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## A Cue for Love chapter 135

Chapter 135 The Clown

Belle pursed her lips, her gaze filled with disbelief.

I bribed people to switch Natalie's gift, so why doesn't her box contain the gift that I had prepared? Where did things go wrong?

Belle was overconfident and thought that her plan was flawless, which was why she said all those things without even sparing a glance at what was in Natalie's box.

However, Natalie was not the joke now.

She was!

"Belle..." Natalie walked up to Belle and raised a brow. "Is there anything wrong with my gift to Old Mr. Watsons that's worth making such a fuss over?"

At those words, the silent crowd started whispering.

"What is wrong with Belle today?"

"Belle has always been known for her elegance in our circle. Why is she acting like this today?"

"Don't you think that she looks like she has been possessed? She looks weird..."

Belle's face drained of all color before subsequently turning bright red.

"I..."

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“You said that I was cursing Old Mr. Watsons, right?”

Natalie’s red lips parted as she continued, “I gave him a Medicine King Bodhisattva to wish him good health and longevity. I’m not sure what taboo I’ve committed.”

Belle bit her lower lip until it bled, but she still could not find a way to explain herself out of this.

The sculpture’s price, aesthetics, and meaning were faultless and could not be criticized in any way.

She wanted nothing more than to give herself a fierce slap across the face.

Why did I interrogate Natalie in public like that without first checking the gift?

Shawn’s gaze was icy.

Max was livid, but chose to not express his anger on account of the relationship between the Watsons and Green family. Instead, he spoke up, “Belle must have had too much to drink tonight and saw wrongly.”

Natalie smiled coolly. “Indeed.”

Now that Max himself had come forward to smooth things over, Natalie did not pursue Belle’s attempt at defamation any further.

It was clear for all to see who was in the right and who was in the wrong.

Natalie stood there calmly, maintaining her elegant posture. She exuded an aura that was neither humble nor arrogant. The sparkle in her eyes seemed to make her dazzle in everyone’s eyes.

The more gracious Natalie was, the more angry Belle became.

In the end, the fool was her!

Max cleared his throat. “Belle, let me see what present you prepared for me.”

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Belle nodded vigorously. This is my chance to turn the tables!

She had spent considerable thought and effort on Max's birthday present, sourcing a precious stone and hiring a master carver to carve a goddess sculpture out of the stone.

"Let me show you what I've prepared."

Belle walked over to the side of the box and opened the lock.

Everyone stretched their necks to see what the young lady from the Green family brought.

However, the moment she opened the box, Belle screamed again.

"Ahhh!"

This scream was far, far louder than the last.

Belle's heart was in her throat. Her hands trembling, the box fell out onto the floor and the "gift" came rolling out.

At first, the crowd could not see what the gift was, but now it was clear for everyone to see.

The hall was so silent that one could have heard a pin drop.

No one dared to say anything, and some people even held their breaths.

There was a dead bloodied black cat on the carpet.

The black cat looked as though it had suffered a painful, agonizing death some time ago.

Its black eyes were blown wide and frozen in a fierce stare, and its amber pupils looked frighteningly pitiful.

Other than the black cat's corpse, many cotton balls filled with blood rolled out.

Belle clutched her chest and gasped for air.

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This was the present that I prepared for Natalie.

How did it become the present that I ended up giving?

## A Cue for Love chapter 136

Chapter 136 Do Not Offend Her Again

In contrast to the shocked reaction of the others, this was all well within Natalie's expectations.

She had heard from Ross about Belle's conspiracy.

Instead of exposing her right away, she decided to go with the flow.

She wanted to take revenge on Belle for all that Belle had done to her in the past.

Belle shook her head vigorously. "It's not me! I swear it's not me!"

A black cat was well-known as a bad omen since ancient times.

Not to mention, this black cat had been dead for a long time, and it was completely covered in blood, making it seem even more horrible.

Max stood up from his chair, roaring, "Belle, if it's not from you, who else would have given it to me? I have been trusting you and showering you with love as if you were my own family member. How could you do this to me?"

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“Old Mr. Watsons, it really wasn’t me!”

“Don’t try to talk your way out of this one!”

A wave of resentment flooded Belle.

Feeling wronged, she burst into tears.

“I swear that I had prepared a goddess sculpture for you! This dead cat wasn’t my doing!”

Clearly not believing Belle anymore, Max harrumphed. “Where is the sculpture, then?”

Belle didn’t know of the goddess sculpture’s whereabouts.

However, she was certain that this incident had to have something to do with Natalie.

“It’s Natalie!” Belle pointed at Natalie, shouting desperately, “She’s trying to plot against me! She’s the one who swapped out my present!”

She’s already been exposed, and now she’s still trying to drag me down with her? The corner of Natalie’s lips curled up. “Ms. Green, do you have any evidence of that?”

“I...” Belle now tried begging Max. “Old Mr. Watsons, please check the surveillance footage...”

Before she could finish her sentence, she realized her mistake.

In order to frame Natalie, she had asked her subordinates to destroy the surveillance cameras.

If the surveillance camera had failed to capture her swapping the gifts, then it naturally could not have caught Natalie doing so either.

Natalie snickered upon seeing Belle’s speechless reaction.

“Ms. Green, why don’t you finish your sentence?”

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"Natalie, are you playing a trick on me?" Belle questioned Natalie, her eyes red-rimmed with tears.

"You were the one vilifying the gift I chose and claiming that my gift is a curse." Natalie narrowed her eyes as she continued, "But now, you're claiming that I'm framing you. Are you even listening to yourself?"

Belle had said earlier that Natalie's gift was a curse.

However, the gift that Belle herself had presented turned out to be a dead cat.

Shawn managed to guess Belle's intentions in an instant.

Belle's pride had already been destroyed, so she didn't care about ruining the rest of her image or losing all her dignity.

In that moment, all she wanted was to rip the woman in front of her to pieces.

"Natalie, you shameless b\*tch..."

Shawn stepped in front of Natalie to shield her. His face darkened as he said in a serious tone, "Belle, watch yourself! I didn't say anything earlier on because I wanted to maintain the relationship between our families. If you dare slander her again, you're making yourself an enemy of mine."

Belle really liked Shawn.

When she saw the way Shawn defended Natalie, her heart broke into pieces.

"Shawn, this woman is so ugly! Why do you like her? Did you know that she's a fickle woman? She's a b\*tch..."

Shawn did not have the habit of hitting women.

However, he smashed the wine glass in his hand onto the ground.

The glass wine shattered near Belle's feet, and the broken pieces cut her ankle.

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Blood flowed from the wound, successfully stopping Belle from running her mouth any longer.

Enduring the pain of her ankle, Belle took slow steps towards Ross and gripped his arm tightly.

Her knuckles were turning white from how tight her fingers were clenched around his arm, as if she was grasping onto the last straws of hope.

“Ross, tell everyone about the relationship between you and Natalie! Let’s reveal her true colors!”

Thank goodness I still have Ross as my trump card.

However, Ross didn’t move an inch, even as Belle had his arm in a death grip.

He merely glanced coldly at Belle.

“Belle, what are you talking about?”

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