

A Cue For Love Chapter 1151

Chapter 1151 Coincidence

A loud slap was heard as the whip made contact with Natalie's body. Natalie was someone who had a high pain tolerance. However, she could not help but let out a grunt. She thought framing her was already the greatest "surprise" the Leitz family would give her. Yet little did she expect to be physically tortured while interrogated.

"You guys are using force?" Natalie lifted her head and asked through gritted teeth. "Yeah. So what?" the man countered with a sneer. With a tone filled with bloodlust, he continued, "You were involved in drug trafficking and had caused trouble to many families. Yet, you're still unwilling to own up to your faults. I'm just using some tricks to make you tell us the truth! If this were to be known to the public, I could even be viewed as a hero among the people!"

The man then raised the whip and struck Natalie once more. Both of Natalie's hands and legs were cuffed, completely immobilizing her. Thus, the whips were striking her directly, causing her gray shirt to be tattered.

Natalie could only hiss in pain. The man saw how bloody Natalie had gotten after the hits, yet he showed no signs of stopping. Meanwhile, the other man who entered the room with him, on the other hand, could not help but cast a pitying gaze in Natalie's way.

Natalie was fair-skinned. Without the injuries, her skin would have been as white as snow. However, after being repeatedly struck by the whip, her skin and flesh were torn apart. She looked even more terrifying, thanks to her bright red scar.

The second man turned his head to the side. In a deep voice, he said, "Stop being stubborn, Natalie Nichols! Confess your crime and receive less punishment to your body!"

After hearing his voice, Natalie glanced at the man who dared not face her.

"I am innocent," she declared.

Despite the aching she felt throughout her body, Natalie's voice remained clear and resolved as it rang through the pitch-black room.

Her face paled, and beads of sweat accumulated on her forehead. However, her eyes remained fierce and filled with fighting spirit.

The two men interrogating Natalie were seasoned. Yet, they, too, were baffled by Natalie's sheer determination.

Other people would have normally confessed whatever there was after receiving a few blows from the specially-made whip.

Even if those people did not commit any crimes, they, too, would have confessed as they could not endure the excruciating pain.

It was their first time seeing someone like Natalie.

At that, the men exchanged glances.

The man at the front bared his teeth as he cursed under his breath before continuing to strike Natalie with the whip.

The torture then continued until he was physically tired.

Natalie was drifting in and out of consciousness as blood gushed out of her wounds.

The two men walked out of the pitch-black room.

The man at the front lit a cigarette as he drawled, "Such a persistent brat."

"Are we going overboard?" asked the man next to him. "Nevertheless, given that there are witnesses and supporting evidence, she should have confessed her crimes. But hitting her like that—"

However, he was interrupted by the other man before he could finish his sentence, "Keep your gentlemanliness out of this."

"Huh?"

"Do you think I don't know what you're talking about?" asked the man as he puffed his cigarette. "According to my experience, this woman must be innocent since she refused to confess even after being tortured. Those so-called witnesses and evidence could even potentially be forged... But what about that? If the Grim Reaper was supposed to take her, then that's her fate. Plus, the physical torture was an order from Luna Palace itself. We should follow the orders given. Or else we will be the ones treated like this!"

"Luna Palace?" the other man breathed out in surprise.

Luna Palace was the political center of Yaleview. Only the king and his wives, as well as the children of his first wife, had the right to reside there.

Physical torture was an order from Luna Palace!

Who on earth did this woman mess with to be given such treatment?

Getting framed and even physical torture... It's as if everyone hopes for her death in this place.

The young man could not help but ask his superior, "Is dying here her fate then?"

"Huh? Do you think that's it?" The young man's superior threw the cigarette butt on the floor and stepped on it. He glanced at the young man and continued, "Coincidentally, there's a force within Luna Palace protecting her. She's not to die. Therefore, make sure to find the best doctor to treat her wounds after taking pictures of her bloody body."

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Chapter 1152 What Kind Of Existence

The young man's breath got caught in his throat upon hearing his superior's words. "H-How is this possible?" he stuttered.

His superior pulled out a new cigarette from his box and passed it to the young man before lighting another one himself. After taking a puff, he slowly said, "What do you mean by impossible? You're still too young; that's why you're spouting such naive stuff! Just wait until you live up to my age. You'll be able to make sense of everything then." "But—"

"No buts," his superior interjected. "If you want to survive, you better remember every word I told you earlier! This woman has to be injured, but she cannot die! Remember to find the best doctor to treat her. If she were to die, both you and I might as well kiss our lives goodbye!"

