time. More often than not, he wouldn’t even know about that soul taking over until he regained control of his body.

While Geert would have no recollection of what that soul did, he did have a rough idea somehow. To make matters worse, he knew little to nothing about that soul, even though it seemed to know him fully.

“Argh! I’m the owner of this body, not you! Don’t even think about taking control over me! I won’t let you ‘kill’ me!” Geert yelled furiously while staring at the pieces of broken glass on the floor.

The broken pieces of the mirror reflected his rageful expression. Suddenly, Geert felt a headache so intense that it caused his legs to give out beneath him.

Geert instantly fell on his knees and cut himself up on the broken glass, staining the bathroom floor red with his blood. His eyes were bloodshot as he roared in pain like a rabid beast, "Arghhhhh!"

The cuts on his knees got deeper as he struggled in pain, causing more blood to flow out of them.

After what seemed like forever, Geert was finally able to calm down and steady his breathing. However, he looked like a completely different person when he got back on his feet.

There was a vicious and disdainful look in his eyes as he glanced at the broken glass on the floor. As if he didn't feel any pain whatsoever, he casually tilted his head sideways and cracked his neck.

After that, he turned on the tap and washed his hands clean before giving Allen a call.

"Hello, Mr. Leitz."

"It's me. I have returned, Allen," King said coldly.

The man on the phone fell silent for a brief moment before saying respectfully, "How may I be of assistance, King?"

"How did Natalie die?"

"I began investigating her death as soon as I received word about it. Apparently, she didn't kill herself by biting her tongue. Instead, she was brutally tortured and succumbed to her injuries."

"What? Brutally tortured? By whom?" King asked furiously.

"By Lady Cynthia. She ordered her men to make Natalie suffer as much as possible, but they accidentally tortured her to death. His Majesty accused her of instigating members of the royal family and had her removed from the palace, so she can never return to it ever again," Allen replied honestly.

"Cynthia is still as petty as ever, I see. As for Mikhail, he claims to like Natalie a lot but allows his fears to prevent him from saving her!"

Although Allen couldn't see King's expression through the call, he could clearly feel the latter's rage.

“King...”

“I want you to kill Cynthia, Allen.”

“I’m on it.”

“Wait!” King called out to him again.

“Anything else, King?” Allen asked.

“Make sure she suffers plenty before dying. I want her to be given the exact same tortures she inflicted on Natalie. She had the audacity to kill someone I wouldn’t even lay a finger on, so I need to punish her severely,” King replied.

“Understood, King,” Allen replied with a nod before hanging up.

King tightened his grip on the phone as he stared at the black screen.

Although Yara and Natalie both looked like her when she was younger, Natalie is the one who resembles her in terms of personality. That’s why I could use Yara like a tool in Chanaea while letting Natalie off the hook even though she keeps foiling my plans. I thought I could clip Natalie’s wings and have her submit to me this time, but Cynthia just had to ruin everything with her selfish and petty acts!

A Cue For Love Chapter 1166

Chapter 1166 Will Not Hold Back

It was a secret in the royal household that Cynthia got kicked out of Luna Palace. However, she passed away suddenly and unexpectedly a few days later.

There was a rumor that Cynthia, who used to be the dignified chief concubine of Loang, died a horrible death. Reputedly, her body was completely rotten, and even the person who collected her corpse found it terrifying to look at. However, no one witnessed it firsthand, so the rumor eventually died down.

While Cynthia publicly participated in charitable efforts, she also secretly committed numerous nefarious acts. Hence, it could be her enemies who took revenge on her after she was stripped of her title of chief concubine.

Everyone had different opinions regarding her death. However, no one knew that the actual cause of Cynthia’s downfall and suffering was a young woman. Natalie was dead. Following the customs, Samuel made arrangements for her to get cremated and picked a cemetery to place her remains.

Before Natalie's body was pushed into the cremation chamber, Yandel stopped the funeral home's staff and roared, "You're not allowed to cremate her! Without my permission, no one is allowed to burn Boss' body! Stop right now!"

Unshaven, Yandel looked disheveled. In just a short period, he lost a significant amount of weight, making him appear gaunt and skeletal. However, his eyes were blazing when he stopped the funeral home's staff from taking further action.

"Uh..." The staff member seemed taken aback to have his path blocked by Yandel. He stopped pushing the body covered in flowers and appeared uncertain of what to do next.

Samuel glanced at Yandel and ordered the staff in a deep voice, "Ignore him and continue cremating the body!" The staff nodded profusely and continued with his work.

At that sight, Yandel marched over to Samuel and grabbed him by the collar. "Samuel Bowers, what are you doing? Did you perform an autopsy on Boss' body? Have you seriously given up on finding out the truth behind her death?" he bellowed.

Samuel removed Yandel's hands from his collar.

"We both know that her death is highly suspicious. Do you really think an autopsy will change anything?" His voice was hoarse as he continued, "Stop torturing her! You won't let me hold a funeral for her or cremate her body merely because you refuse to accept that she's dead!"

His words went through Yandel's heart like a dagger. "Samuel, are you sure you love her?"

"I don't need to explain my feelings to you," Samuel said, his eyes boring into Yandel's. "There's a limit to my patience, and I have plenty of work to do, so I don't want to waste time debating the answer to a meaningless question."

Yandel had to admit that Samuel's words made sense. Indeed, he's f*cking right. How f*cking excellent this is! But, Boss is dead... She can never appear before us anymore. How can Samuel be so calm and rational when I'm still wallowing in grief... Does he have too strong of a mentality? Or is her death not a concern to him?

Frowning, he said mockingly, "If Boss could see how you looked right now, she would be extremely disappointed in you! She loved you so much that she was willing to risk her life for you, but you treated her—"

Before Yandel could finish his last sentence, Samuel raised an arm and threw a hard punch at his cheek.

"Hey!"

By the time Yandel realized what had happened, his cheek was throbbing with pain, and the back of his jaw felt like it had been dislocated.

“Samuel, you—”

Samuel gave him a cold glare and cut him off by enunciating, “Yandel, you can insult me all you want except for my love for Natalie. I love her as much as she loved me. However, I’ve already mentioned that I have more important matters to attend to. You are Natalie’s most trusted subordinate, so I didn’t wish to hurt you. But if you cross the line again, I won’t hold back anymore.”