

A Cue For Love Chapter 1071

Chapter 1071 We Can Have More Children

When she saw how supportive Jerome was, she patted him on the shoulder and smiled. "Thank you! You're indeed like a brother to me!" "Is the injury on your face really fine?" Jerome asked in a concerned tone.

"It's no big deal. I'll apply some cream when I'm home, and it'll be as good as new tomorrow." Natalie lowered her head to check the time on her phone. "Nevertheless, I'll have to stay here for coffee and wait till the children are asleep before I go home. Otherwise, they, just like you, will probably be worried sick when they see the mark on my face." "What about him?"

"Him?" "S-Samuel..." Jerome murmured reluctantly. "He has something important to deal with right now." Natalie blinked. "Actually, I should be by his side, but he knows that I have my own plans. Not wanting me to suffer together with him, he had me stay here in the end."

Half a month had passed since both of them last saw each other. Despite Samuel's absence, Natalie missed him at every passing moment. Moreover, she was confident that he would return to her alive.

Meanwhile, the banquet had finally ended. After Frieda accompanied Mikhail, she was ridiculed by his two other wives again. Nonetheless, she couldn't wait to check on Bastien once she was done cleaning up the mess from the evening.

At that moment, the grim-looking Bastien was dressing the gruesome wound on his hand.

Even though Frieda was fuming when she arrived, the sight of the wound on the back of his hand caused her anger to dissipate. Instead, she asked with concern, "Bastien, what happened to your hand? Who hurt you?"

"Mother, I hurt myself by accident."

“Why were you so careless?” Frieda frowned at him. “Does it have something to do with Natalie? Has she cast some sort of spell on you to make you want to marry her despite barely knowing her? Do you know how ludicrous it looked in public?”

After tending to the bandage on his hand, Bastien looked up at Frieda. “Mother, I don’t regret it at all.”

Faced with her unrepentant son, Frieda felt her lips trembling in anger. “Bastien, do you know what you’re saying? Your father favors you, and you have a high chance of beating the other princes to become the king of Loang. Hence, how can you say something so irresponsible?”

“I have never given up on the throne, but neither did I agree to marry the Leitz family’s daughter.” Bastien got up from his chair and walked up to his mother. “Relying on her family to claim the throne would just show how incapable I am. Being the king continues to be my goal, but I’m not giving up on Natalie either!”

His words caused Frieda to gape in shock.

“Y-You’ve gone mad! Did you not hear what she said? She’s married and even has five children. How can such a woman be worthy of you? How can you even marry a woman like her?”

The gentle look in Bastien’s eyes was replaced by one that was bloodthirsty as if he had been overtaken by obsession.

“So what? She’s still young and can bear more children with me in the future.”

“You...” Frieda couldn’t believe the words that were coming out of her—all the while gentle and obedient—son’s mouth. “Why her? Why are you so mesmerized by her?”

“Mother, it’s true that before I met her, I had no interest in women and didn’t care who I married. But after she came into my life, I felt as if I was spellbound. Every gesture of hers would stir my emotions.” Bastien broke into an insidious smile. “No matter what, I must have her. If I can’t, I’m willing to destroy her with my own hands.”

Unable to believe what was going on in front of her, Frieda backpedaled in shock.

Her son had changed so much that she could no longer recognize him.

"You can't do that!"

"Mother, I have made up my mind." Bastien refused to accept his mother's advice. "You should go back to your quarters and not worry about me. Otherwise, don't blame me for sending you away from Yaleview to live out your elderly years."

Bastien has really gone raving mad! Sending me away is just a pretext for exiling me.

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Chapter 1072 The Girl In the Oil Painting

Inside the king's bedroom in Luna Palace, Cynthia stayed by Mikhail's side. Among Mikhail's three wives, she was the one who spent the longest time with him and watched how he ascended the throne. Naturally, she understood him the best.

As the stern-looking Mikhail sat frowning on his bed, he exuded an aura that repelled anyone who came close. When Cynthia approached him from behind, thinking to give his head a massage to help him relax, he grabbed her hand before she could reach him. "Your Majesty?"

"I don't need you to give me a massage." Mikhail turned around and gave Cynthia a cold stare. Thinking about Natalie's appearance that evening, Cynthia felt as if she had been stabbed right in her heart. "Your Majesty, I suppose your frustration must have something to do with the girl instead of Prince Jonathan's marriage..."

