

A Cue for Love chapter 876

Chapter 876 The Man In The Silver Mask Part One

The moan was so obviously seductive that even Natalie reacted with knitted brows.

The man who was holding her felt his Adam's apple bob at the sound, while his eyes were suddenly filled with raging passion.

"Excuse me."

Raising her eyes in a daze, she saw that it was the man in a silver mask.

The mask was custom-made and had unique carvings on it. Natalie instantly recognized it as the one in her memory.

"X-Xander?" Natalie mumbled, "Is it really you?"

When she was making a bet against Caleb, she had caught a glimpse of the silver mask. Thinking that it was her imagination, she didn't expect him to really be at Fullmoon.

"You have been drugged," Xander informed her in a raspy voice.

"Mmm-hmm." Natalie nodded instead of trying to put up a strong front.

Compared to whoever spiked her drink in the shadows, Xander was her last hope of getting to safety since he had rescued her once before.

Before Natalie had time to ask him for help, Xander had already threaded his arm around her waist and swept her off the ground.

"You!" Natalie was caught by surprise by how brazen he was.

"The drug is already taking effect. You won't be able to get out of here by yourself," Xander remarked calmly.

With nothing to rebut, Natalie kept her mouth shut.

At that moment, she could feel the burning heat emanating throughout her body with increasing intensity. Thus, she had to rely on whatever rationality she had left to suppress the lust raging in her.

Meanwhile, Xander's footsteps were strong and steady.

With her head leaning against his chest, she could feel every single heartbeat of his.

In fact, she felt as if she was in Samuel's arms amidst her grogginess.

Previously, he would carry me in his arms whenever I was in danger as if I meant the world to him. But now, he has left with another woman for her hometown and has abandoned me!

Due to a combination of the drug clouding her mind and the jealousy welling up within her, tears began to stream down the corner of her eyes.

Even though the man who was carrying me is a wonderful person, it doesn't matter at all, for he isn't the man I want!

Just like that, Natalie was brought out of the glitzy Fullmoon.

In the midst of her grogginess, Xander's subordinates were already fighting with the Stone family's men in an attempt to protect her.

Even though she had done nothing, Natalie had inadvertently become connected with the Stone family on her very first day in Loang. They were a family related to the royal family of Loang.

When they arrived at the car, Xander laid Natalie down in the backseat. Subsequently, Jesper turned around, "Mr. Bowers."

"What about the Stone family's men?"

"I've sent men to take care of them," Jesper replied efficiently.

"Send me to my accommodation."

"Right away."

As Natalie was feeling the full effects of the drug, she couldn't hear the conversation between Jesper and Samuel. In fact, she couldn't even feel his hands around her waist anymore despite all the contact their body was making.

"It's hot... hot..." Natalie grumbled. "H-Help me."

Other than expressing her discomfort, Natalie began to unbutton her top to reveal her flawless skin.

With his eyes turning bloodshot, Samuel barked at Jesper, "Raised the screen."

This is so exciting! Worried that he would be caught in the situation, Jesper said a prayer under his breath and frantically pressed the button to close the screen.

Once the screen was raised, the car's cabin was separated into two distinct spaces.

It was only then did Jesper heaved a sigh of relief.

However, Samuel wasn't that lucky. As Natalie's warm breath blew against his neck, it caused his Adam's apple to bob involuntarily.

A Cue for Love chapter 877

Chapter 877 The Man In The Silver Mask Part Two

Behind his mask, Samuel could still feel how seductive Natalie was.

Even when she was calm, she was brimming with sex appeal. But with the full effect of the drugs, she had become irresistible.

"You vixen," Samuel murmured through his gritted teeth.

Unable to clearly hear what he said, Natalie rolled herself over and sat on his lap. "What did you say?"

Samuel stared at her.

Her clothes were unkempt, while her watery eyes glistened in the light. At the same time, she would give her clothes an intermittent tug.

"It's so hot in here... I feel really uncomfortable... Save me..."

Even though he wasn't drugged, he could feel the lust welling up in him to the brink of explosion when she kept rubbing herself on him.

"Stop moving."

"It's so hot..." Natalie ignored what he said.

Unable to resist her charms, Samuel had no choice but to take out his tie and bind her hands with it.

Only when he made sure she couldn't free herself did he regain his calm. The next second, Natalie unexpectedly threw her bound hands around Samuel's neck and pulled him up to her face.

Given the proximity, both of their bodies were tightly pressed against each other.

“Stop moving! I’m burning to death from the heat right now!” With her mind overwhelmed by the drug’s effects, Natalie wasn’t aware of her actions or words. “I beg of you, please help me. The heat is just unbearable.”

Faced with Natalie’s pitiful pleas, Samuel’s unshakeable self-discipline was shattered.

“Who am I?”

“You...”

“Answer me, who am I?” He insisted on getting an answer from her.

Natalie’s vision had become nothing but a blur. All she could make out was the silhouette of a man.

