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## A Cue for Love chapter 471

Chapter 471 Who Is The Dirtier One

Natalie affirmed that with a smile and a nod.

"I like her, but I've no plans to confess my feelings for her at the moment. Having been in the business for so many years, I know my own emotional boundaries. But that may not be the case for her."

Lucas took a sip of alcohol before he continued, "This is her first production, so I'm concerned whether her fondness for me could be an extension of the feelings she developed whilst in her role. That's why I'm thinking about waiting for another half a year before I approach her."

Lucas' thoughtfulness toward Wendy set Natalie's mind at ease.

"I was right about you, Lucas."

"You've always had a good eye for people, Ms. Nichols." Lucas set down his glass and shifted his gaze onto her. "Wendy's a very talented actress, making it only a matter of time before she establishes herself in the industry."

"Hopefully so."

After Natalie finished the glass she had on hand, she, too, got up to go to the restroom.

As she was passing by another private room, she heard a man's lascivious words emanating from the inside. That, and Wendy's resistant voice.

"I can't drink anymore! Drinking too much will cause me to develop rashes!"

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“Really? You’d think starring in the first production in your career makes you too good for everybody else, Wendy Xander? You should be flattered that Mr. Zygmunt here thought enough of your looks to invite you over for a few drinks, so don’t try to push your luck!”

“I can’t! Let go of me! I want to leave!”

“What’s this now? Acting all pure and innocent? Who’d believe that a newbie like you could snag a starring role all without having attended a single lesson in acting, and has managed to do so while also keeping her nose clean? I bet you must have slept with more than your fair number of wealthy investors along the way, haven’t you? Keep us company tonight, and we’ll guarantee that you’ll be the lead actress in your next production as well!”

“I don’t want to! Let me go!”

These people.. How dare they bully Wendy? They’re really asking for it!

Worried about causing collateral damage, Natalie smiled apologetically at a man in a white sweater who was passing by. “Sorry, mister. Please steer clear.”

This was met by Bastien Scholl’s frown, but he duly stepped back as requested.

“Thanks.”

With her lips lifted into a snarl, Natalie aimed a devastating kick right for the private room’s door which crashed onto the floor with a resounding thump.

The three men inside turned in the direction of the doorway and regarded Natalie in sheer disbelief.

Natalie stepped inside with her right foot smarting but apart from a little unnaturalness about her gait, there was nothing on her face that might give her away.

When she walked inside, she saw that Wendy’s attire had been left disheveled by those louts, and there were even visible stains left behind by the alcohol that was spilled on it.

Natalie’s eyes screamed murder at the sight before her.

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The man at their lead was Gerik Zygmunt. With his grizzled-maned and gold-rimmed spectacles, he was the archetype of the respectable hypocrite.

“Run along, missy. This lady is with us! If you’re wise enough, you’d know to mind your own business!” As nervous as Gerik was, he tried to project otherwise through his mannerisms.

“I’m not with them!” Wendy shook her head in fervent protest.

“Don’t assume that she isn’t just because she says so, because inwardly, she’s a real hussy! She wants to be a star so badly that she’s trying to work us to win a part!” The boys beside Gerik echoed his sentiments. “All female celebrities are like this. They’re dirty as heck!”

Natalie’s frigid gaze just went from cold to sub-zero.

Though her skills might be seriously challenged being up against three grown men, she was not going to back down from anyone who tries to push her around.

The corner of her lips lifted into a wonderful smirk while she pulled a bottle off the wine rack and smashed it to bits. Then, she held the remnant of the broken bottle by the neck against Gerik’s throat.

“Now tell me, who’s the dirtier one?”

Blood started to creep down steadily with the icy cold edge pressed up against his neck.

Gerik was completely shaken by this woman’s unexpected aggression, so much so that his knees went jelly. “That’s dangerous, missy. Y-You should calm down!”

