

A Cue For Love Chapter 1186

Chapter 1186 Will Always Recognize You

Natalie's distress brought tears to her eyes. She was already looking for Samuel to the best of her ability, but she simply could not find him. Transparent tears escaped her eyes.

For the past month and a little more, she had been kept by Bastien like a bird in a gilded cage, taken care of by the best people and fed with the best food. Yet, life was like hell.

Natalie dearly missed Samuel. She missed the way he used to gaze at her, and she missed his hugs. She missed everything about him.

If not for the long separation, Natalie would have never known that she was that emotional and that fearful of separating from Samuel. "Where are you? W-Why can't I find you?"

A guest was running around like a headless chicken in the chaos. Natalie was preoccupied with looking for Samuel, so she never saw the guest about to collide with her.

Right at that moment, a powerful hand grabbed her wrist. "Who are you—"

The days of imprisonment had made Natalie a bundle of nerves. The moment the hand touched her, she tensed up. Before she could push the person away, she fell against a man's broad chest.

"Nat." The voice burrowed itself into her heart. Natalie's lashes trembled, and she froze in her spot. She did not know what to do next.

Samuel was unfazed by Natalie's frozen state, however. He slowly pulled her closer and closer to him as he tightened his grip around her. It was as if he was trying to meld her into his body and never let go.

"Nat." Samuel's deep-set eyes turned moist as tears rushed out of them. This was his precious, and he had finally found her.

I-I've really found her! Natalie hiccupped. The tears she had been holding back for a long time surged out of her eyes like water from a broken dam. She choked out, "H-How did you recognize me? I... I still have the hyper-realistic mask on my face..."

This had been Bastien's meticulous plan. He was not going to let anyone have the chance to recognize her. Not only did he make the real Lunetta become her scapegoat, but he even hired someone to make a hyper-realistic mask that was far more realistic than the one she used to have.

Even Natalie sometimes would be in a daze as she stared in the mirror. Although her eyes still seemed like hers, the other features made her look like a completely different person. So how did Samuel recognize me in the smoke?

“I told you that I’ll recognize you regardless of everything.” “You...”

“I used to be able to recognize you, and I still can.” Samuel closed his eyes and sensed Natalie’s heartbeat. With a chuckle, he said, “So what if Yara looks the same as you? I’ve never gotten the two of you wrong before, so how can this be a challenge to me?”

“Samuel—” Natalie was bawling her eyes out, but she still praised, “You’re so smart!”

“Mhm,” Samuel answered without a hint of humbleness, but he made no move to let Natalie go. “Samuel, when did you find out that I was still alive?”

“When I was identifying the body,” Samuel replied. “The woman had the same face as you, and because she had been in the morgue for a long time, it was hard to see the difference. I nearly believed that you were dead. It was when I changed her clothes that I realized the body could not be yours.”

“Why?” Natalie blurted out. “The scars weren’t right.”

“Huh?” Samuel pulled Natalie away from him. As he cupped her face, he sincerely said to her, “Even though the person had been meticulous to the point they replicated various kinds of old scars and new wounds, there’s no one else in this world who’s more familiar than me with those scars on your body.”

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A Cue For Love Chapter 1187

Chapter 1187 Look Properly

Natalie gave Samuel a look of disbelief. “You actually recognized me from the old scars?”

“There are three deep scars and eleven light ones on your body. As for their locations and shapes, even you might not be fully aware of them.” Samuel flatly explained, “I had all those scars seared into my mind. Therefore, when they tried to replicate those scars on the corpse to trick everyone into thinking that you were dead, it backfired by indicating to me that you were still alive.”

So that’s how he did it. It wasn’t as complicated as I thought. When Samuel clearly described the number of scars she had, Natalie’s heart couldn’t help but skip a beat.

That's how he's always been. Even though Samuel never professed his love for her openly, he would express it in many other implicit and explicit ways.

While she was still worried that he would be taken in by the trick, she didn't expect such an elaborate trap would fail to ensnare him. Soon, Natalie's sobs were gradually replaced by a smile.

