

A Cue for Love chapter 321

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Chapter 321 Mask On

“Hmm.” Natalie nodded with a noncommittal grunt.

There are plenty of good-looking men in my social and professional circles. However, very few are more handsome than Samuel.

Samuel chuckled in spite of himself.

“Then you’d better keep a close eye on me,” he said affectionately as he squeezed her tighter than before.

Gasping for breath, she slammed her fists on his back. “Why should I? Let go of me. The children are watching!”

The children merely gazed curiously at the couple.

Samuel begrudgingly let go of the woman in his arms and felt a strange emptiness as soon as he did so.

Meanwhile, Natalie had already walked toward the children who had her surrounded as they were very fond of her.

With her hair lifted by a sudden gust of wind, speckles of gold sunlight glinted through the strands of her hair. With a laugh as gentle as a babbling brook in spring, the children were enamored with her, to say the least.

The four children were clad in identical uniforms of the kindergarten, which consisted of a shirt, pants, and a smart black tie.

Despite differing slightly in appearance, every one of them had bright, intelligent eyes and features that looked as if they were carved out of marble.

Samuel arrived behind them at his own pace.

As his gaze swept over Natalie and the children, his smile broadened.

I would never have expected this woman to stumble into my life like that six years ago. She has taught me that there’s so much more to life.

The more he thought about her, the more reluctant he felt for her mask to be removed.

Being aware of how the face beneath that mask was so devastatingly beautiful, he would rather she keep the plain-looking mask on and lessen the competition.

The only man in this world she has eyes for would be me.

Samuel and Natalie spent that night keeping the children company.

Natalie was, by default, the children's bedtime storyteller. However, Sophia felt the need for a change. "Daddy," she purred. "Can you tell us a story tonight?"

Samuel was about to reject when he saw that Natalie was gazing at him with the same expectant expression as the other four were.

"Do you really want a story?"

All five of them nodded as one.

As Samuel spent most of his time at work, most of his stories revolved around the same theme. Occasionally, there would be an anecdote he was proud of about him defeating competitors in court. However, he deemed that they would be inappropriate as bedtime stories.

"I-I have no stories to tell," blurted Samuel, abashed.

"Read us this story," Natalie said bossily, delighted at the discomfort she had managed to cause Samuel.

Upon receiving the book from her, he cleared his throat uncomfortably and began telling the tale of the three little pigs.

His voice was deep and lush, vibrating like the bass notes of a grand piano in the stillness of his spellbound audience.

Though the story was simple and well-known, it sounded completely different when it was read by Samuel.

Before long, the four children began snoring gently.

Natalie was similarly affected. My God, what a soothing voice. Even I am beginning to feel sleepy.

When Samuel reached the end of the book, Natalie and the children were already sound asleep.

Realizing that he was the only one left awake, Samuel chuckled helplessly.

After depositing the book as soundlessly as he could, he carried the children one at a time and placed them in their beds.

Lastly, it was Natalie's turn.

Instead of carrying her back into her own bedroom, Samuel brought her back into his.

Feeling more at ease than he had ever been in his life from her gentle but even snoring, Samuel turned off the lights as he snuggled next to her.

In the darkness, he held her tightly as if intent on merging her body and soul onto his.

The following day when Natalie awoke, she realized with a start that she was on Samuel's bed though he was nowhere to be found.

D*mn it, again? It seems like I'm sharing a bed with him more often than not these days.

After clutching her cheeks to subdue the blush, she got dressed and went downstairs for breakfast.

After that, Natalie made her way to the office of the CEO of Dream Corporation.

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Chapter 322 Overnight Bankruptcy

Yandel and Ross were already awaiting her arrival by the appointed time.

As the incident from the day before of Natalie dashing off halfway through their meal was still vivid on their minds, the men took the opportunity to ask her about it.

When Natalie arrived at the part of Xavian being accused of theft, Yandel slammed a fist on the table.

"How dare they accuse my godsons of such things!"

Enraged, he got up and dialed the number of the Swans with the intent of teaching them a lesson.

After exchanging several words with the assistant on the line, Yandel hung up the phone with his mouth hanging open in surprise.

"What happened?" Ross asked.

"The Swans have declared bankruptcy! They are also being sued, by the way." Yandel gazed at Natalie thoughtfully. "I think your mystery man had something to do with it. He taught the Swans a lesson before I could."

"Another word out of you and I'll give your number to Amelia."