“Let me repeat that for you. Who’s the dirtier one?” A cold glint flashed across Natalie’s eyes.

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## A Cue for Love chapter 472

Chapter 472 Be Good And Listen To Your Boss

"It's me. I-I'm the dirtier one!"

Gerik felt the glass cut even deeper when his response was not prompt enough.

"Stop pushing it. B-Blood. My neck is already bleeding badly."

Natalie snorted when the foulness of his mouth was entirely displaced by the stench of cowardice. "On your knees. I want you lot to apologize to her. Otherwise, I'd bleed him like a pig."

Gerik could feel the searing pain upon his wound and immediately hollered at his subordinates, "Did you not hear her? Kneel!"

The other two men exchanged glances before they lowered themselves before Wendy.

"We're sorry that we've been inappropriate and rude!"

"We shouldn't have forced you to drink. We're worse than beasts."

The tearful Wendy tidied up her clothes when she got off the couch. Then, she made her way over to Natalie's side.

Natalie looked askance at Gerik. "Not just them. You too!"

Fearful for his own life, Gerik immediately got down to apologize. "I'm sorry, Ms. Xander. I've been drunk out of my senses today! This is all on me and I swear that it'll never happen again!"

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Having drawn blood from Gerik's neck, Natalie felt that the desired deterrent effect had been attained.

Against three grown men, the stunt she had managed to pull off should already be considered a miraculous victory in itself, so it would be inadvisable for her to continue to force the issue.

I should leave with Wendy and return to deal with this Zygmunt guy later!

Natalie relinquished her grip on the bloodied glass in her hand and took Wendy's hand in anticipation of making their way out.

Unexpectedly, the unrepentant Gerik, once alleviated from the threat against him, went on to cast a look the way of his two subordinates.

"Grab the wine bottles and smash in that wench's head! Damn the gall of her to threaten me! I'd kill her where she stands right here today!"

The two subordinates were quite aggrieved about being sent onto their knees. Given the green light from Gerik, they unhesitantly snatched up the few bottles on the table and lunged themselves at Natalie's noggin.

Natalie raised her right foot to swat them away but having already injured it earlier when she busted through the door, kicking people only served to exacerbate her condition.

"Ouch—" hissed Natalie as she winced.

"Are you all right?" Wendy quickly lent Natalie her support.

"I'm fine... I'm just faking it," replied Natalie while she gently shoved Wendy off. "I've endured much worse. Get out of here first so you don't become a liability."

"You—"

"Be good and listen to your boss!"

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Propping herself up only on her left foot, Natalie was clearly in pain. However, her unshakable resolve remained palpable within those pristine almond-shaped eyes of hers.

Though Wendy knew Natalie was in a bad way, she understood that her own presence there would only add to the latter's burden. Hence, she sought the only solution, which was to step away first and come back with reinforcements.

Thus, Wendy departed swiftly from the private room.

The situation was not looking optimistic for Natalie whose right foot was in too much agony to muster up any strength.

Touching the blood on his neck, Gerik evoked an obnoxious look. "Aren't you like the goddess of war herself just a minute ago? Why are you looking like a cripple right now! A freckle-faced fugly trying to play heroics. I spit on it! Today, I'm going to teach you a lesson so you'd understand what fates befall busybodies!"

"That'll depend on whether you have what it takes." Despite her circumstances, Natalie was not backing down from anyone.

"Well damn, now aren't you a mouthy one?" Gerik began to snigger revoltingly. "Get her!"

Natalie gnashed her teeth and defended herself against the men's three-pronged assault.

Even though Gerik was a little ham-fisted, his two subordinates were clearly trained.

On the several occasions that they tried to mar her face with the smashed bottles, they came inches close every single time.

The fight was becoming increasingly more fraught for Natalie as her opponents only grew more vicious with each unsuccessful attempt.

She had only narrowly evaded one of the men's attacks when another stabbed at her eye with a broken bottle.

Oh no!

