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A Cue for Love Chapter 972

Chapter 972 Why Do I Deserve It

The press conference had gone in a totally different direction.

The media was supposed to stop the livestream. However, seeing that the number of viewers was increasing non-stop, none of the media companies stopped.

Olivia was no longer elegant and graceful in front of the camera. She had lost her temper and looked like she had gone crazy as she questioned Natalie.

The latter watched as the woman before her went berserk, detesting the questions that were directed at her. However, at the same time, she also pitied Olivia.

The corners of her red lips curled slightly as she said, "All right, then. Let me ask you this, why should Yvette take responsibility for what you plotted when she has nothing to do with this? There are so many employees in my company, and they've spent days and nights working. Yet, all their hard work was ruined by you. What gave you the right to do so?"

Olivia had never expected Natalie to answer her with her own questions. However, she was feeling desperate, so she screamed, "What do they have to do with me?"

"You get to question others when you encounter challenges, yet when someone falls for your schemes, it's their fault for falling for it?" Natalie clenched her fists as she glared at Olivia with cold eyes.

"No! I am the young lady of the Jones family! I'm Amos Stone's fiancée! No one can arrest me!" she screamed as she struggled to break free.

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Then, a click sounded. The ice-cold cuffs were locked on her wrists, and the police wanted to bring her away.

Bridger and Jada couldn't care less that people were livestreaming what was happening as they strode toward their daughter.

The man's face was pale as he begged, "This must be a misunderstanding. Please look into this properly. Don't frame my daughter for something she didn't do!"

"We have solid proof that she did it. We did not frame her."

"That's impossible!" Jada shook her head as she cried. Then, she shouted, "Ammy! Hurry up and stand up for Olivia! She's your fiancée. Help her out when she's being framed by that evil woman!"

Hearing that, Olivia glanced up and looked in the direction of the VIP seats.

However, all she saw was the man clasping his hands together under his chin, sitting elegantly as he exuded a domineering presence.

All he did was watch her quietly. There wasn't anything about him that hinted that he wanted to help her.

He was able to see everything she did from the beginning. If he actually wanted to help, there was no way he would still be sitting there now.

I like him so much.

I like him so much that I'm willing to dig out my heart for him. I was even willing to do whatever it takes so that I can be worthy of being his fiancée. This wouldn't have happened if it weren't for that.

I've done so much, yet the person so dear to me is doing nothing to help me.

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Her father's begging and her mother's cries were getting more and more clear in her ears. At that moment, Olivia wanted nothing more than to give up.

"Dad, Mom... Stop it already..." Then, she pursed her lips and said to the police, "I'll go with you and cooperate with your investigations."

Bridger and Jada had also seen how Amos was acting, and they couldn't help but get mad at him. They also came to understand that they would never be able to bring their daughter home anymore.

"Let's go."

With that, the police led Olivia away, and the chaotic press conference finally ended.

Natalie looked indifferently at the devastated Bridger and Jada.

After all, there was nothing for her to feel pity about when the outcome was all the Jones family's own doing.

If Bridger and his wife hadn't spoiled Olivia, perhaps she wouldn't have done anything that would hurt others and herself.

Seeing that the press conference had ended, Natalie quietly left the place in the midst of the chaos.

However, she encountered Amos when she left through the side door of the exhibition center.

With one of his hands in his pocket, the man looked at Natalie, who was wearing a suit, before saying, "I'd like to talk to you in private, Natalie."

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