Her resemblance to that woman is extremely uncanny. All this while, Cynthia was the most magnanimous among his three wives.

Nonetheless, that wasn't her true nature, for she knew better than anyone else who Mikhail truly cared for. It wasn't her, Frieda, or even Shirley. Mikhail first crush was someone other than them.

Upon hearing Cynthia's words, Mikhail gradually tightened his grip on her wrist, to the extent of crushing her bones. At the same time, his eyes glistened with a bone-chilling iciness.

“Get lost!”

Instead of screaming in pain, Cynthia simply sneered, “Tsk...”

Just as expected. Is that woman, or anyone who’s related to her, the only person who has a hold on this man’s heart?

No sooner had Mikhail told Cynthia to get lost than he shoved her hand aside. After staggering backward, she had no choice but to leave with a sorrowful heart.

Upon Cynthia’s departure, Mikhail got up from his bed and flicked what looked like a switch for the wall lamp.

Following the sound of a click, a secret room of more than twenty square meters was revealed on the north wall of the royal bedroom. As Mikhail walked routinely in, he was greeted by an exquisite-looking oil painting that hung on the wall.

Within that painting was a young girl, who was wearing a rattan basket on her back, kneeling among the bushes. She was carrying an adorable little rabbit in her arms.

With her innocent smile and glistening eyes, the beauty she exuded made it difficult for anyone to peel their eyes away.

This woman called Natalie... shares the exact same smile as the girl in the picture. Isn’t she supposed to be dead? How did she have children? If that woman is really her child, wouldn’t it make me her father?

Approaching the oil painting step by step, Mikhail couldn’t resist reaching out to run his fingers over the girl’s face as he murmured, “Back then, you were so desperate to escape from my side. I... Am I really her father?”

The look in his eyes and the tone of his voice reflected nothing but longing for her.

At that moment, he no longer looked like the king who ruled over a country.

By the time it was eleven, Jerome drove Natalie back to her home.

Upon their arrival, Emma and the five children were already asleep. Only then did Natalie return to her room in relief.

Even though what happened that night was beyond her wildest imagination, she didn't regret her decision and neither felt as if she had owed either Bastien or Helma. After all, she never took what didn't belong to her. Instead, she made her rejection clear and didn't leave room for any misunderstanding.

On the contrary, the evening's events caused an uproar within the Leitz family.

Geert waited till the banquet had ended before returning home.

With a sullen expression, he furrowed his brows so intensely that wrinkles could be seen.

The moment the teary-eyed Helma saw Geert, she came forward and inquired, "Father, since I haven't heard His Majesty decide upon Natalie and Bastien's marriage, does it mean that my engagement with him still stands a chance?"

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Chapter 1073 You Are Not Allowed To Harm Her

That night, Helma had become a laughing stock after Bastien skipped her over for the first dance. However, after learning that Natalie was married and would never be able to marry Bastien, she felt a flicker of hope reignite within her.

In spite of the ridicule, she still wanted to marry Bastien. Geert, facing Helma's hopeful gaze, replied, "Helma, it's highly unlikely your marriage with Prince Jonathan will proceed. Nonetheless, you don't have to be too worked up about it, for I'll try to matchmake you with another prestigious family—"

Before Geert could finish, Helma interrupted him, "I don't want anyone else. I only want Bastien! You're well aware that I have always loved him since I was a child, and you even promised me that the marriage would definitely succeed. Therefore, no one is going to stop me from marrying him!"

Ever since she was young, Helma had always behaved with elegance and poise. Thus, when faced with her crying tantrum, Geert couldn't help but feel frustrated.

"All this while, Lady Frieda and I were the driving force behind your engagement with Bastien. As for Bastien, he had never explicitly agreed to it." Geert explained in resignation, "Now that he has openly invited someone else to dance, it's obvious that he has rejected you. It's true that His Majesty didn't decide on his engagement, but that also means he didn't do the same for yours. After the banquet ended, I did give Lady Frieda a call, but she wasn't keen on talking about the marriage. Nonetheless, probably out of guilt, she has given us everything she had previously promised. As a result, she has made up for what happened by showing the Leitz family the utmost respect."

Helma couldn't believe what she heard.