At the mention of her name, Yandel raised his arms in surrender.

"I'll shut up."

After chattering about personal matters for a little longer, the trio began to talk business.

Yandel and Ross reported the results of the organization and the pharmaceutical division in addition to the next stage of operations.

Being the top talents in business management and research and development, there was massive progress with Yandel and Ross being at the helm of things.

Inevitably, Dexmed Pharmaceutical was brought up when Ross was delivering his report on the pharmaceutical division.

"Dexmed Pharmaceutical is still trying to poach from us," he reported with a disdainful scowl. "They seem even more desperate than before."

"As if forging our formula isn't enough, they managed to undercut the price to bring the product to market after making some small changes. What a despicable way to attack us. The consumers would only be attracted to the cheaper price of their product as the effects are more or less identical. As a result, public opinion of the century-old reputation of Dexmed Pharmaceutical has been nothing but praise."

Natalie appeared much calmer than Ross at the news.

"That's fine. Let Thomas do as he pleases."

"If this goes on--"

"He can poach our researchers," she declared with a grim voice. "But he will not be able to poach the core members of our organization. We mustn't stoop to their level and employ underhand tactics. Instead, we will counter Dexmed Pharmaceutical with even more thorough and broader research and refine every stage of the production until we are so far ahead in the industry that Dexmed Pharmaceutical loses all hope to catch up to us. The joke is that they have to resort to forgery despite their century-old reputation."

The glint of disdain in Natalie's eye grew more pronounced as she spoke of her father's company.

The Bayer family had been in the business of traditional medicine for centuries. As soon as Thomas took over, the company began its unstoppable descent.

"Tell our mole to let go of the fact that they stole our formula. They should instead be focusing on the reason for such a drastic measure. I want to know why Thomas resorted to that."

Natalie's ability to think of a counter-strategy in the face of great pressure once again earned the respect of Yandel and Ross.

Yandel and Ross were known to the world as the leaders of Dream Corporation and Dream Pharmaceutical respectively.

Hardly anybody knew that their direct superior was a girl of twenty-four.

After the delegation of tasks was completed, Natalie did not have any other reason to linger in the office.

Yandel and Ross' intention to walk Natalie downstairs was met with resistance.

I've been so used to the freedom that I found that I do not like being constantly monitored.

Along the way, her mind was occupied with thoughts about the Nichols family.

Our weavers have been busy. Soon, the strings around the Nichols will be drawn into one gigantic net to capture Thomas and Yvonne once and for all. He's not fit to be my father! I look forward to the day he crashes and burns.

At that moment, Natalie's phone rang. After a glance at the screen, she picked up.

Christopher's amused voice sounded from the other end. "Do you remember the price I asked in exchange for the snakeblood fruit?"

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Chapter 323 Not The Place For You

Natalie vividly remembered the promise she had made to Christopher.

"I do."

"I would like you to fulfill your promise. Come celebrate my birthday with me today."

Natalie was taken aback. She was under the impression that her part of the deal would involve her medical skills as opposed to the pleasure of her company.

Since she was the one to have cured the pulmonary disease he had lived with since birth, Natalie was certain that Christopher knew better than anybody the extent of her medical prowess.

A condition in exchange for a life seems reasonable. It is surprising that Christopher would cash that in just for me to spend time with him.

Sensing her hesitance, Christopher added, "You're awfully silent. Does that mean you're going back on your promise?"

"Not at all. Are you sure that that's all you want?"

"Yes, that's all I want," Christopher said solemnly despite the satisfied smirk he wore. "I will send you the details of the party in a bit. Be there at seven-thirty tonight, will you?"

"See you then."

"By the way," Christopher added before hanging up, "Put on something nice, please."

Natalie stared at her phone with a frown.

I will make it to the party just to fulfill my promise to him. I hope that there won't be any hidden surprises.

The afternoon flew by with Natalie's attention being completely taken up by her consultation duties over at Major Crimes Unit. Before she knew it, it was time for her to get off work to prepare for the party that evening.

In accordance with the directions left for her, Natalie arrived before the doors to a private room of the Moonlight exactly at the aforementioned time.

Standing before the door with her hand tentatively raised, Natalie was deciding whether or not she should knock when it was suddenly opened from within.

The man who opened the door was rather good-looking. His leather jacket suggested a haughty attitude about him. After casting a suspicious eye up and down on Natalie, he waved his hand irritably. "This isn't a place for young ladies like yourself! Go back to the university library where you belong!"

