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A Cue for Love chapter 296

Chapter 296 Be My Foster Goddaughter

Yana's father, Jason Weiss, was a little over fifty years old. His hair was greying, but he still looked dignified.

When he saw Natalie, he held her hand excitedly. "You're a miracle doctor! Although we weren't able to meet, I've always heard Yana mention you. You're the benefactor of the entire Weiss family! Yana's my only daughter. Were it not for you, I would have had to watch her die before me..."

Natalie said humbly, "Mr. Weiss, I'm only applying the knowledge I've learned. I'm not as impressive as you make me out to be."

The more Jason looked at Natalie, who was average-looking yet so composed, the more he grew fond of her.

There were many youngsters out there who were very impetuous. They spent their time frivolously, lusting over fame and power. After achieving something small, they would brag about it excessively to others.

However, even though Natalie had cured an illness that had stumped countless doctors, she was still so humble. It was unimaginable to not like her.

"Who did you learn those skills from?" Jason asked curiously.

"My grandfather and my mother."

"Where are they?"

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Natalie remembered how they had already passed away, leaving her alone.

“They’ve... They’ve passed away,” she responded softly.

Jason realized he had just touched Natalie’s sore spot. At the same time, an idea popped into his head.

“Natalie, my wife and I only have one daughter, and that is Yana. We’re very grateful to you and we really like you. Hence, we’d like to ask you to become our goddaughter. I wonder if you’re interested. Although the Weiss family isn’t a powerful family in Dellmoor or Chanaea, we can promise that we’ll treat you and Yana equally.”

Smiling, Hans chimed in, “Natalie, if anything bad had happened to Yana, my life would have been pointless. To be honest, my father wanted you to become his goddaughter too, but my father-in-law was a step faster. You can consider whether you’d like to be the goddaughter of the Weiss family or the Becker family. Yet, regardless of your choice, I’ll still treat you like my dear sister!”

Clenching her fists, Yana punched Hans’ chest.

“How dare you try to steal her away in front of my dad?”

“Haha!”

Everyone exchanged an amused look with each other and burst out laughing.

A warm and fuzzy feeling rose in Natalie’s heart when she heard that.

Although her real family was no longer around, she could sense that the Weiss family and the Becker family genuinely treasured her a lot.

Smiling gently, Natalie called out to Jason, “Godfather...”

Hearing that, Jason laughed heartily. “You calling me your godfather is the best present I’ve received at this birthday banquet!”

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Soon, a few other guests approached them, wanting to express their birthday wishes to Jason.

As Hans and Yana needed to help him, they could not keep Natalie company.

Hence, she strolled around in the Weiss residence's garden aimlessly.

The Weiss residence was not as luxurious as the other mansions that she had seen. However, the garden was just like the Weiss family—simple and elegant. It was evident from every plant how much care and protection the owner had shown them.

Natalie could not help but whip out her phone and take a picture of the night scenery, failing to notice that someone was staring at her in jealousy from afar.

Jacyntha was gripping a wine glass with a hostile expression on her face.

It's that ugly woman again!

Recalling how Christopher no longer doted on her because of Natalie, she was filled with agony and hatred.

I've liked Chris for so long. My biggest wish is to marry him! Who does that hideous vixen think she is to compete with me for him? Since Chris is here tonight, I must not let her seduce him away. Instead, I want him to hate her guts!

Finishing the wine in one go, Jacyntha got to her feet to make preparations.

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Chapter 297 No Entry

It was a beautiful and starry night.

Natalie took a few photos of the dazzling night sky in fall with her phone. The gorgeous landscapes put her in a good mood.

“Excuse me...”

Turning around, she was met by a young man dressed in a staff uniform. Clearly, he worked at the Weiss residence.

“May I know if you’re Ms. Natalie Nichols?”

Narrowing her eyes, she nodded. “Yes, I am.”

Upon confirming her identity, the staff uttered, “Ms. Natalie, Mr. Collins would like you to meet him at the rooftop. He has something to tell you.”

“Mr. Collins?”

“Mr. Christopher Collins.”

“Did he mention why?” Natalie asked further.

“Um... Nope.”

Natalie grinned. “No worries, I’ll be there.”

