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A Cue for Love chapter 327

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.

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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.

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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.

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“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.”

A Cue for Love chapter 328

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.

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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.

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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!

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“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.

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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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