Natalie had never met this man before. She could not say for certain whether she had got the location wrong or that he was pulling her leg.

"What are you still standing there for? Get lost!"

Natalie was about to turn and leave when her wrist was caught in a powerful grip.

"Where do you think you're going? This is the place."

Natalie gazed at the hand upon her wrist and allowed her eyes to travel up the arm and found herself gazing at Christopher's pleasant smile.

Joshua, the man who was telling Natalie to leave, was dumbfounded. "Do you know this chick, Chris?"

"Watch your mouth," Christopher said with a disapproving glance at his friend. "She is a guest of mine."

Joshua and Christopher were childhood friends.

Having heard that Jacyntha had angered Christopher to such a degree that resulted in the Smith family forcing her out of Dellmoor into exile, Joshua had remained curious about the type of woman for whom Christopher would go to such lengths to defend.

Other than her oddly clear and mature pair of eyes, she looks plain to me. Rather disappointing. I was wondering what kind of beauty would cause Christopher to behave that way.

Natalie wrenched her wrist out of his grip and followed the men into the private room before realizing that there were three other guests, two men, and a woman, already present.

Their expressions were similar to Joshua's when they caught sight of her.

"Everybody," Christopher announced when they were all seated, "this is Natalie."

Without another word to explain her origins, all of the guests gazed at Natalie with a knowing smile.

The private room that they were in was full of liquor and entertainment.

Christopher poured Natalie a glass of wine. "I asked you to dress up and you show up in a sweater and jeans?"

"This isn't good enough for you?" Natalie replied. "Deal with it."

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Chapter 324 Watching Her Every Move

Surprisingly, Christopher smiled.

Joshua and the others were perplexed.

Putting aside the power and influence of the Collins family, Christopher's infamous unpredictability was a deterrence for anyone to never step on his toes. However, the woman before them had the audacity to do the opposite.

Even more bizarre was the fact that Christopher was not angry, but instead, took pleasure in the occasion.

At that moment, everyone's gaze was fixed on Natalie as if she was an animal on parade.

"I'm going to the restroom." Natalie wanted to take a breather.

"All right." Christopher nodded.

He lighted his cigar and took a deep puff.

After Natalie left, Joshua immediately said, "Christopher, is she your prey?"

Christopher took another deep puff of his cigar, infusing his lungs with the smoke before releasing it. "Prey? She's not just my prey. Many are eyeing for her!"

Joshua was shocked by what he just heard.

He couldn't understand the beauty standards pursued by men nowadays. To him, it did not make sense at all for them to be fond of a person like Natalie who had mediocre looks.

While on her way to the restroom, Natalie failed to notice the shadow watching her closely in a corner.

It was Yara.

After spending almost all her time accompanying Old Mr. Bowers at the Bowers residence, she could no longer tolerate the overwhelming boredom.

She finally had the chance to meet her friends and have a drink, only to find herself meeting Natalie here.

Yara bit her lip.

Is she having a date with Samuel here?

Is Samuel here somewhere?

Despite being in the Bowers residence for quite some time, she did not have the opportunity to meet Samuel. She was desperate to meet him.

For five years, not only was Yara eyeing the powers of the Bowers family, but she also fell deeply in love with Samuel.

A flawless man like Samuel naturally attracted the admiration of many women, including Yara.

She stood motionlessly in the corner, hoping to see Samuel, even if it was for a split second. Her eyes reddened as she stared in the direction of Natalie, not blinking even once.

However, when Natalie came out from the restroom, and when she opened the door to the private room, the person that welcomed Natalia was not Samuel, but a man that looked wicked and nasty.

His eyes gazed enthusiastically at Natalie.

Natalie, however, was indifferent about it and simply followed the man into the private room.

Yara wanted to know what would happen next, but the door was slammed shut.

Recalling what had just happened, she covered her mouth, shocked.

Who does Natalie think she is? Does she not have a mirror? What right does she have to pursue another man with that bland look of hers?

First, it was Samuel. Now, he's going after some random dude!

No man can tolerate the infidelity of his woman.

What if... Samuel finds out about her promiscuous relationships. She'll be in deep trouble then!

I refuse to believe Samuel will forgive Natalie, this b*tch!

Yara was tempted to latch on to the opportunity. However, she did not have Samuel's contact.

She only had the number for the Bowers residence.

Out of options, Yara could only dial the number with an anxious heart.

Shortly after, Gavin answered the phone.