The flicker of hope within her was consequently extinguished in that very instant.

"The Leitz family has been shown the utmost respect?" Raising her voice, Helma questioned, "In that case, what about my marriage and happiness? Have they been inexplicably sacrificed?"

"Helma, I understand this isn't what you wanted, but there's no other choice right now."

The tears that were dammed up in Helma's eyes a while ago gushed out again.

Although Father has done everything he could, I'm not going to let Natalie off the hook that easily.

Just when Geert assumed that Helma had accepted the reality of the situation and planned to retire to his room, he felt a hand tugging his sleeve.

Turning around, all he saw was the sullen-looking Helma. "H-Helma."

"Father, Natalie is the one who has stolen my happiness." Helma hissed through her gritted teeth, "I just can't pretend as if nothing had happened. In fact, I'm going to pay her back for all the pain she has caused me!"

Upon hearing her words, Geert pried Helma's hand away from his sleeve.

"I forbid it!"

With her eyes widened in shock, Helma questioned, "Father, why can't I? I'll never be satisfied until she has tasted the pain that I suffered. At most, she's just a shrewd businesswoman. How can she be more powerful than the Leitz family?"

Geert was under no illusion that harming Natalie was an impossible task although the reason behind it was straightforward.

Having seen Natalie, he was well aware of who she resembled. Despite having no information on Natalie's relationship with that woman, he could still tell that Mikhail had stronger feelings for the woman than his existing three wives. After all, she was the reason he commissioned the best painter in the country to produce that oil painting of her.

In the event Natalie turned out to be his daughter, Mikhail would definitely protect her from the shadows even if he couldn't do so in public.

Therefore, regardless of the Leitz family's capability, taking on the Loang royal family would be madness.

Helma's action would undoubtedly be her death sentence.

Unfortunately, due to the sensitivity of the secrets belonging to the royal family, Geert was unable to share the reason with his daughter, for fear of being punished by death.

Hence, giving her a stern warning was the best he could manage. "Helma, let me warn you. She's not someone you can take on. Just let the matter rest, and don't even think about revenge."

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Chapter 1074 A Vicious Vixen

Helma was confused—utterly confused. “Father, I thought I was your favorite!” she cried her heart out at Geert. “Why are you siding with her? Why won’t you let me take revenge? Have you ever thought about my feelings?”

“Don’t be crazy!” Geert got agitated. He pointed at his daughter and rebuked, “I’ve said what I wanted to say, so you should know what I mean by now. Consider yourself going against me deliberately if you lay a finger on Natalie. Don’t say I didn’t warn you.”

Despite sounding harsh, Geert was telling the truth. If Natalie turns out to be Mikhail’s lost daughter, it would mean that she is the princess of Loang. Given how much Mikhail loves that woman, it’s totally possible that he turns his back on those princes and passes his throne to that daughter. Helma is playing with fire if she crosses Natalie! If that happens, Mikhail’s rage will burn against Helma and the whole Leitz family.

With this in mind, Geert decided that the best policy was to stay away from Natalie before the truth surfaced.

Geert did not want to drag the talk out with Helma, for he feared that he might end up spilling the royal family’s secret if Helma kept insisting on getting back at Natalie. So, he slapped her with a stern warning and left without turning back.

Watching her father walking away in a fury, Helma shouted, “Father! Father!”

No matter how desperate Helma cried out, Geert refused to look back.

The woman staggered as the image of her father’s deterrent glare haunted her.

She could not get over how cold he looked.

Although Geert had been a strict father to Helma since she was a kid, he had never looked at her so bitterly before. His stare was so baleful Helma felt a suffocating sensation choking her.

"T-This cannot be..." Helma muttered, covering her face with her hands as she sobbed.

At that moment, Heidi came out from the room beside the living room. She walked slowly to Helma and uttered calmly, "Helma, don't tell me you still don't understand why Father is behaving like this."

"Heidi?" Helma looked up at her sister. "Were you eavesdropping on our conversation?"

"Yes, but if I hadn't eavesdropped, I wouldn't have known Father did not care about you at all! Your happiness and grievances mean nothing to him because that vixen is all he could think of!" Heidi seethed as she clenched her fists.

"What do you mean?"