To meet someone worth loving in the ocean of people was an extremely difficult endeavor, and yet, she managed to meet him. Furthermore, his love for her was so unconditional that all the suffering she experienced was nothing compared to it.

Wrapping her arms around Samuel's waist, Natalie felt her tears streaming down with increasing intensity. "This is wonderful... It's really, really wonderful!"

Samuel wiped her tears away with his hand. "You silly girl." All of a sudden, a flurry of gunshots rang out in the great hall.

The commotion interrupted the couple's romantic moment. With plenty left to do, their uncontrollable longing for each other had to take a backseat for the time being. Tugging Samuel's sleeve, Natalie couldn't help but ask, "Are they..."

"No," Samuel denied. "The forces I prepared are for—"

Before Samuel could finish his sentence, chaos erupted again in the hall. The usually distinguished guests and members of the royal family were running aimlessly around like a horde of desperate refugees.

The situation made it easy for one to knock into another.

Hence, Samuel hugged Natalie tightly with both his arms shielding the back of her head to prevent her from being injured by the surging crowd.

Meanwhile, Mikhail was surrounded by Bastien and the others in the center of the main hall.

King, together with Allen and the members of Blaze disguised as palace staff, gradually approached the group.

At that moment, one of the princes, who wanted to distinguish himself in front of Mikhail, came forward to block Geert's way. "Geert Leitz, are you staging a coup?"

No sooner had he spoken than Allen pulled the trigger, shooting the prince right between his eyes.

Thud!

The bullet pierced through his brain. Thereafter, his body collapsed onto the ground in a pool of blood and brain matter.

He was none other than Shirley's eldest son. The sight of his brain being blown out in front of her eyes triggered an agonized scream from her. Just when she lost all sanity and attempted to lunge at Geert, her life was swiftly ended by Allen with a subsequent gunshot.

Within the space of a couple of minutes, one of the royal consorts and a prince had their lives taken from them.

The shocking scene caused anyone who harbored the same desire to distinguish themselves to reconsider their decision.

When Mikhail saw that it was Geert confronting him, he furrowed his brows as he bellowed, "Geert, I have always treated you well, so why are you doing this? Do you know that you and the Leitz family will be destroyed for your transgression?"

When King heard the way Mikhail addressed him, he couldn't help but sneer, "Mikhail, take a closer look. I'm not that coward whom you call Geert!"

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A Cue For Love Chapter 1188

Chapter 1188 How Dare You Say Her Name

Unable to believe his ears, Mikhail's eyes widened in shock. Ever since he ascended the throne, Mikhail had summoned Geert many times but never saw this side of him before.

"Why are you doing this?" The shaken Mikhail added, "I've never mistreated you before." King couldn't help but burst into laughter.

"Yes, it's true that you have never mistreated that coward, Geert." Even though he possessed Geert's features, King's eyes brimmed with hostility when his character was in possession of the body. As if he was recollecting the past, he began to speak in a bitter tone. "I wonder if Your Majesty still remembers the sins you committed before ascending the throne?"

Ever since ancient times, blood would inevitably be spilled every time there was a change in power or dynasties. Mikhail's path to the throne was naturally no exception.

Nevertheless, everything was done behind the scenes to maintain his virtuous appearance. Even though Mikhail admitted to having his hands covered in blood after

sacrificing many lives for his goals, he couldn't recall any conflict he shared with the man standing before him.

"Since when do you have a reason to seek revenge upon me?" Mikhail's gravitas didn't diminish despite the circumstances. "The Leitz family has always basked in glory with the support of the Scholl family during both the previous king's reign and mine. There's no need for you to use such a ludicrous excuse to mask your own ambition!"

Staring at the man before him, King laughed insidiously when he recalled the woman he had lost.

"I wonder if you remember the name Jennie Shamrock?" King spoke in an intimidating tone. "How could you have treated her that way? After she saved your life time and again, have you fulfilled your promise to her? Other than hurting her and forcing her to her death, what else have you done?"

The moment King mentioned the name, an excruciating pain gripped Mikhail's heart.

The name was declared taboo in Luna Palace, for he never wanted to hear of it again.