The young man nodded frantically. He hurried away, but not without casting a quick glance in the direction of the pitch-black room.

Those who want this woman dead have a powerful position. Yet, those who want her alive, too, hold similar influences. Just what kind of existence of is she?

Meanwhile, at the Leitz residence. Both Helma and Heidi had received the news of Natalie's arrest. Heidi walked up to Helma, buzzing with excitement. "Don't you think it's karma, Helma? This b*tch is finally getting what she deserves."

The violation Heidi experienced that night would forever be imprinted in her mind. Natalie's charge of drug trafficking was just what Heidi wanted to hear.

Compared to Heidi's obvious excitement, Helma barely showed any emotions. She merely lifted her eyes to meet Heidi's. "What's the hurry? She's only arrested now. It's not too late to celebrate when she's convicted and given capital punishment."

“Helma,” Heidi started in a sweet tone. “I was being happy for you. You’ve been forced to stay in the low because of this b*tch. Although she hasn’t been convicted, it’s basically confirmed at this point. Her only ending is ‘death’—”

Helma did not give Heidi a chance to finish her sentence as she pushed the latter’s hand away from her arm. “I’m tired. You should leave.”

The word “leave” was normally used with maids.

Heidi had been sucking up to Helma all this time, yet Helma had never treated her as a sister; she was merely a maid that was dispensable to Helma.

Heidi was irritated, but there was nothing she could do about Helma.

Sure,” Heidi replied as she walked away, feeling resentful.

Helma, however, did not resort to resting. Instead, she went to her computer and sent an email.

It was only after pressing the “Enter” key did a smile appear on her red lips. “Natalie Nichols. I want to see you descend to hell and stay there for good.”

Soon enough, Helma received a reply to her email.

Natalie finally regained consciousness after a while and realized she was lying on a bed.

There was a window in the room, and the ceiling was white. She could even see the golden rays of the sun pouring through the window.

However, the only disturbing thing was the fact that her limbs were still cuffed. Thus, immobilizing her.

Those signs proved that she was still unable to escape from the cage of her assaulters.

Someone had tended to the wounds on her body, but the medication’s effects were insufficient since she continued to suffer severe pain whenever she moved. Subconsciously, Natalie grimaced and grunted in discomfort.

Just then, the sound of leather shoe heels stepping on the floor was heard.

Natalie thought it was those people on guard and was coming up with a plan on how to deal with them.

Shortly after, someone in white stood before her, staring her down.

That man's face radiated a gentleness Natalie was familiar with.

Natalie was slightly taken aback. "It's you," she croaked.

Due to her severe injuries, her voice appeared to be weak. Although it did not come out as a mere whisper, it was still hoarse.

Bastien slowly leaned toward Natalie and grabbed her handcuffs, pulling her hands up in the process. "Everything was going well, Natalie. Why did you do this to yourself?"

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Chapter 1153 Lunatic

Bastien uttered those words affectionately with an utterly pained look in his eyes. However, staring into his adoring eyes, Natalie couldn't sense his sincerity. "W-Why are you here?" Instead of answering him, she replied to him with a question.

"Ha!" As if he had heard the world's greatest joke, Bastien knitted her brows. "Natalie, why are you asking me that question now? If it weren't for me, there wouldn't be anyone to bandage your wounds. You might've died here before being officially convicted."

To his surprise, she laughed. "In that case, I should really thank you." Bastien fell silent as his pupils constricted. Her gratitude was laced with endless mockery and contempt toward him.

"Of course, you have to thank me." He suppressed the anger in his chest and continued, "If you don't express your gratitude to me, who else should you thank? Samuel Bowers? What is he capable of? He can't even come here to visit you while you're being detained and tortured here. He's nothing compared to me!"

Gazing into Bastien's eyes, Natalie couldn't help but notice how that man in front of her had become more like a stranger to her now compared to when they first met.

That sense of unfamiliarity gave her the feeling as if she had never understood him.

"Bastien, should I thank you for watching as I get tormented when you clearly had the power to stop me from getting punished? Or should I thank you for allowing me to remember the pain and hatred after enduring all the sufferings, then appearing before me on your high horse so that I won't forget your kindness of sparing my life? If it were Samuel, he would have willingly borne everything for me instead of allowing me to sustain an injury like this. Bastien, I can't believe you even attempt to compare yourself to him. You're inferior to Samuel in every aspect!"