Even though she had lost control of herself, she was still aware that the man with her couldn’t possibly be Samuel. Instead, it was Xander, who had his face disfigured.

“Xander... You’re Xander York.”

“Mmm-hmm, I am he.”

Once Samuel was certain that her senses were dulled, he took off his silver mask to reveal his chiseled face, deep obsidian eyes, distinguished-looking nose bridge, and sensuous lips.

His face showed no signs of burnt wounds nor disfigurement at all.

With his mask off, he could no longer hold back the complex emotions within him as he gave her a passionate kiss, as if her lips were smeared with poisoned honey.

Even though he was well aware of the risk of revealing his identity the longer he lingered, he couldn’t peel himself away after being intoxicated by her lips.

Both of them were extremely familiar with each other’s bodies, while their love knew no depths at all.

Boosted by the drug’s effect, their passion was ignited like fire to dry wood as they ravaged each other relentlessly.

Ten minutes later, their car arrived at Samuel’s accommodation in Yaleview.

Even though Jesper didn’t lower the screen, he was still cognizant of the intense session going on in the backseat.

Figuring that his legs would be numb from sitting if he waited for his employer to finish, Jesper decided to first alight to get a smoke. Just as the thought crossed his mind, the screen in the back seat gradually wound down.

Turning his head around, he saw Samuel with his mask removed.

“Mr. Bowers, your—”

“Do you remember my instructions to you today?”

“I remember.” Jesper nodded. “I should address you as Mr. York in public.”

“Mmm-hmm.” Samuel’s eyes narrowed as a vicious glint flashed in his eye. “She’s someone who’s as sharp and crafty as I am. Therefore, you cannot let down your guard in front of her. If you reveal the secret by mistake, I’ll not show you any mercy despite of how loyal you have been.”

A Cue for Love chapter 878

Chapter 878 The Man In The Silver Mask Part Three

Jesper’s nerves were frayed as he had never been chided so sternly before by his employer. “Yes! Understood!”

Samuel pushed the door open and carried Natalie, who was shrouded in his own coat, off the car.

Jesper approached in an eagerness to help but was stopped by the man. “Head on back and get the business with Fullmoon sorted out. Just make sure you do a tidy job of it.”

“I’d see to it right away!” Nodded Jesper in acknowledgment before he departed.

Samuel carried Natalie all the way inside the mansion and in habituated fashion, laid her out on the vast, plush bed. Then using his slender, cohesive fingers, he worked off the buttons on her clothes, one at a time.

Once liberated from her clothes, her ample curves and silky white skin became wholly exposed, subjecting her body to his scrutiny without the slightest of inhibitions.

He could feel the feral call of his inner beast, rattling precariously at the cages of his faculties of reason.

It is through bedding her that I could best bring pleasure to her, as well as to myself.

Then again, were he to really to give in to that impulse, what would be the purpose of all the quiet forbearance and careful deliberations he had cultivated before?

In the end, Samuel loosened the fingers on his tightly-wrung fists and donned that nipping metal mask next to him anew. Following that, he lifted Natalie off the bed and relocated her to the bathtub inside the washroom.

Without the foggiest idea where she had been taken, Natalie could only feel the chilliness of the walls of the tub that she found so oddly comforting.

In the next second, she was doused by the numbing water, beating down on her from the cold shower.

Hiss!

The quivering she did was not out from the cold but from release.

Opening her groggy eyes, she curled herself up into a ball while she immersed herself inside the icy bathwater, taking in the growing relief it was bringing to her burning body.

After soaking for over two hours, Natalie gradually shook off that gnawing sensation that blighted her and began to revert to her usual sensibilities.

Opening her eyes, she was startled by the fact that she was inside a bathtub full of frigid water.

Natalie clambered up from the tub. There were towels that were dry and clean on the rack, thoughtfully placed there alongside a change of clothing.

Who was it who helped me? Was it Xander?

Natalie narrowed her almond-shaped eyes, absorbed in her own thoughts, and dried herself off before she changed up.

She made a point of examining her own body but found no signs of violation on her own person. That went to show that Xander did not cross the line when attempting to offer her relief, and all that were used were some simple physiological cooling methods.

Silently, she exhaled.

Although she had fallen out with Samuel, it would be improbable that she might so easily give herself physically and emotionally to another man.

“This...” As Natalie regarded her own reflection in the mirror, only to discover her own lips spotted with teeth marks. “What the? Could it be that I bit myself when I was in serious discomfort?”

Or could it be from someone else?

Natalie massaged her own forehead as she tried to recollect that sequence when she lost control of herself, but try as she may, she was only able to conjure up bits and pieces here and there.

In those fragmented memories that featured that man, there was only his blurred profile. Conversely, it was her own wantonness that she had retained a stronger impression of.

Forget it. If I can't remember anything, then so be it. Natalie straightened out her own attire and stepped outside the washroom, only to see the man standing by the bedroom window.

Samuel's back was toward her, but even his rear profile could be so alluring to the senses, all on its own.