He had never loved another woman more in his entire life, but she was out of his reach upon his ascendance to the throne. If her life hadn't been taken by the power struggles he was involved in, she would have been free to continue healing the sick.

"Jen... Jen..." Mikhail kept repeating the name. Every time he called it out, he could feel his heart being ripped apart.

"Mikhail, how dare you utter her name!" King roared. "In spite of how she treated you, what did you do to her? If I was the one who took your place as king of Loang, she might have chosen me instead of you. Moreover, I would have taken better care of her for the rest of her life!"

King was well aware that he was a split personality of the coward Geert.

He had no name for himself, and even Jennie saw him as Geert.

It wasn't until he saw with his own eyes how Mikhail betrayed and abandoned Jennie despite her choosing him that he named himself "King."

Initially, he assumed that his role as a split personality was to protect the cowardly Geert. However, he realized how wrong he was when Geert's personality held him back from his desire to protect Jennie. From then on, he began to form his own agenda.

He wanted to become stronger so that he could become the king of Loang.

Only then was he capable of exacting revenge on those who harmed Jennie, and Mikhail was one of them.

Without Mikhail, he would have become the king of Loang. Jennie would then have chosen him instead of the former.

“Even though the most wonderful person in the world was yours, you ended up hurting her because of your desire for the throne.” King’s laughter grew increasingly maniacal. “And now, I want you to abdicate and declare to the world that you have handed the throne over to me. Only then will I consider sparing the lives of your wives and children.”

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A Cue For Love Chapter 1189

Chapter 1189 Living Up To The Deal

“Obviously, if you refuse, I have other means of stripping you of your position. It’s just that it will cost a lot more lives and result in more bloodshed.” King had founded Blaze and gathered immense wealth and weapons in preparation for that specific moment.

Furthermore, he had finally managed to produce the drug that enabled his personality to dominate Geert’s body forever by sealing off the latter.

Blaze had, all this while, established many research centers in Chanaea and Loang for the sole purpose of forcing researchers to come up with that particular drug. As a result, there were many who assumed Blaze was researching poisons or drugs that could affect one’s mental condition for the purpose of profit.

However, the truth couldn’t be any further, for his real objective was to create a drug that would allow his personality to take over the body permanently.

Now that the time was right, he would receive a jab once a month to keep Geert’s personality at bay. Consequently, he could finally use the body to complete his grand plan—seek revenge for the woman he loved and become the king of the nation!

Upon hearing King’s words, Mikhail furrowed his brows in silence. Bastien, who could sense that Mikhail was considering King’s proposal, lowered his voice and said, “Father, despite our dire circumstances, you cannot hand the country over to a nutjob who suffers from a split personality. This would be extremely irresponsible to the country and its people!”

Bastien’s words and the conviction in his eyes caused Mikhail to weigh the consequences of his choices.

Having caught Bastien whispering in Mikhail's ear, King easily guessed what was said. Hence, he couldn't help but burst into mocking laughter. "Mikhail, no wonder Bastien is your favorite among all the children. He, very much like you, is just as greedy for power and riches. Instead of worrying about his missing bride, he is more concerned with the security of his own position!"

King had barely finished when Bastien's expression drastically changed. Although he was filled with the urge to find Natalie, the nation's desperate circumstances took precedence.

Refusing to admit the truth, he retorted defiantly, "Blaze is nothing but an organization. Do you really think the guards in Luna Palace are pushovers? I dare you to take my life now, or you won't get another chance after this!"

Dressed in his wedding suit, Bastien got to his feet and approached King step by step.

He had run multiple scenarios in his mind.

If he were to confront King now, there was still a chance for him to turn the tide. However, if he were to surrender and allow King to take the throne, he, as Mikhail's son, would suffer a fate no different from his half-brother, who was just shot to death.

King raised his gun and aimed the barrel at Bastien.

Despite the frown on his face, Bastien had no other choice but to continue forward without showing any fear.

Given that King had no qualms about killing Mikhail, taking Bastien's life was nothing but an afterthought to him.

All of a sudden, a figure dashed out in front of Bastien to shield him with her outstretched arms.

