

A Cue for Love chapter 500

When Malcolm heard the familiar banter, he was briefly stunned. By the time he regained his senses, he exclaimed in delight, "Oh my, it has been so difficult to find you!"

When his gaze fell upon her face, he furrowed his brows intensely. "What happened to you? Usually, people undergo plastic surgery to look prettier. How did you end up looking worse?"

Even though they were standing some distance away from Zachary, they noticed him looking over their shoulder.

Finding him annoying, Natalie suggested, "Old Man, let's talk someplace else."

With his mood lifted by the sight of Natalie, he led her and Ross to his private room.

Inside, Malcolm put his hands behind his back and scrutinized Ross.

"Natalie, is this man your significant other?"

Not daring to even think about it, Ross denied nervously, "Mr. Trevor, I'm just Ms. Nichols' subordinate. My name is Ross Trevor."

"You might not have such thoughts now, but what about in the future?" Malcolm took a step closer to Ross as if he was interrogating a criminal. "Don't think that just because your surname is Trevor and that you might have common ancestors with me from five hundred years ago, you can make a pass on my apprentice."

Ross was so terrified that his face turned pale.

Natalie stepped forward to defend him. "Old Man, he really is a valuable subordinate of mine. So can you stop scaring him? If he leaves, where am I going to find such a capable assistant to help me?"

"Are both of you really not involved with each other?"

“No, really.”

After Natalie’s repeated reassurance, Malcolm’s concerns were finally allayed. Luckily, it was just a false alarm. Or else, it would be despicable for Samuel to end up being a third party.

After that, Natalie explained to her master about the hyper-realistic mask she was using. Shocked, Malcolm asked with a sigh, “Natalie, is Yara the sister that you told me about who tried to burn you to death with gasoline?”

Natalie nodded candidly.

“That’s her.”

Stroking his beard, Malcolm asked in a solemn tone, “Do you want me to seek justice for you?”

“No.” Natalie shook her head with a melancholic smile. “I’m aware that you’re using this conference as an excuse to come to Dellmoor to look for me. However, you have already promised Mrs. Trevor to live a leisure retirement with her. Given that I have had enough of making you worry, I don’t want you to break your promise to her.”

The moment she brought up Donna Drake, Malcolm’s enthusiasm began to wane.

“Out of my three apprentices, you’re the one that knows me best. No wonder people say that it’s better to have daughters.”

“That’s not how it is!”

Malcolm shot Ross a glare, causing him to curl up by a corner of the wall.

He then pulled Natalie aside and started persuading her, “Natalie, you haven’t met my most senior apprentice, have you? Other than coming to visit you, I’m planning to visit him too. He is someone exceptional and comes from an illustrious family. On top of that, he’s also smart, handsome....”

Natalie couldn’t help but knit her eyebrows. “Old Man, get to the point.”

“Once the conference ends, why don’t I introduce you to him? Perhaps, both of you can go on a date.”

“I’m not interested,” Natalie rejected him without a second thought. “I already have someone. Therefore, there’s no need for you to worry.”

At that moment, Malcolm felt as if the biggest hope he was harboring when he came out of seclusion was dashed.

His senior apprentice was already interested in someone else, while it was the same with Natalie.

Consequently, his plan was dead on arrival.

When Malcolm invited Natalie to watch the conference from his private room on the second floor, Natalie told him that she preferred to be seated on the first floor where she could listen to Ross speak at a closer distance.

Thus, Malcolm didn't insist.

With that, Natalie left the private room together with Ross.

Still in shock, Ross remarked with a sigh, "Ms. Nichols, you're actually Mr. Trevor's apprentice? Is there anything in this world that you can't do?"