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Although the zephyr ruffled her hair and blew the hem of her skirt, she maintained her composure. Her placid appearance triggered a sense of guilt in the young man, who left after conveying the message.

She gazed at the sky and let out a sigh.

She thought that it would be nothing but tranquil when she decided not to have Samuel accompany her to the banquet organized by the Weiss family. It turned out things did not go as she had wished.

What's so secretive that must be said on the rooftop instead of here? If it's not something confidential, then it surely is a trap. It seems like there's no escaping the inevitable.

Natalie took a deep breath, trying to suppress all irrational thoughts.

Meanwhile, the young man removed his staff uniform and reported himself to Jacyntha.

"Ms. Smith, I've carried out my duty and brought Natalie the message."

"Did she suspect anything?" Jacyntha asked viciously.

"No. She agreed to the meeting at the rooftop."

"That wild b*tch!" Gritting her teeth, Jacyntha's expression was full of malice and hatred. "There's definitely something going on between her and Chris. Otherwise, why would she say yes instantly? Chris is mine! I'll never let her snatch him away from me."

"Ms. Smith, what if Mr. Collins finds out what you did..."

"What do you mean?" Jacyntha bellowed as she glared at the young staff. "I'll only reveal to Chris how evil is that woman."

The staff wanted to caution Jacyntha, but held back his words when he saw her being overwhelmed by jealousy and hit the ceiling.

Ms. Smith has always had a crush on Christopher Collins. She's crazily obsessed with him, and there's no turning back. Over the years, she has done many things to shoo away the

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women around him. He's probably aware of her awful conduct, but he has chosen to let them slide. I guess this time won't be an exception either.

The banquet hall was located on the sixth floor.

As Natalie was coming out of the elevator, she realized that the access door leading to the rooftop was unlocked. It was as if it had been opened in advance to welcome her arrival.

Slowly, she pushed open the slightly rusty door, ascended the steps, and landed herself on the rooftop.

Besides the antennas and a couple of lights, it was just the plain cement floor. There was nothing special to see on the sixth floor.

She then noticed a girl dressed in a yellow cocktail dress standing by the handrail, staring in her direction.

Natalie gave her a once-over. It suddenly dawned on her that she had met this young lady at Christopher's house.

It's Jacyntha!

Gradually, Natalie strode toward her and announced, "It's best I tell you these things in advance. I'm not interested in Chris."

All I ever wanted to do is to cut off ties with Christopher, that mad man!

"What makes you think that I'll believe you?" Jacyntha could not process anything Natalie said rationally. She had been washed over by extreme jealousy. "Chris let you occupy his mother's room, which he has denied everyone access, including me. No one else can enter the room except him!"

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A Cue for Love chapter 298

Chapter 298 Is It Worth It

Natalie was totally stunned when she heard that.

She assumed that Christopher just simply assigned a random room to her, considering how exhausted she was at that time.

She did not expect things to turn out this way, especially when that room had a special meaning to him.

Subconsciously, Natalie pursed her lips.

“Chris’ mother passed away when he was very young. In his heart, no one could ever replace her presence in his life, but he actually let you sleep in that room. And you have the cheek to claim that you’re not interested in Chris?” Jacyntha let out a sinister laugh as the cold breeze swept past her.

She brushed her hair away and scoffed, “You’re an average Jane without any strong family backgrounds. What do you have to fight against me? Do you really think that you can climb up the social ladder if Chris falls for a girl like you? Dream on! You’ll always be an unwanted lowlife.”

Although Natalie could empathize with Jacyntha, she found her last sentence uncalled for and simply pathetic.

Well, no one was born noble... certainly not lowly and undignified? Don’t we all have the same features?

Jacyntha’s sense of superiority was attributed to the fact that she had never encountered any hardship in her life. As a result, she would always look down upon others.

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"This is ridiculous," Natalie blurted before leaving.

She could not be bothered to argue with the arrogant Jacyntha. If she wants to harp on this, I'll let her be. After all, I have no feelings for Christopher.

Suddenly, Natalie heard two crisp sounds.

She turned her head and saw two bright red palm prints appearing on Jacyntha's face.

"Are you insane, Jacyntha?"

"Why did you slap me, Ms. Natalie?" Panic-stricken, tears welled up in Jacyntha's eyes.