"Mr. York..." said Natalie apprehensively.

"Sobered up already?" When Samuel turned around, his face was still concealed behind the mask that radiated a gleaming frostiness.

Nodding her head, Natalie continued, "I was fortunate enough to get out of danger in Chanaea because I ran into you that time, and haven't the chance to properly thank you back then. This time, you have rendered aid to me once more in Loang as well. For that, I truly am grateful!"

Samuel regarded her without speaking,

"Are your word of thanks all I get for having saved you twice?" the man asked.

"Of course not." Natalie approached the man steadily and extended her own delicate hands. "My name is Natalie Nichols, director of Dream. There is no other way to put it, except that I am in your debt. Please ask whenever you or the York family are in need of me, and I promise to do my utmost as a measure of my own gratitude."

The sight of the lass' moisten and reddened eyes broke down his mental defenses and brought out the worst in him.

"What if I were to say that it is you that I want?"

A Cue for Love chapter 879

Chapter 879 The Man In The Silver Mask Part Four

Natalie's eyes narrowed sharply to a slit the instant his voice trailed off, and it took a while for her to compose herself.

“You have to be kidding me, surely. Am I right, Mr. York?”

“Did I give the game away?” Knowing that that might have exceeded her boundaries, Samuel accepted the opportunity she provided to backpedal.

“Whatever that was, I’m sorry to say that I wasn’t amused.” Natalie’s slender brows bunched up in seriousness. “I am quite sincere about repaying you, but may I ask that you not try to have a laugh at my expense? The affair of the heart is an extravagance that I can neither afford to deal with nor clamor after, ever again.”

Once bitten, twice shy.

That episode with Samuel had stung her so badly that just the very thought of it had her hurting.

Though Natalie’s visage was pretty much bereft of emotion, Samuel was nonetheless able to sense through his silver mask that she was merely putting on a brave front.

He wanted so badly to reach out and caress her lovely face, which made it a massive struggle for him to refrain from doing so.

“If you’ve nothing else for me, Mr. York, I shall like to take my leave.”

After extending a bow toward Samuel, Natalie about-faced and departed.

While Samuel watched her silhouette drift away from view, the knuckles that clung to his sides wound themselves so tightly that they started crackling.

By the time Natalie returned to her own place, it was already five in the morning.

The first thing she did when she got back in was to head upstairs to check on her five children. She could not help but be amused by the haphazard postures they had adopted on their own beds amidst their slumbering and collected herself enough to tuck in their little hands and feet tidily under the blankets.

Whatever frustrations she had endured prior dissipated as soon as she laid her eyes on that adorable quintet.

She could not resist smiling, for in spite of everything, there was the certainty of having a home wherever they were at.

The first light of dawn had already broken beyond the windows by the time she was done attending to the children, and since she was no longer fatigued, she decided to go downstairs to fix them some breakfast.

Though she had not even spent enough time in the kitchen to allow the dough to set, her own face and hair had already been peppered with flour all over.

As capable as Natalie was of many things, the talent for cooking did not count among these.

A careless thought of the disparity between that man's mastery of the culinary arts and her own lack thereof then snuck up on her. Akin to a fine needle of steel, it stabbed right into her heart.

As much as she had her mind made up about not thinking about him, those intrusive inclinations of hers kept barging in against her will. It was as though they had taken on a life of their own.

Would I be unable to accomplish anything without Samuel? She refused to allow herself to become convinced of that.

Using a pair of scissors, Natalie unsealed a pack of yeast with the intent of emptying its contents into the flour.

At that moment, Emma was in the process of wrapping an apron around herself. When she saw Natalie in action, she immediately called on her to desist, "Oh my, Ms. Nichols. What are you doing there?"

"Uh, adding the yeast?" replied Natalie, whose face had been caked a powdery white.

"What are you planning to make with that? Whatever would you need to pour in an entire bag of yeast for?"

"Bagels!"

"While it is true that you would need to add some yeast to the flour for bagels, you don't really need to use that much," Emma explained.

Natalie absolutely loved the bagels Samuel made and refused to entertain the notion that that was something she could not make for herself. Unexpectedly, she had no idea how to even get the dough right.

Damn you, Samuel Bowers! Allowing me to come this far without knowing how to cook to save my own life, only to leave me hanging like this?

Seeing Natalie with her lips tautly pursed, Emma thought that she might have sounded a little too critical. Therefore, she went on to offer up some words of comfort, "Have I misspoken, Ms. Nichols? Don't mind me. I'm an uncultured woman and don't know how to express myself well. Please don't be mad..."

“I’m not mad at you, Emma.”

“Then...”

“Admittedly, I don’t know how to cook very well, but I’d very much like to learn how to make some breakfast for the children. Would you be willing to teach me, or perhaps allow me to assist you?” Natalie was determined to learn what she did not know, even if she lacked the talent for it. She was sure that she should be able to get somewhere so long as she had the will to persevere.