

A Cue for Love Chapter 1201 –

Chapter 1201 Tacit Understanding

King's eyes darted from side to side as he leaned close to Natalie and whispered beside her ear, "You are my most useful bargaining chip, but you're also the person I'm most reluctant to hurt. You are much more significant to me than that Helma."

Natalie, eyes gleaming, pursed her lips. The man behind me is really not Geert. There wasn't a hint of care in his voice when he mentioned Helma. It's as if he was talking about a random stranger whose life and death have nothing to do with him.

King continued, "Cooperate with me. I'm taking you away and leaving this place. We'll go somewhere new where no one knows us. Since you're interested in herbs, we'll go to all the remote mountainous areas with herbal plants."

Rendered speechless, Natalie remained quiet. He won't let go of me even if I speak up. More importantly, he's caught up in his own persistence. Telling him anything that goes against his wish will only provoke him. If I do that, I may put myself at a higher risk of getting harmed. This man deserves to die, but I'm different. I have many people who cherish me dearly. I have a man who I'm deeply in love with and things I'm passionate about. I cannot hand over the fate of my life to this lunatic!

Sensing reluctance to respond, King asked, "Why aren't you speaking? Say something!"

She answered calmly, "What do you want me to say?"

"Say that you're willing to cooperate with me!" He seemed to be very determined to hear her reply.

Eyes glinting coldly, Natalie smiled faintly and said, "Okay. I'll cooperate with you."

Upon hearing that, King revealed a contented smile. Then, he glowered maliciously at the others in front of him and shouted, "If you want to save her, prepare the best medical resources and a helicopter for Allen and me. Otherwise, I'll drag her to hell with me!"

As Natalie was being held as a hostage, even if the others at the scene realized it was a bad idea to let go of King, none of them dared to take the risk of losing Natalie.

As a result, everyone achieved mutual consensus almost instantaneously.

"Okay."

"Okay."

“Okay.”

Frieda was at a loss for words.

Listening to everyone’s unison response, she furrowed her brows in utter astonishment. Even after she was made aware of the past, which had remained unknown for so many years, she still couldn’t understand how no one cared about her survival despite her status as the king’s wife and the prince’s mother.

Yet, a child without any title like Natalie was worthy of prompting so many people to ditch their principles in making the decision to save her.

Am I going crazy, or are these people losing their minds?

Frieda was utterly baffled. Still, her perplexity didn’t have the slightest impact on the tacit agreement between the others.

Mikhail waved his hand and instructed his attendant, “Do as he said. Go and make the preparations. Get it done as soon as possible.”

Samuel bore his eyes into Natalie with a worried expression spread across his face.

Simultaneously, she held his gaze. A faint smile twinkled in her eyes as she looked at him. Subsequently, she gave him an almost imperceptible, promising nod, silently telling him not to worry about her.

After all that they had experienced together in the past, Samuel and Natalie could figure out each other’s thoughts even without exchanging words.

Grasping her message, he quit frowning and concentrated his attention on the ongoing situation. After all, not only did he have to protect Natalie, but he also needed to look after the country and the home that she loved.

Jerome, Yandel, Bastien, and the others couldn’t recollect themselves the way Samuel did. All of them knitted their brows in anxiousness.

Soon after, the door to the main hall was pushed open again.

Those members of the royalty and guests, who barely survived the uprising, hastily escaped like monkeys scattering when the tree fell.

The helicopter and medical supplies requested by King were prepared. After Mikhail received an update from his subordinate, he said to King, “We’ve brought everything you asked for. When will you return my daughter to me?”

King continued to shuffle toward the exit while holding Natalie hostage. He uttered coldly, "Don't worry. As long as I can leave this place unscathed, I'll certainly let her go."

Most of the readers are now reading this novels:-

A Cue for Love Chapter 1202 –

Chapter 1202 Hand It Over

King left Luna Palace's premises with Natalie. Allen, who was gravely injured, followed behind them. Mikhail, Samuel, and the rest maintained an appropriate distance as they followed King to where the helicopter was.

Natalie lowered her gaze. "You won't kill me, right?" "No. You're her daughter, so I won't kill you." As King whispered to Natalie, his breath tingled in her ear. "I would protect you even if it would cost me my life."

"Okay, I trust you." Despite the grim look Natalie had in her eyes, her tone sounded much gentler compared to before. Her compliance seemed to have lessened the tremendous pressure King had.

For a moment, he was in confusion, wondering if he was perhaps holding Jennie hostage instead of Natalie.

"Why is God so unfair to me? I wouldn't have lost if I had a healthy body like a normal person from the moment I gained self-awareness. I wouldn't have needed to spend half my life just doing my best to survive..." King muttered to himself. "This is unfair... It's unreasonable... She would've fallen for me instead if things weren't how they were!"

Natalie glanced at the helicopter near them, determined not to board it with the madman. Given the tight space on the helicopter, it would be dangerous if they were to engage in combat up there.

The helicopter would likely crash due to the smallest of accidents. As Natalie gazed around her, she subconsciously turned to check on Samuel. He had his gaze fixated on her, and she smiled the moment they locked eyes with each other.

I see... We're of the same mind. There were certain feats that she couldn't pull off on her own. However, Samuel's presence made possible a lot of things that were previously impossible.

"Why aren't you saying anything?" King urged beside her. "I was far more superior than Geert, only to face various limitations due to my physicality! Would Jen have chosen me in the beginning if I were someone normal? I'm asking you, so can't you give me an answer?"

“I do not know.” “Why would you not know when you’re her daughter?”

Natalie had no idea indeed. While her mother had mentioned to her a certain man, she was certain that her mother was talking about Mikhail and not Geert aka King.

While her mother might be a ray of light that illuminated the darkness within King, he, unfortunately, held no such significance to her. Nonetheless, King’s question had saved Natalie the trouble of setting the stage.

“My mother had written a letter when she was on her deathbed,” Natalie tempted him carefully. “The letter mentioned two men. At first, I couldn’t understand it, but... I think I can understand what she meant now...”

“A letter?” Her words struck a nerve in King, and his voice was seeping with anxiousness. “What letter? What letter did Jen write? Did she mention me in it?”

“I know not what happened between my parent’s generation, but I’ve always carried the letter with me by special means.”

“Give it to me,” King urged, for he wished to know what the letter wrote. Allen glanced at King from beside him before advising, “King, this isn’t the time for reading letters. We ought to—”

Before he could finish his sentence, King silenced him harshly. “Shut up!” “King—”

“What else could be more important than Jen’s heartfelt words?” After chiding Allen, King continued to usher Natalie, “Take it out. Show me the letter.”

Although the letter was rather insignificant, it was King’s weak spot. Using Natalie as a hostage to threaten Samuel and Mikhail was a tried-and-true method for King.

Similarly, she would never fail to wrap King around her little finger using her mother’s last words.

Natalie reached her hand out from within the wide sleeves of her gown to hand a creased and wrinkly piece of paper to King.

“Here you go...”