Natalie stared in disbelief as Jacyntha turned the tables and put the blame on her.

She yelled, "What a lunatic! Is it worth it to do that for a man?"

"Ms. Natalie, I beg you, please... don't hit me..."

Natalie was rendered speechless.

One can't wake a person who's pretending to be asleep.

She suspected Jacyntha had it all planned out. The latter had probably found a way to lure Christopher to the rooftop when she slapped herself in order to expose Natalie's wickedness.

"Was it less painful to slap yourself?" Natalie glared at the woman who was putting on her own show. She shared, "The positions of the palm would be completely different if you hit yourself as compared to being struck by others. Stop your nonsense now, will you? Perhaps it's more effective if you start a catfight. I am afraid Christopher will be able to call your bluff in no time."

Hearing her words, Jacyntha grew increasingly anxious.

She recalled the direction she had slapped herself in and realized that it was indeed unconvincing.

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Yet, there was no turning back for her, considering that Christopher would show up any time soon.

What should I do? How can I pull this off?

Suddenly, something caught her eye.

If I push Natalie down, she'll either be dead or paralyzed. With that, I can claim that she missed a step and fell during our heated argument. There's no way anyone can verify my words.

She obviously did not think things through. Being caught in a tight spot, she could only move forward with an alternative plan.

"I'm sorry, Ms. Natalie." Jacyntha glanced at Natalie and muttered, "It's all my fault."

"Well, it's good that you know." Natalie said with a slightly relaxed expression, "I really... don't have those feelings for him regardless of how Christopher views me."

Right when Natalie was heaving a sigh of relief, Jacyntha grabbed her by the arm and exerted full force to fling her to the edge.

A Cue for Love chapter 299

Chapter 299 Shut Up

Though Natalie was slow to realize Jacyntha's scheme, she quickly came to her senses.

She's not aiming for a cat fight, she's trying to murder me!

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Swiftly, Natalie's swinging hands caught Jacyntha's elbow, and she tightened her grip in order to stop the latter from pursuing her evil intention.

Astounded, Jacyntha did not expect Natalie to be so strong.

At that moment, her mind went blank. Her only desire was to stop Natalie from seducing Christopher.

With that determination, she struggled to jerk her hand free from Natalie's grip.

The constant push and pull resulted in both the women becoming entangled. Soon, an untoward accident occurred.

Jacyntha tripped over her feet, and her entire body went tumbling down from the rooftop.

"Ahhh..." Along with a shrilly yelp, she felt her body becoming lighter and lighter...

Sh*t, I'm going to die here!

Suddenly, Jacyntha felt a powerful force seizing her arm and hindering her from entering into a state of free fall.

She looked up and gasped in disbelief.

It was Natalie grasping her wrist.

She could not believe that Natalie would save her after all that she had done to her.

"Why... why do you want to save me?" she asked under her breath as she stared at the hand clasping tightly on her wrist.

"What do you mean why?"

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Yes, I dislike her. Though she abhors me to a point that she wants to kill me, I can never bring myself to do the same to her. There are many ways to vent my hatred against her, but leaving her to fall to her death isn't one of them.

At such a critical time, Natalie had no time to waste on Jacyntha. She spat, "What are you doing? Hurry up and hold on to me! Did you want to die this way?"

At that instant, Jacyntha finally snapped back into her senses.

Her will to stay alive had never been stronger.

With that determination, she stretched out the other arm and tried reaching Natalie's vigorously, but to no avail.

Natalie's body stiffened, and veins could be seen bulging out of her temples.

Darn it! When will Christopher arrive?

Even if she used up every ounce of her might, she obviously was not able to drag Jacyntha up.

Yet, she could not come clean with the latter about the situation. Otherwise, Jacyntha might give up trying before the last strand of hope was depleted.

Natalie felt that the blood on her hands had coagulated as terror gripped her.

Slowly, her arms which had been rubbing back and forth against the uneven cement floor started feeling numb.

As the clock ticked, every single second felt like an eternity.

It was an absolute agony as hopelessness crept up on her.

"Am I... going to die?" tears streaked Jacyntha's face as she asked in a quavering voice. "It's all... all... my fault. I'm... sorry..."

"Shut up!" Natalie managed to squeeze two words out of her throat to rebuke her.