"Hello?"

"Gavin, it's me, Yara," she replied. "Is Samuel at home? I have something very important to tell him."

"Mr. Samuel is..."

Gavin knew that Samuel wasn't really close to Yara. Hence, he didn't know if he should tell the truth.

Regardless, Yara was unwilling to hang up the phone this easily. "Gavin, is Samuel not at home? I really have something to tell him. It's regarding Natalie. If he's at home, can you please pass the phone to him?"

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Chapter 325 Pills As Birthday Gift

"Ms. Yara, you're looking for Mr. Samuel because of Ms. Natalie?"

Samuel did not work late that day, and he was already in the Bowers residence.

Initially, when Yara called, Samuel heard the phone ring but couldn't care less. Hence, that was why it was Gavin who picked up the phone.

However, the mentioning of Natalie's name piqued Samuel's interest. A glint flashed across his eyes, and he looked toward Gavin.

Then, he stood up and walked toward Gavin, signaling him to pass him the phone.

Just like that, Gavin was no longer the one holding the phone.

At the same time, Yara still didn't know that Samuel was already on the line.

She continued babbling non-stop. "I really have some news regarding Natalie to tell Samuel..."

"I'm here."

Samuel's voice radiated immense coldness.

Yara did not expect things to take a sudden turn. It was just a second ago that Gavin was there, hesitating to speak. However, the next moment, the phone was already in Samuel's hands.

So, it's not that Samuel's not home.

It's just that he doesn't want to pick up the phone himself.

The only reason why Samuel's willing to answer the phone must be because of Natalie.

Yara's heart sank upon the cruel realization, and she was consumed by jealousy.

Samuel knitted his brows and said impatiently, "Well? Speak."

"I saw Natalie at the Moonlight..." Yara replied.

“And?”

Samuel could tell that Yara was there to spill the beans about Natalie. If that was the case, there was no need to dilly-dally and it was best if she could just get straight to the point.

“You should know Christopher, right? She’s in a private room with him now. They looked really intimate and it seemed like Christopher wanted to swallow her whole. Even an outsider like me could tell that there was something going on.”

Samuel pursed his lips upon hearing that, and his eyes flashed with a dangerous glint.

Hearing how the line had gone quiet, Yara assumed that Samuel was infuriated by the news.

She was too deeply in love with Samuel.

This is a rare opportunity to bring down Natalie!

“Anyway, now that they’re in the private room, no one knows what they’re doing inside. The reason why I’m telling you this is to expose her true, ugly self to you.”

Yara wanted to continue talking, but Samuel hung up the phone before she could finish.

Beep, beep, beep.

What a guy!

He was willing to pick up the phone because of Natalie.

But he could also hang up the phone nonchalantly because of Natalie.

“Samuel, I like you so much, but...” Yara started sobbing in tears. However, her eyes displayed a devilish gaze. “I’ve waited for you for so many years. I won’t let any other woman have you!”

In the VVIP private room.

After Natalie returned, everyone started giving Christopher gifts.

Joshua gave him a sports car, while the others also prepared gifts that were worth millions.

Despite the plethora of gifts, Christopher didn’t seem to care.

One could imagine the effort and money involved in getting those expensive gifts. However, Christopher could get them himself effortlessly by swiping his credit card. As such, it wasn't too big of a deal for him.

He took a sip of his alcohol and stared at Natalie intently.

"Hey, what about you? Today's my birthday. What did you get me?"

Natalie frowned.

Upon noticing her reaction, Christopher continued to pester her. "Well, I guess you can't be blamed. I did invite you here at the very last minute, after all. If I were to ask for a gift from you now, there's no way you'll be able to produce one."

"I must admit that things are a little bit hectic today. Nonetheless, it's your birthday, so I came prepared." Natalie took out a small porcelain bottle from her bag and passed it to him. "Although your health is getting better, it's still inferior compared to those that are healthy. The medicine in this bottle has the essence of the dragonblood fruit, and it's good for you."

While the others got him gifts like a car or a yacht, Natalie gave him medicine.

This was also the reason why she was frowning before.

Christopher did not react, and Natalie's frown deepened. "It's fine if you don't want it, I'll just..."

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However, before Natalie could finish, Christopher stretched out and held on to her outstretched hand. "Who said I don't want it?"

Natalie felt that it was inappropriate and she instinctively retracted her hand.

She didn't want him to get the wrong message. However, everyone in the private room perceived it as an act of shyness.