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She would not be able to dodge that in time!

Could her sight be ruined here this day?

At this moment of imminent peril, a hand, delightful to the point of being sensuous, cut in front of her and snapped her assailant's wrist.

"So many men picking on a little lady. Not a good look for you guys, I'm afraid!"

## A Cue for Love chapter 473

Chapter 473 A Hundred Bottles of Wine To Empty

The man's inflection had the warmth of jade, yet it had the coolness of the thawing snow in spring.

Natalie's taut heartstrings were given a reprieve. She glared at the man who had shielded her behind him, bewildered.

If not for his timely appearance, her right eye would have probably been laid to waste there and then.

When one of Gerik's subordinates went down with a broken wrist, the fearfulness of the other was apparent when he regarded Bastien.

"What are you standing there for! Get him!" Gerik yelled. "Pull a knife on them and show them what's what!"

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The subordinate spat and brought out a switchblade which he unsheathed before he charged in Bastien's direction.

"Die!"

With a kick, the blade was sent scuttling across the floor by Bastien's deft foot before it even got anywhere close.

Though disarmed, the man sprawled on the floor remained obviously undeterred. He reached across for that switchblade in anticipation of using it against Bastien and Natalie afterward but Bastien was quicker and beat him to the punch.

He got to that blade first and then stabbed it cleanly into the back of that man's hand.

"Argh—" Accompanying that man's bloodcurdling scream was a blinding spurt of crimson that splashed across the floor.

Like a god amongst men, Bastien's movements were swift and decisive, and he transited from one motion to another without pause.

This was sufficient to send Gerik staggering back in horror.

"It's... This is all a big misunderstanding. We don't have to get violent. Let's talk this out, like proper gentlemen."

"Okay." Bastien nodded.

Thinking that the worst was over, the blandishing Gerik began to quietly rejoice in the belief that his counterpart had agreed to a truce and would not be pushing things any further.

That was, until Bastien's men arrived.

Looking at the two writhing on the floor and the third stricken upon the couch, Joseph asked, "What shall we do with these lot, Mr. Nine?"

"Bring in a hundred bottles of wine."

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Bastien's men were highly efficient and managed to lug in a hundred bottles of expensive wine which they laid neatly before Gerik.

"T-This is?"

"A gentleman would use his mouth before he lifts his hand. Here are a hundred bottles of wine. Finish them all without leaving a single bottle unemptied and without spilling a single drop, and you'll be free to walk away." There was not a single billow between his brows when he spoke. "My men will supervise this personally, and you shall be penalized, another bottle for every drop you fail to clean off!"

Gerik's eyeballs almost popped.

This is wine, not water! Drinking a hundred bottles of water is already no joke, never mind a hundred bottles of wine. This is way crueler than getting stabbed in the gut!

"This... This is sheer torture! I was in the wrong and I see that now, so would you not show some mercy and let me off?" Gerik's legs went limp beneath him and brought him onto his knees. "I'd never do anything like this again!"

Bastien showed no interest whatsoever in the man's remonstrations.

"Put someone on him, Joseph."

"Will do, Mr. Nine."

Natalie was a little lost in thought as she regarded this man addressed as Mr. Nine.

She did not pay him too much attention before, but now that she had, she found that this man was quite on par with Samuel in the looks department.

Regal and elegant, and with an aura of airy sensualism about him, he was somewhat pretty in an inexplicable way.

As an expression of her gratitude for taking care of that dastardly trio, Natalie extended a bow toward Bastien.

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"Thank you, Mr. Nine."

"Do you know me?" Bastien asked, smilingly.

"I don't." She shook her head. "But since your subordinates address you that way, I suppose that it would be fine for me to do likewise."

Then, Natalie was reminded of Wendy. She was about to drag her bum leg with her in search of the latter when she turned and saw Wendy with her face awash with tears.

"I was so scared for you, Boss!"