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After a long while, someone appeared at the rooftop, and it was none other than Christopher.

As soon as he arrived, he witnessed the scene where Jacyntha was about to fall off the building.

In a flash, he dashed ahead and hugged Natalie from the back. Then, he leaned forward to grab Jacyntha's arm and steadily pulled her up to safety.

When Jacyntha landed herself on the cement floor, she was totally exhausted and feeble.

Nonetheless, she threw herself straight into Christopher's arms and wailed as loud as she could.

Seeing a trembling Jacyntha, Christopher stroked her back to console her.

Meanwhile, Natalie stared at her benumbed hands and then at the sobbing Jacyntha.

There's probably nothing serious since she has the energy to cry out loudly. I shall leave this mess to Christopher.

Without saying anything, Natalie turned and left.

She merely took a few steps before a man's voice rang out from behind.

"Where are you going?"

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A Cue for Love chapter 300

Chapter 300 Rejection

Knitting her brows, Natalie turned around to see Christopher.

She realized that he had already let go of the weeping Jacyntha and stood in front of her.

She looked at him, her eyes glistening. "I am heading home."

"Home? Your arms are injured. Let me take you to the hospital."

Christopher took a glance at her bloodstained lacy sleeves. Automatically, he approached her, wanting to hold her wrist. Natalie swiftly avoided him, leaving his hand hanging mid-air.

"You..."

"It's just a minor wound. I don't need you to take me to the hospital." She covered up her injury and muttered, "I think it's best you stay to take care of Ms. Smith. She almost fell off the building, and she's still emotionally unstable."

Christopher furrowed his brows and clenched his fists.

His grip was so tight that even his knuckles turned white and started cracking.

What an ingrate! I wanted to care for her wholeheartedly, yet she has the audacity to reject me? If it were anyone else, I would have thrown her into the sea to feed the sharks.

Anyhow, he could not ignore the fact that she was injured, regardless of how infuriated he was.

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Christopher reprimanded her, "Natalie, don't you understand what I said?"

"Wasn't my reply crystal clear?" Natalie questioned him. "It's just a small matter. I can deal with it myself. Thank you."

Thereafter, she left without taking a glance at him.

Jacyntha was still slumped against the rooftop walls. The uncontrollable tears had completely ruined her makeup. She looked unkempt, disheveled, and pitiful at the same time.

Looming over her, Christopher yelled, "Jacyntha, if it weren't for her, you'd be a piece of dead meat by now."

Sobbing, Jacyntha's silence implied her admission.

"Henceforth, don't let me see you and anyone from the Smith family ever again," he articulated a crude warning without the slightest emotion.

"Chris!" Jacyntha lifted her crying face.

"I... I'm sorry... I know I've crossed the line this time. I can apologize to Ms. Natalie, and I promise not to do such a stupid thing again..." she pleaded.

"That's enough," he cut her off.

"You know how much she means to me, don't you? Then, you're well aware that she's my bottom line. If you plan to lay a finger on her, you'd better be prepared for all the consequences that will befall your family."

Although Jacyntha regretted her action deeply, Christopher swore not to give her a second chance.

On the other hand, Natalie finally felt the stinging pain in her arms after the pins and needles went away.

Luckily, her injury was not severe despite how awful the abrasions looked.

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Yana was surprised to see the wounds on her arms. Curious, she asked, "What happened Natalie? How did you get hurt?"

Natalie did not explain to her in detail but briefly mentioned that she needed to leave the banquet early.

The understanding Yana did not pursue further, knowing that Natalie might have her reasons to keep it a secret. After giving her a few reminders, she sent her to the door.

As soon as they arrived at the gate, Natalie heard two different honking sounds.

One from a Hummer, and the other was a Ferrari.

As a socialite, Yana could also recognize that both honks came from Christopher and Samuel respectively. She recalled having met them once or twice.

Wow, the two arch-rivals in the business world are both here for Natalie?

Massaging her temples, Natalie was rendered speechless.

Yikes, why do these two men show up at the gate at the same time?

"Natalie, they are..." Yana was interested to find out why.

"Yana, I know it looks rather complicated, but actually it's not."

After saying that, she strode toward the Hummer, opened its passenger door, and entered the car without any hesitation.

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