In their eyes, no woman could withstand the charm and wealth of an heir like Christopher, especially when it came to a poor woman like Natalie.

Joshua nudged Christopher with his elbow in an attempt to tease him. "Chris, my health is not really that good too. Can you give me some?"

"I'll give you some punches if you'd like. Maybe then you'll get better." Christopher gave Joshua a side-eye.

At that moment, everyone burst into laughter.

Meanwhile, Natalie simply sat awkwardly at a side, unsure of how to mingle with the group.

She could tell that Christopher, Joshua, and the others were all really close.

However, she was there only because of her promise to Christopher.

As she had nothing better to do, she started drinking some of the alcohol.

Sitting beside her, Christopher observed her every move.

Everyone in the private room could tell that Christopher was deeply attracted to Natalie. The ambiance gradually turned quiet as everyone started speaking less.

Just then Joshua said, "It's been a long time since we played truth or dare! Come, everyone join in. If you lose, you'll need to choose truth or dare. If you refuse to choose one, you'll be punished to drink three glasses of beer!"

Everyone was excited to join except Natalie.

"Ms. Nichols, come, join us," Joshua shamelessly asked.

"Me too?" Natalie exclaimed. But since it wasn't something unreasonable, she eventually accepted his invitation.

The game officially began.

Joshua took an empty bottle and spun it on the table.

The bottle spun rapidly before coming to a stop in Natalie's direction.

"So, Ms. Nichols, truth or dare?" Joshua cheekily asked.

"I'll drink."

Although Natalie agreed to join them, she had never considered playing the game.

If she were to be unlucky, then she would choose to drink. That was her plan all along.

It was the first time Joshua had seen someone like her who didn't play by the rules.

Initially, he thought of persuading Natalie to play. But she chugged down three glasses of beer in an instant.

The game continued.

Joshua spun the bottle, and it was Natalie again.

Similarly, Natalie chose to drink.

Joshua was a pro and he wanted to test Natalie's determination. Therefore, the bottle would always end up facing Natalie time and again.

Regardless, Natalie held her end of the bargain and drank whenever it was her turn.

After a few rounds.

Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes were misty. She was starting to feel drunk.

Joshua did not expect Natalie to be so stubborn.

By that point, he could finally understand why Christopher was attracted to her instead of a socialite like Jacyntha.

"I need to go to the restroom." Natalie stood up clumsily and staggered her way out of the private room.

Soon after, Christopher followed her.

As she drank too fast, Natalie wanted to splash some cold water to wake herself up.

Following that, she staggered her way back.

Along the way, there were some other guests who looked to be in a hurry and almost bumped into her.

However, before they could, Christopher, who was behind her, pulled her into his arms.

Her thick, long hair smelled like herbs, while her delicate and thin waist was comfortable to hold.

Although Christopher didn't do it on purpose, he liked it a lot.

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Chapter 327 Give Me An Explanation Back Home

Christopher indulged himself in the moment, enjoying Natalie's scent and embrace.

However, Natalie muttered angrily, "Christopher, let go of me."

"No," replied Christopher. "You're drunk. Let me help you."

"No?"

Although Natalie drank a lot, she could still think straight.

Having no idea what deviant ideas were planted in Christopher's mind, Natalie could not risk giving him any hope.

She stomped down hard on Christopher's foot.

Clearly shocked by the sudden aggression, Christopher loosened his grip.

"You—"

"I told you to let me go, didn't I?"

Natalie was staring at him, her eyes glazed. She was obviously drunk from all the alcohol consumption. However, Christopher could also tell from her gaze that her mind was still clear.

He never expected to find himself falling in love with her.

However, Natalie was not keen on giving him any chances as the way she was staring at him was glacial cold and distant.

Triggered by her calmness, Christopher walked toward Natalie.

"Be my woman," he said softly. "I'll give you anything. Also, I don't mind about your past. From today onward, I want you to love me only."

Despite feeling disorientated, Natalie shook her head. "No."

"Why?" Christopher gripped Natalie's hand and criticized himself. "I know that I was wrong to coerce you into treating me. I was wrong to threaten you for the medicine. But those are in the past. From now onward, if you stay loyal to me, I will give you anything you want..."

Natalie could feel the warmth from his large hands.

The way Christopher looked at Natalie was filled with love and affection.

She was dumbfounded. Since when did this crazy man fall in love with me?

"It's not possible between us..." Natalie struggled to free herself from his grip. "I hope you can move on. Save yourself from the pain."