"Don't kill him!" It was none other than Helma, who had always been hopelessly in love with him. She pleaded with King, "I know you aren't Geert, but your body belongs to him, making you my biological father still. Furthermore... you promised me that as long as I cooperated with you, you would not harm Bastien. You even vowed to make him mine! Go ahead and kill anyone you fancy, but please spare him!"

The rapidly developing situation had diverged from Helma's expectations. This was far from what she imagined when she first planned to foil the wedding.

Regardless of how events unfolded, she remained steadfast in her desire not to see Bastien harmed.

“Did you hear that? My ‘daughter’ has asked me not to lay a finger on you.” Despite being amazed by Helma’s desire to protect Bastien, King kept his word to not hurt the latter.

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A Cue For Love Chapter 1190

Chapter 1190 Begging Him

“Bastien, you should count your blessings that my ‘daughter’ loves you and is willing to plead for mercy on your behalf.” Spreading his hands, King continued with a smile, “Once I become the king of Loang, you will be my ‘son-in-law’ and continue to enjoy the privilege and luxury you have grown accustomed to. In fact, I can give you more than that. If you can marry Lunetta, I’m sure you can marry Helma too.”

Helma had a special place in King’s heart. Even though he didn’t acknowledge her as his real daughter, he couldn’t deny the strong biological bond that they shared. Therefore, he was willing to spare Bastien on Helma’s account since Mikhail was his true target.

After King had spoken, Helma walked up to Bastien’s side. Tugging on his suit, she persuaded him in a tone brimming with sincerity. “Bastien, did you hear that? As long as you marry me, he’s willing to let both of us off the hook. We can then be together and enjoy unparalleled riches! Therefore, you have to agree to his proposal. Do it quickly!”

Under the circumstances, no one could deny how tempting King’s offer was.

Even Frieda’s stance began to sway as she wanted her son to agree to Helma’s request.

However, without a moment’s hesitation, Bastien pried Helma’s hand away from his sleeve. “I don’t care about his proposal. It’s no loss for me. I would rather die than marry you.”

No sooner had his words rolled off his tongue than Helma burst into tears.

“Why?”

“There’s no why,” Bastien flatly replied.

“There has to be a reason!” Feeling utterly humiliated by Bastien, the emotional Helma raised her voice. “Why can you accept Natalie and Lunetta but not me? I was clearly the fiancée you were supposed to marry and the one who can be the biggest help to you. And yet, you reject me without even giving it a second thought! Do you know that I’ve had feelings for you since I was young? In order to be together with you, I strived hard

to make myself better, hoping to show you the best version of myself! Unfortunately, you only had eyes for them and never for me!”

Even though Helma’s crush on Bastien carried a hint of her inferiority complex, the depth of her feelings for him exceeded everyone’s expectations.

Expecting her words to move Bastien—even a little—Helma was shocked that he didn’t even bat an eyelid as he then replied, “There’s no real reason. However, if you insist on one, I can only say that I have no feelings for you, and she is the only person who has my heart.”

Bastien’s brief reply dealt Helma a devastating blow.

She had bared her soul to him, expecting him to be, at the very least, touched by her sincerity, even if he didn’t reciprocate her feelings at the same level. Little did she expect him to outright reject her, leaving her no space to even indulge in her fantasies.

Despite all my machinations and the dire circumstances he is facing, he still refuses to choose me?

The next moment, she collapsed on the ground in a puddle of tears.

When King saw how Bastien repudiated Helma, he couldn’t help furrowing his brows as he aimed his gun at the younger man again. “I had wanted to let you go on Helma’s account. However, do you really think that there’s no limit to my tolerance when you continue to hurt her?”

Bastien turned to look at King, his gaze calm as ever.

“I’m willing to compromise on anything except accepting someone I don’t love. Death would be less painful for me.”

Love was something that Bastien would never back down on.

If not for this principle, he wouldn’t have taken such a huge risk for Natalie’s sake. After all, there were plenty of other girls who could help him solidify his position in the royal family. In fact, Natalie was one of the poorest choices for that purpose.

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