He didn't anticipate she would once again see through his intention. That's right! I could've forbade anyone from punishing her, but I assented to their actions with my silence. I want her to yield to me. As long as she submits to me, I'll safeguard her.

Sensing the hint of surprise flashing across his eyes, Natalie grinned. "Bastien, it seems like I've guessed correctly. So, this is the way you express your love. What an eye-opening experience this is!"

"Are you looking down on me?" As he asked her the question, he couldn't help exerting more force in pulling the handcuffs in his hand.

The handcuffs were linked to Natalie's injured arm, sending pain all over her body. Nevertheless, she was a tenacious person. If he wanted to use that method to force her to give in, she would rather die than relent.

She said through gritted teeth, "Yes, Bastien. I despise you!"

Noticing they had completely fallen out with one another, Bastien no longer kept up his tender mien. He used his other hand to grasp her chin. A malicious and furious look replaced his gentle gaze, and he even began to radiate a menacing aura.

"Natalie, I'm giving you a chance to stay by my side. I won't disdain your children, and I'll treat them like they are my own."

Under the assumption that he was magnanimously lowering himself to accommodate her, Bastien made his promise to Natalie.

"Of course, we will have our children in the future. When I become the king, our child will become Loang's future ruler. I can satisfy whatever you and our child desire. I will protect you and shower you with affection. By then, everyone will be jealous of your venerable status. Hand me the real jade key. We'll unlock the ancient tomb together and acquire the rare treasure inside. Let's enjoy the honor and glory together. What do you say? I can do all these things for you that Samuel can't. As long as you're willing to join me, I can guarantee you'll escape this set-up unscathed. I can provide you with a new identity and officially turn you into my woman!"

After she heard his words, a simple conclusion surfaced in her mind. What a lunatic. He's entirely out of his mind!

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Chapter 1154 Keep Dreaming

Chills traveled down Natalie's spine as she met Bastien's gaze filled with infatuation and obsession. She thought she had grasped Bastien's thoughts, but he was more deranged than she imagined. "You..."

A look of utter disbelief flashed across her eyes. Having grown accustomed to her astonished reaction, Bastien, unfazed, spoke. "Natalie, you don't need to undergo plastic surgery.

All you have to do is wear the hyper-realistic mask you put on when we first met, and no one will know about your real identity. I know you may feel slightly aggrieved for needing to do this, but don't worry because you don't have to wear the mask when we are alone."

At that point, Natalie responded. She shifted her cold gaze onto him. "You want me to live the rest of my life wearing the hyper-realistic mask?"

"No, not a lifetime." He slowly moved his fingers from her chin to her cheeks and caressed her face. "As time pass, when no one remembers the name 'Natalie Nichols' anymore, the mask will lose its significance too."

Natalie didn't find his elaboration affectionate. Instead, the emotions that filled her chest were terror and disgust.

"Bastien, you knew from the beginning the collaboration with the Leitz family aimed to set me up. Or perhaps I should say that you permitted the scheme to be executed. You allowed me to be framed, captured, and suffer these torturous punishments!"

Even the death penalty was his ultimate move for me to adopt a new identity. Bastien was clearly in the know of everything. He could've stopped the events that ensued from the very beginning, yet he chose to stand idly by and watch the plot transpire. Helma thinks she orchestrated this ploy. However, she doesn't realize Bastien has secretly manipulated and propelled this conspiracy.

At that thought, Natalie grew agitated to the extent of starting to cough violently. Cough! Cough! Cough! Her coughing was so terrible that she felt as if her lungs were about to be expelled too.

Bastien gently patted her back and partially held her frail body in his arms. He sniffed the faint and fresh herbal scent on her and said, "Natalie, quit resisting me. Join me and become my wife."

Having her movements restricted by the handcuffs, Natalie couldn't push him away, but she still put up a struggle by twisting her body.

"Bastien, you're too scary! You say you love me, but you've never considered my feelings." Natalie gnashed her teeth. "I can't give you what you want, so keep dreaming!"

She had thought Bastien and her shared the same path in life, but little did she expect their journey to have gradually branched off in different directions.