"But I don't feel that there's any pain."

Natalie didn't want to waste her time with Christopher, but she couldn't find the strength to free herself. He was agitated by her rejection and refused to let go.

Christopher pulled her into his arms and hugged her forcefully.

At this moment, a tall, buff shadow dashed toward them and separated Natalie from Christopher. He pulled her away and into his strong arms.

It was Samuel.

Natalie leaned on Samuel's chest, and she instantly felt relieved.

She didn't know why Samuel was there, but his arrival was just in time to save her from Christopher's clutches.

Samuel must have rushed here very quickly.

Natalie could feel his rapid breathing.

"I thought I've prohibited you from drinking without me around?" Samuel's hoarse voice sounded angry.

Natalie raised her head and wanted to explain. "I..."

"You can explain later." Samuel touched her nose gently. "You can explain all you want once we're back home."

Without a doubt, Natalie knew that Samuel must have seen everything. However, he did not reprimand her despite the fact that he was obviously jealous. His high emotional intelligence attracted Natalie even more.

Her eye glistened with bliss, and she nodded.

Samuel embraced her affectionately.

Looking at the couple, Christopher's gaze was ice cold.

"Samuel, I didn't expect us to meet in such circumstances." He smirked devilishly. Hatred and disdain flashed across his eyes as he said, "Not only do we have the same insight when it comes to investment, but even our preference in women appears to be the same."

Samuel narrowed his eyes, his tone cold. "Well, I'm not stopping you from liking Natalie. But that doesn't mean you can harass her."

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Chapter 328 Arm Carry Or Piggyback

"It's my birthday party, and she promised to celebrate it with me," Christopher sneered. "Stop distorting the facts and making it sound as if I forced her to do anything. She's here because she wants to."

"Christopher Collins," Samuel sniggered, curling his lips, "It seems like messing up the negotiation for the mining project is not enough to display your incompetence. Now you're showcasing your inability to use accurate words as well."

The two men eyed each other antagonistically, fuming in anger.

Neither one of them was willing to back down.

While the two men were caught in a scrap, Natalie started feeling the effects of the alcohol. Her head spun, making her vision blurry and her hearing muffled.

She could not care less about what they were talking about. In fact, she could not even hear or see them clearly. She simply wanted to lie down and rest. Confused, she looked up weakly at Samuel and requested, "I-I want to sleep. I'm dizzy..."

Samuel's gaze suddenly softened.

"All right. Let's go home."

However, before Samuel could even bring her out, Christopher stopped him. "Excuse me. Natalie's here for my birthday. I'm the host, so I should be the one sending her home."

Samuel's expression hardened again in impatience. "She's staying with me, so it makes more sense for us to go home together. As for you, since you're the host, you should stay back and continue on with your birthday celebration. I'll take care of her."

With that, he shifted his gaze toward Natalie, completely disregarding Christopher. "Do you want me to carry you or do you want a piggyback ride?" he asked tenderly, patting her fringe.

Natalie did not answer, but opened her arms wide, gesturing at him. She felt it was more comfortable being in his embrace.

What should I do with you, eh? Samuel bent over and carried her in his arms as she wanted. Sometimes, he felt she really had what it took to make him feel helpless. She had low alcohol tolerance, yet she would never say no to alcohol. She would always have her way, and there was nothing he could do about it since

it was not like he could force his way on her. All he could do was clear the mess for her every time.

Now that Samuel was carrying her, she snuggled up cozily in his arms and locked her arms around him, closing her eyes restfully. Her behavior around Samuel was a complete flip of her rational self when she was talking to Christopher.

Their intimacy sparked hatred and jealousy in Christopher.

He was not aware that the two were already this close to each other. The pure thought of Natalie sleeping with Samuel every night maddened him so much his fists clenched so tightly veins started to pop up under his fair skin.

Samuel did not pay attention to him but went off with Natalie. Just as he was going around a corner, he ran right into Yara.

The woman glanced at Natalie, who was sleeping soundly in Samuel's arms. She was confused at first, but then her heart burned with envy and agony.

Doesn't he know what kind of a woman she is? He clearly saw Natalie with Christopher and what they did!

Why is he still so gentle toward her? His care, his love, and his tolerance of her behavior do not make sense at all. He should have ended things with her!

"Samuel..." she muttered. "You know she—"

"She's asleep," he said lowly and abruptly.

