

A Cue for Love chapter 511

On the other side, at Acapella.

Malcolm and Natalie were waiting in a private room as a woman in a figure-hugging gown filled their cups with tea.

“Natalie, there’s only two of us now. Can you take off the hyper-realistic mask you’re wearing? I’m not saying that you look ugly like this. It’s just that I’m not used to it,” Malcolm asked tentatively.

“Why did you bring this up so suddenly, Old Man?” she asked as her hand that was holding the cup of tea stopped midair.

“It’s just... This is your first time meeting your senior. Don’t you think it’s kind of inappropriate to show him a fake face?” the former stated.

A smile appeared on Natalie as she swirled the tea in her cup.

“Well, that really depends on my mood.”

Hearing that, Malcolm stayed silent. In the beginning, he liked having an apprentice who had an attitude. However, things were getting out of hand with each apprentice he had. Their attitude was going to be the end of him one day.

At night, Samuel arrived at Acapella once he was done with his work.

He wore a dark suit with sapphire cufflinks as his accessories. They were low-key but also luxurious at the same time, shining brightly as the light shone on them.

His broad shoulders and his devilishly handsome face would make any woman crazy.

On his way to the private room, he saw a woman who seemed to be the manager criticizing two other women wearing figure-hugging gowns.

“You’ve been working here for a month already, Cherine. How can you still serve our customers the wrong dish?”

“I’m sorry! I made a mistake. I’ll let the kitchen staff know to change it.” One of the waitresses kept apologizing, her eyes red and teary. She looked so pitiful that it could probably evoke the sympathy of anyone who saw her.

“That look of yours might work on a man, but it won’t work on me!” the manager said. “You better leave this place voluntarily if you make another mistake again.”

“I... I got it...”

At that, the manager pressed the doorbell and tended to the customer in the private room.

Samuel had witnessed everything but felt nothing toward what had just happened.

Besides Natalie, he was never one to be sympathetic toward others.

Cherine bit on her lips, and without caring if there was anyone behind her, she turned around.

The plate she was holding crashed into him in an instant.

The next second, the wine in her other hand spilled all over the man’s chest.

Seeing that she had caused trouble, Cherine reached out to try and wipe the wine off of Samuel. Right when she was about to touch him, the man grabbed her wrist.

“Who gave you permission to touch me?” Samuel spat coldly.

“I’m so sorry, sir. I didn’t do it on purpose! I- I just wanted to clean it up for you...” she explained frantically.

However, as Cherine lifted her head to look at Samuel, she froze on the spot. She was stunned at how handsome he was as she had never seen anyone like him before.

The man furrowed his brows and let go of her wrist. “There’s no need for that.”

Once he was finished speaking, he left for the restroom to clean himself up without batting another eye at her.

She glanced at her wrist which was now red from being grabbed earlier, but she didn't feel any pain at all.

Cherine kept her eyes on Samuel, watching him walk away until he was completely out of sight.

"That man is so handsome, Cherine," her colleague said as she nudged her with her elbow. "He's cold and aloof, but he didn't try to insult you for what happened either."

"Mmm-hmm."

Cherine nodded and finally understood what it was like to fall for someone at first sight.

"What are you still standing there for? Go get him a towel."

She was hesitant at first but nodded her head vehemently a second later.

Maybe God is playing favorites and is giving me a chance this time.a