"Didn't you see how Father looked at her the first time they met? It is apparent how much he cares for her," Heidi noted with a sneer. "Not only does that vixen has Prince Jonathan under her spell, but she also has Father beguiled! That's why Father asked you to swallow your pride after what she did to you. He's protecting her at all costs!"

Heidi's words struck Helma.

She's right! Natalie is nothing! She's nothing but a businesswoman with no background in Loang. She's in no place to challenge the Leitz family and Mother! Father keeps asking me to give up on revenge only because he's afraid I will harm his secret lover!

Heidi approached Helma and hugged her lightly. "Helma, it pains me to see you like this. We should work together and teach that woman a lesson. We can't just let her walk away with impunity! It's so frustrating!"

To Helma, being unable to marry Bastien that night was an exasperating mortification. It was as though her whole life had been ruined.

She tugged at the pendant designed by Dream Company around her neck and detached it as crude hatred clouded her eyes. "Natalie Nichols! This is not the end. A slap is not enough! I will not let you off the hook! No way! I, Helma Leitz, swear right now that I will destroy you with my own hands!"

A Cue For Love Chapter 1075

Chapter 1075 Setting Her Up

When Natalie went to work as usual the next day, Lia and Yandel went to her office uninvited. Lia was curious about what it was like to attend a prince's birthday party, but unlike her, Yandel looked gloomy and pensive. Although he still listened intently to their conversation, he evaded Natalie's gaze altogether.

At first, Natalie did not think much about it, but as time passed, she could not help but notice something was obviously amiss.

Because there were too many details, Natalie did not tell Lia the whole story. Instead, she only told Lia that Loang's royal family was heavily-guarded and the palace was glorious.

Lia listened attentively until Natalie finished her story. When she was done telling the story, Natalie found an excuse to ask Yandel to stay behind.

With Lia gone, Natalie was left alone with Yandel in the spacious office.

Natalie cupped her coffee mug with her hands and looked up sharply at the man. "I met Prince Jonathan already, so you can just come clean and tell me why you betrayed me."

Knowing that there was no way he could conceal the secret, Yandel caved.

"Boss, I didn't mean to keep this from you," Yandel exclaimed, putting one palm up as if he was taking an oath. "I didn't tell you about it back at Chanaea because I never thought you guys would meet one day. I didn't want you to get involved in the feud of the royal family. I wanted to remind you this time, but Prince Jonathan threatened me not to let you know. I mean, he did threaten me not to give away his true identity, but he also promised he would never harm you. That's why I didn't tell you in the end."

Natalie took a sip of coffee and frowned.

It seems like Bastien planned to ask me for a dance long ago. He had everything planned, and I was simply walking into the trap he had set up.

"Boss, did he mess with you yesterday night? He only told you who he was, right?" Yandel asked worriedly, leaning closer.

"Well, he could've told me who he was the moment we met instead of threatening you and acting in front of me. It's obvious that things are not as simple as they seem!" Natalie replied.

"What? Did Bastien do anything to you?" Yandel questioned, astonished.

"No, he didn't."

"That's a relief."

"He invited me for a dance to show everyone how he felt about me. That's it," Natalie informed casually.

What?

Yandel did not manage to suppress his shock. He choked on his own saliva and started coughing violently.

When he finally recovered from his shock, he commented laboriously, "According to Loang's customs, what he did is equivalent to asking for your hand in marriage. Did Bastien really invite you for a dance on such an occasion?"

"Yes," Natalie replied with a nod.

"He asked in front of everyone. Turning him down means disrespecting the royal family; accepting his invitation means marrying him."

Yandel found it inconceivable. He could not believe Bastien had the audacity to do that.

"So, what did you do in the end?"

"We danced, but I didn't agree to marry him," Natalie answered, glancing at Yandel. "Samuel and I are legally married, and I'm a mother of five. There's no way Bastien and Loang's royal family can accept that."

"Um..." Yandel was suddenly at a loss for words. "I should've given you the heads-up."

"It wouldn't make a difference if you told me. He invited me to his birthday party as the prince, so there's no way I can decline his invitation. Besides, he helped me in Chanaea, so I have to return the favor. I would still end up in the same situation even if you told me in advance."

Yandel thought about it and agreed.

"I have antagonized Bastien now that I refused to marry him," Natalie noted as she rubbed her temples, feeling an impending headache. "He's laid a lot of traps for me."