Yara swallowed her remaining sentence. She could only watch the man who once gave her hope of a happy life shower his love on another woman.

She was pained and exasperated.

So you want to pretend as if you didn't see anything? I'll remind you every time I see you then.

"You saw them hugging each other, right? Who knows what else they did?"

"That's enough, Yara," Samuel replied curtly. "Thank you for telling me where she is, but I'm not interested in anything other than that. I hope you understand."

Yara turned pale. Although he sounded courteous, she knew that what he said was a warning to her.

Samuel was warning her to not spew nonsense. If she did, she would be fully responsible for the consequences.

Yara could only watch Natalie receive all the love and care from Samuel. Nonetheless, she felt wronged.

She was the granddaughter-in-law that Kenneth acknowledged, while Franklin and Sophia called her their “mother,” but that was still not enough to win Samuel’s heart. He would rather choose a random ugly woman over her.

All her years of patiently waiting had amounted to nothing—and it was all because of Natalie.

That Natalie died, and now this Natalie is here to ruin my life again.

Yara had a growing sense of bad presentiment.

What if they are the same person? What if that Natalie did not even die, to begin with?

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Chapter 329 Tame Like A Rabbit

Back in the private room, Joshua was sitting with his legs crossed as he waited for Christopher to return.

I’m here to celebrate Chris’ birthday, but now that that girl is drunk, he left me all alone and went after her. Joshua lamented the loneliness of not having a partner himself. But what am I expecting? It makes sense that she is everything Chris thinks about. After all, he’s just one step away from getting the girl.

Now that he had asked Jeremy and the others to go home first, he figured he would just settle the bill and leave too. But before he could even stand up from the couch, the door was swung open, and there stood Christopher.

He seemed to be in a foul mood.

Hmm? What’s going on now?

Joshua observed his friend’s facial expression and asked slowly, “You came back... alone?”

Christopher did not say a single word. His gloomy and downcast face was enough to tell what happened. He sank into the couch and started pouring himself a drink before taking a shot.

Scenes of what happened earlier flashed before him.

She behaved so distantly and cold when she was around him, but she totally changed when Samuel was around.

She was as tame as a rabbit when she was with him.

It turned out that Samuel and he were meant to be competitors—both at work and in private—but this was not enough to put off Christopher.

Now that he felt he was challenged, he wanted to go all out.

I will see you crumble beneath my feet, Samuel Bowers. I will crush your company and I will take Natalie from you.

He gulped down another pint as Joshua watched him. The latter sat beside him and started drinking along with him.

"I don't understand," Christopher murmured.

"Huh?" Joshua looked at him, confused.

With his cheeks flushed and his head dizzy from the shots, Christopher asked, "Why... Why don't you like me?"

He drilled his gaze into his friend, waiting for an answer. Joshua swallowed hard. "Well, I'm straight. I'm not attracted to men."

"Stop your nonsense before I throw you into the river and feed you to the fish."

Joshua zipped his mouth shut.

He rubbed his nose timidly before reaching for the porcelain bottle Natalie left on the coffee table, but before he could touch it, Christopher had already grabbed it defensively.

"Come on, I just wanted to take a look."

"What if you break it? Can you afford to compensate my loss?"

Compensate your loss?

The heck? I'm like a brother to you! We grew up from the cradle together! Are you treating me like this just because of a woman?

Joshua could not understand his friend's behavior.

You're so dead, Chris. You've always been aloof and unfeeling, but now you're getting all mushy because of her. I bet she's a witch. She has you under a spell, and it doesn't seem like you can free yourself from her anytime soon.

Joshua stayed back and drank liberally with Christopher.

When they were finally done, Joshua helped him out of the VVIP private room. "Stay right here. I'll go get the car."

Christopher leaned against the door weakly, grunting in return.

Not long after Joshua went off, Yara, who was all wasted, also came out.

They bumped into each other, and their gazes met.

Who is she? She looks like Natalie...

Did you come back for me, Natalie?

Christopher's adam's apple bobbed in his throat. He stumbled as he approached her.

She's beautiful.

Her eyes, her nose, her lips, her features—her everything—they're perfect.

Christopher cornered her against the wall, squinting his eyes at her, his gaze fixated on her face.

Yara stared at him sheepishly without the slightest idea what he wanted with her, but soon, she sensed the desire and greed oozing from his breath.

See, not all men are like Samuel. Not everyone likes Natalie.

There's no way I'll lose to an ugly duckling like her.