Bastien repeatedly treated Natalie with gentleness and patience. Unfortunately, she refused to reciprocate his sentiment. As a result, he turned aggressive and grimaced. “Natalie, who are you to negotiate conditions with me? You can’t even save yourself now, so you don’t have the right to reject me!”

“What are you going to do, Bastien?”

He uttered emotionlessly, “From now on, you can focus on recuperating. I’ll grant you a new identity and hyper-realistic mask after you recover. Then, I’ll declare you as my wife to all members of the royalty and organize a grand wedding for you.”

This is outrageous and ridiculous! “You cannot do that!” She mustered all her strength and screamed at him.

“Save your energy.” He slowly got to his feet from her bedside in his usual graceful demeanor. “I think the news about your death in the prison should’ve spread to the public by now, and Samuel should already receive this information too.”

“He will never believe that I’m dead.”

“What if I made the preparations in advance and let a woman undergo plastic surgery to make her look exactly like you?” Bastien lowered her head and grinned. “Don’t worry. I’ve put together all the necessary and corresponding information too. Trust me when I say this. Samuel won’t doubt your death when he sees your corpse.”

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Chapter 1155 Things Have Just Gone South

Bastien’s words changed the way Natalie saw the man once again. “Bastien, you’re... out of your mind! You’re completely out of your mind!” exclaimed Natalie.

After hearing that, Bastien stared unblinkingly at Natalie’s almond-shaped eyes, filled with nothing but disgust, and chuckled bitterly. “If losing my mind means I get to have you to myself, I don’t see any problem with that.”

Repulsed by Bastien, Natalie bit her lips and accidentally wounded them. She would rather die right then and there than allow him to push her around.

As if he could read Natalie’s mind, Bastien warned before leaving, “The news of your death is out, but your children are still alive. If you refuse treatment or endanger yourself in any way, I won’t hesitate to hurt one of them.”

Before Natalie could say anything in response, Bastien was already gone. “Come back... Come back here, Bastien! Bastien!” Even though Natalie called out for the man, he continued to walk away as though he could not hear her.

Natalie had already exerted herself when confronting Bastien just then, so after the man left, she began to feel pain all over her body again. Still, her physical pain was nothing compared to her mental anguish.

Natalie thought she only had to deal with the Leitz family but never expected Bastien's scheme to be so extensive.

Not only did Bastien wait patiently for Natalie to fall into Helma's trap and fake her death, but he also had somebody have plastic surgery to impersonate her long ago.

At that point, Natalie could not help but question what love was, for she was utterly disgusted with Bastien's show of affection. What do I do? I can't get out; I'm trapped here. What if Samuel really thinks I'm dead after hearing the news? Bastien knew I'd never put on the hyper-realistic mask and live the life he wanted me to live obediently, so he threatened me with the safety of the five children. I'm backed into a corner! Bastien has ensured that my hands are tied! "S-Samuel... I'm still alive... Please... You have to wait for me."

Meanwhile, at Luna Palace, Cynthia's face was contorted with rage when she received the news from her attendant.

"What? She died?" Cynthia dropped her jaw as she stared at the subordinate. "I ask you to torture her, not kill her! Did you have trouble understanding the order I gave you? How are you this incompetent?"

At that point, Cynthia had completely lost her composure.

She only intended to teach Natalie a lesson by having the woman tortured and get even for what she thought Natalie's mother owed her. However, she never expected that she would end up murdering Natalie.

It was not that Cynthia cared whether Natalie was dead; she was just worried for herself because it would not be difficult for anyone paying attention to connect Natalie's death to her.

Shrinking in fear, the male attendant then got on his knees. "Lady Cynthia, I tortured the woman as ordered, but I never thought she'd be so weak. She stopped breathing before I could get her treated."

"Idiot!" Cynthia bit her red lip as she lifted her leg to kick her subordinate right in the chest. "Do you have any idea how much trouble you've caused me?"

"Lady Cynthia, I..." Even though the attendant's chest hurt, he dared not disrespect Cynthia.

“It’s over! I’m doomed!” Cynthia shook her head while stomping on the man’s chest and face violently until he vomited blood.

Even when her subordinate was on the verge of death, Cynthia remained distracted. No! At this rate, people will discover that I was responsible for what happened.

Just when Cynthia was still hesitating, a figure slowly walked in.

“Cynthia, things have just gone south, and you’re already trying to silence your subordinate?” Mikhail fiddled with his jade thumb ring as he gave the panicking woman a stern look.