Traumatized by her ordeal, Wendy clung to Natalie while her tears flowed ceaselessly.

I suppose that she must have been terrified from her ordeal with these b\*st\*rds.

"Hush. Hush now!" Subtly smiling, Natalie returned Wendy's embrace while she patted the latter lightly upon her back. "Everything's all right now. It's already been taken care of. I won't allow anyone to force you to do anything you don't want to so long as I'm around."

## A Cue for Love chapter 474

Chapter 474 Seen It Before

If not for Natalie's timely intervention, Wendy dared not fathom how she might be sullied by Gerik and his bunch of hoodlums.

Seeing Natalie comfort her in spite of her injuries, Wendy simultaneously felt awful and warm inside. Her eyes puffed up red like a rabbit's.

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Not knowing how she might be able to repay Natalie, she bawled on for some time more before she eked out, "I'd continue to work earnestly so I'd make you lots and lots of money, Boss."

"Good to hear. Good to hear." Natalie could not help but chuckle at that. "Looking forward to it already."

Bastien looked on glowingly at the pair.

This woman isn't very well built, but she showed no fear whatsoever in spite of the odds that were stacked against her. Her diminutive figure belies an indomitable will no lesser than most men.

Though he was positive that he had not met this little woman prior, her silhouette felt somehow familiar, as though he had seen it somewhere before.

It was only after Lucas came out to investigate on account of Natalie and Wendy's prolonged absence did he realize what they had gone through.

"Are you okay, Wendy?" Lucas looked upon Wendy with such concern that his eyes were oozing with anguish. "I'm sorry for being so negligent. I should have come looking when you failed to return, and shouldn't have taken this long to realize that something was amiss."

With her own hands firmly in Lucas' grasp, Wendy averted her gaze, seemingly at a loss as to how to react.

"Wendy's quite shaken, but is otherwise unharmed," Natalie said. "See her back to the hotel and help me take good care of her, Lucas Monroe. Otherwise, you'll be answering to me!"

"Understood." Lucas nodded vigorously.

The frowning Wendy was still worried for Natalie. "What about you, Boss? You seem to be hurt too!"

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There was no way Natalie was going to allow herself to intrude upon Wendy's and Lucas' rare alone time, so she patted Bastien on the shoulder. "Don't worry about me, for Mr. Nine and I are really tight! Aren't we, Mr. Nine?"

Joseph glared at Natalie and was about to berate her for being presumptive when Bastien replied amicably, "Rest assured that I'll look after her."

Secure in the belief that Natalie would be in the care of friends, Lucas and Wendy departed.

When the pair disappeared from sight, Natalie turned to regard Bastien. "Sincerely, thank you for everything tonight, Mr. Nine. I guess that I, too, should be taking my leave."

With that, Natalie turned around. She meant to exit when a subtle shift of weight onto her right foot sent shockwaves up her nervous system.

This foot...

She needed to seek medical attention and it did not appear that it might be something that she would be able to manage on her own.

Natalie had not gone too many steps before she heard an astonished "Mr. Nine" from Joseph. Then she felt a pair of sinewy arms slide around her calves and lift her up into a princess carry.

Stunned, she turned her gaze sharply into the man who had just put her in his cradle.

"You... This..."

"Your leg's hurt," Bastien lowered his eyes and said.

"I know that," Natalie murmured, "but I don't need you to carry me. I can go to a doctor myself."

"You don't want me to?"

"No, I don't," Natalie replied without the slightest hesitation.

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Bastien was a little surprised that Natalie would refuse him, as was Joseph. How many a young lady in Loang clamors for Mr. Nine's touch, so is this fugly woman nuts? To think she doesn't appreciate that Mr. Nine's degrading himself by carrying her, she's also refusing him as well.

"You ought to tone it down a little since your leg is hurt," Bastien replied staidly. "Don't overthink this either. Considering that I've chosen to help you, take it that I'm just following through on a good deed to the end by taking you to a doctor."