The thought thrilled her. She felt excited. She closed her eyes as she lifted her chin, seducing Christopher to come closer.

The man leaned forward, answering her beckoning.

Christopher got a whiff of her perfume as their distance closed.

It was not the refreshing and faint scent he always craved, but this new scent was alluring and elegant nonetheless.

Yara waited for him to plant his lips on hers, but that did not happen.

She opened her eyes, only to meet Christopher's loathing ones.

A Cue for Love chapter 330

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Chapter 330 Unmasking

Yara could not wrap her head around Christopher's change of behavior.

I'm beautiful and attractive. I'm way better than that woman!

Yara had no feelings for Christopher, but making him want her was a statement of victory for her. She had to prove that she was worthy of love and attention too. Driven by such thoughts, she gave in to her drunken passions as she moved forward, wanting to kiss him.

A triumphant smile cracked on her lips as she threw herself at Christopher, but just as their lips brushed, the man pushed her aside abruptly.

She stumbled backward at the force and dropped to the ground.

"What do you think you're doing?"

"You," Christopher pronounced deridingly, "you're nothing compared to her."

With that, he turned and staggered away without looking at her again.

Yara felt a pang of pain on her ankle, but she could not care less. She was enraged.

Samuel loves her, and Christopher loves her too!

Who does she think she is? She came out of nowhere and stole their hearts. She's not even pretty!

Yara burned with jealousy and hatred.

I swear I will find out who you are, Natalie!

I don't care if you're my sister or not. I will see to it that you completely vanish from this world.

Yara stared into the dark cold night with her eyes brimming with resentment.

The autumn night appeared to be exceptionally cold for Yara as she dwelt in her resentment.

A chilly breeze howled through the night, ravaging through the trees and taking the dry leaves with it.

On the same cold night, Samuel was busy carrying Natalie down from the car. Feeling the sting of the wind, the woman snuggled in his embrace.

Her head moved around as she tried to find a comfortable spot.

Her subtle scent wafted through the cold air as strands of hair fell graciously on her cheeks.

Samuel's heart beat fiercely. He hugged her tighter as if he had his whole world in his arms.

He walked faster toward the mansion, afraid that she would catch a cold. Gavin had been waiting for Samuel's return ever since he left.

When the housekeeper opened the door, he saw Samuel carrying Natalie and was surprised.

He watched the young man grow up but never had he once seen him being so gentle. Samuel's actions were careful and light as if he was afraid Natalie would knock into something.

Since it was not something Samuel would ask him to help with, the housekeeper moved aside to make way for Samuel.

Samuel carried her all the way up to a bedroom on the second floor.

When Natalie felt she landed on a big soft bed, she moaned and opened her eyes slightly.

"Samuel..."

"Yes?"

A faint frown was stitched on his brows.

"Do you want to know my secret?" she asked, still drunk. Her index finger pressed against his thin lips as she continued, "I'll let you in on a secret, but you can't tell anyone about it."

She was usually tough and stubborn when she was sober, but now that she was acting meek, Samuel thought that he did not mind seeing this side of her at all.

He nodded solemnly.

Now that he promised his silence, she ran her fingers along her chin until she felt a slightly swollen spot. She peeled the side, revealing her face underneath the mask she had been wearing all this while.

"Actually," she said slowly, "this is my real face. I didn't tell you earlier because it's still not the time to do so yet."

She shifted her gaze toward him, looking at him attentively. "What do you think? I think I look much better than when I have the mask on. Don't you think you're lucky? This must be a pleasant surprise for you."

"Yes, it is," he replied without much emotion in his voice.

He already knew her secret a long time ago.

Unlike what she expected, he was not entirely glad about this revelation. He knew she let down her guard only because she was drunk. She would not have told him this secret otherwise. He knew she would put on her tough front again when she woke up tomorrow, and she would fight her battle on her own. She would never learn to depend on him a little.

He wanted to change this, but he did not want to force his way on her either, so the only thing he could do for her was to stay by her side, giving her all the love and support that she needed.

He was ready to put up an act around her until she was willing to open up to him.

He looked down at Natalie as the dim moonlight bathed her figure.

Her long black hair was spread out on the bed, forming a stark contrast with her porcelain and flawless skin.

Samuel gradually lost himself in her beauty as he gazed at her exquisite features.

His desire for her surged in his heart like a beast waiting to be unleashed. When he finally gave in to his aching impulses, he pressed his body against hers and kissed her parted lips.