Having heard Bastien put it that way, Natalie offered up no more protestations and allowed for him to continue on all the way with her inside his arms.

As he held her and took in the herbaceous scent that emanated off her body, Bastien only found that sense of familiarity grow and become increasingly apparent.

## A Cue for Love chapter 475

Chapter 475 To Run Into Her Once More

Inside the hospital.

The doctor examined Natalie's foot and determined that there were no fractures. However, she had sustained severe soft tissue damage that may require proper rest over the next couple of days.

After the nurse had dressed Natalie's foot and was preparing to leave, she found herself stopped by Bastien.

"Wait, you should take a look at her hand as well."

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While he spoke, Bastien held Natalie's slender hand and opened it up to reveal her badly cut and bloodied palm.

Natalie regarded Bastien with astonishment.

This man's very perceptive, able to notice things that even the doctor and nurse managed to overlook.

Once she got that patched up as well, the nurse exited, leaving only Natalie and Bastien inside the vastness of the ward.

"Doesn't it hurt?" Bastien asked.

"But of course, it hurts! How could it possibly not? I suppose that you must be curious as to why I didn't act as though it did," Natalie replied with a broad smile. "I've been used to getting knocked around a bit in the past so that made me better at enduring it compared to other girls."

It impressed upon Bastien that this young lady before him was simply different in every conceivable way, for he had yet to hear her elicit as much as a whimper in spite of her sustaining as many injuries as she did.

She's a real toughie!

"Do you mind if I ask you something, Mr. Nine?" Natalie regarded Bastien in earnest.

"Ask away."

"Obviously, you were right there beside me, so why didn't you act to help sooner?"

"I thought that you could handle it."

"Huh?"

Looking at Natalie, Bastien replied candidly, "You didn't look like the type who needed any help, sticking that broken bottle to that man's throat the way you did. Though your foot was already hurt, not only have you managed to fool them, you had me fooled as well."

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"Oh, I see! But regardless, I'm really grateful for today." Natalie extended a hand. "Name's Natalie Nichols. Natalie with an "i" and "e", and Nichols with an "o", "l" and "s."

Bastien returned her handshake and introduced himself quite simply. "Scholl. Bastien Scholl."

Their eyes met before Bastien shifted his attention to a wound on Natalie's right cheek.

"Your face looks like it's been dinged as well," Bastien helpfully reminded.

Bringing her fingers to her face, Natalie realized that it was not a wound but a fissure in her hyper-realistic mask, sliced open by glass fragments.

"I'll get the nurse back in to look at it."

"It's not necessary."

"You must have it attended to." Bastien's brow tightened into a taut furrow, and there was a domineering quality to his otherwise genial tone. "Does it not bother you that you might become disfigured?"

"I'm not disfigured. This face is a fake."

A fake?

Amidst Bastien's skeptical gaze, Natalie gently peeled off the hyper-realistic mask just to show him what he assumed to be a wound. "This isn't my face, so it's not going to cause my appearance to be marred even if it's damaged. It could become quite troubling for me if you were to get the nurse in here, though."

After examining the mask more closely, Bastien concluded that it was as Natalie described.

However, when he lifted his eyes and took a better look at Natalie's face, his heart skipped a beat.

It's her?

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It was no wonder he found her familiar, as she was the one who had been constantly on his mind.

After the quake in Loang, there was a woman who scurried around the disaster zone in her white coat and subdued smile, curing the wounded villagers with her assortment of medicinal brews.

In spite of only having taken one glance at her, he was determined to seek her out after the situation stabilized, only to discover that she had vanished from Loang since.

So this is where she came afterward!

When Natalie noticed how the wordless Bastien's eyes fixated upon her, she raised her hand and waved it in front of him. "Don't tell me that you're that shocked?"

"No."

With his gaze tinged with increased warmth, Bastien was merely quietly pleased that he had managed to run into her once more.

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