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A Cue for Love chapter 331

Chapter 331 The Ideal Body Shape

When the first sunray woke Natalie up the next morning, she wondered why she still felt heavy-headed after one night of rest.

She guessed it must be because she had a low tolerance for alcohol. Despite knowing she could not hold her liquor, she still went overboard.

She grunted in discomfort and turned aside. When she opened her eyes, she saw Samuel, dressed casually in his grey pajama. The fabric hung loosely from his shoulder, showing his muscular and defined chest. He was watching her when she woke up, lying on his side with his head rested on his hand.

Natalie was stunned when she saw him.

The way he was looking at her was as if he was considering how he should savor his dessert after a scrumptious meal.

Natalie found herself at a loss for words.

She looked away, but Samuel grabbed her chin and turned her face toward him.

"Why can't you look me in the eyes?" he asked.

"It's not that I can't," she said, gazing at him. "I'm just not used to it."

"Well, get used to it then."

Natalie was thinking about how she should answer him when Samuel pulled his sleeping gown backward, showing more of his torso.

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What is he doing?

Natalie's gaze trailed down from his shoulder to his chest, and then his abs.

She could tell from his build that he worked out a lot.

While she was wondering why he was showing her this, Samuel took her hand and placed it on his chest.

The heat from his body radiated on her cold palm the moment they touched. Things suddenly became tense between the two of them, but Samuel was still able to command the situation.

It turned out that he could be patient if he wanted to. He guided her hand along his body slowly.

"Now, go down a little—"

"S-Stop," Natalie stuttered, her cheeks suddenly turning red and hot. "I don't want—"

"But I want to."

A teasing smirk broke out on his lips when he saw signs of embarrassment on her face. His grip tightened as he led her downward, stopping at the deep grooves of his Apollo's belt.

"W-What are you doing?" she stammered frantically.

He did not move an inch.

Natalie could feel his robust and strong muscles underneath her skin. It was obvious that he had the perfect body shape all men coveted.

Natalie held her breath. She dared not think about what would come next. She knew he had run his lips over every inch of her body, yet he did not push for the last act.

She could tell that he had restrained himself with all his might, but still, Natalie felt nervous thinking about what would happen if they stayed this way.

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Her heart fluttered in messy beats, but she was not the only one who was nervous. In fact, Samuel was even edgier as the tension intensified.

He knew that he wanted her badly, but he reminded himself that she was still having a hangover. He reckoned that she would be too weak for any intense sports.

Samuel curbed his impulses and did not bring things further.

Taking a deep breath, he pulled her hand away and straightened his gown. "I made some soup for you. It should help with your hangover. Do you want to have some?"

Natalie nodded.

She sat up and rested against a pillow on the bed as he passed her a thermos.

She opened it and started taking small sips.

The warm drink made her feel energized and well again.

When she was finally done, Samuel bent over to wipe away the stain on her lips. "So, didn't you say you were going to give me an explanation yesterday?"

"Well, I came to know Christopher when I was trying to win the bid for the dragonblood fruit at the auction. He was the one who directed me to the Todds at Livingsfill," she recounted. "So in a sense, I owe him one. That's why I agreed to celebrate his birthday with him. I wanted to return this favor." She stopped and looked at him earnestly.

She added, "I really didn't know what he thought about me before that. I swear I don't have any feelings for him."

Indeed, Natalie was not someone who would fall for a man easily, but when she did, she would never change her mind.

Now that she explained herself, Samuel was confident that she was telling the truth. However, there were still things that he was apprehensive about.

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"Nat, you need to stay away from him," he said severely. "It's fine if his feelings for you are genuine, but I'm just afraid that he's using you as bait against me. He knows how much you mean to me. So I'm sure he's thinking of using you as a pawn."

A Cue for Love chapter 332

Chapter 332 I Want You For My Birthday

"Am I..." Natalie probed unsurely, "this important to you?"

"Yes." Samuel caressed her face tenderly. "In fact, many people out there are aware that you are my weak spot, and I foresee more people will know about it in the future," he explained. "Those people who can't compete with me on ground level will turn to you. This means you might be in danger because of me," he added.

It would be good for Samuel if he did not have someone he loved dearly, but now that Natalie had taken a significant part in his heart, she would be his Achilles heel.

Samuel's enemies would readily turn to her and do harm to her just to get back at him.

"Are you afraid?" he asked.

Natalie shook her head before circling her arms around his waist. "There's no point in letting fear get to me. Besides, I doubt you would let me go even if I said I was."

"That's true indeed."

Samuel nodded lightly and pulled her against him tightly as if he wanted to become one with her.

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"It's my birthday next month," he reminded her.

"What do you want for your birthday?"

Natalie felt excited. She told herself that she had to give him a birthday surprise that he would remember for the rest of his life.

"I want you for my birthday." He inhaled deeply, enjoying her scent. "I don't need or want anything else."

"You want a person for your birthday?"

"Exactly," he reiterated.

"How can someone sound so confident when saying something so absurd?"

"Well, I'm simply asking for a birthday present. It's only natural that I'm going to sound determined." He chuckled. "By the way, I'm always confident."

He looked at her and felt a yearning for her again.

He tilted her chin and kissed her passionately without leaving any corner of her mouth untouched.

She tasted so sweet and soft that the more he kissed her, the more he wanted her.

When they finally broke apart, the two panted heavily, gasping for air.

Natalie stood up quickly and went on to have breakfast to run away from him. After having breakfast, the two went their separate ways.

Samuel went on to Centurion Corporation while Natalie headed over to Dream.

In the past, Natalie would only go to the company once or twice a month, but now that the company had to expand its business, and that it was in a full-fledged competition with Dexmed Pharmaceutical, she dived right into work and even stayed at her office for days.

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Over in the office, Natalie sat on the padded armchair while Yandel made himself comfortable on a plastic chair.

The six-foot-tall man sat at one corner of the office table as he worked away.

Natalie felt bad looking at him. "Yandel, why don't we change seats?"

"It's fine," Yandel said, rubbing his butt. "You can have that chair, Boss. I prefer the plastic one. It's better for my posture."

Natalie looked at him, wondering if she should insist. "All right, then."

She was well aware that there was no way a plastic chair would be more comfortable than a sofa chair.

Her heart warmed knowing that Yandel was showing her a gesture of kindness.

Seeing Yandel working with Natalie in the same office, Ross eventually came over to work with them at the same table as well.

Natalie glanced left and right at the two men. She felt grateful for them for showing her moral support. Their unwavering loyalty gave her more motivation to work hard in order to lead the team and the company to greater heights.

Regardless, lethargy kicked in after the three worked for some time.

Natalie stood up to have a stretch and went out of the office.

Her appearance made many other female employees jealous because she got to work with Yandel and Ross in close proximity. They actually had no idea who Natalie really was. In fact, Yandel, his secretary, and Ross were the only ones who knew about it.

When Jasmine saw Natalie, she clenched her fists in anger and jealousy.

Jasmine Olson was a young lady in her 20s. She graduated from Dellmoor University with a double Master's degree in finance and computer science. Not only was she highly educated, but she was also attractive and elegant.

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She had worked for the CEO for about half a year and had since grown fond of Yandel. However, the latter did not seem to take notice of her sentiment. He would not even look at her except for when they were talking about work.

At first, she wondered why Yandel was so cold to her, but after observing him for some time, she realized that this was how he treated other people as well, so she thought she still had a chance. But everything changed when Natalie came into the equation.

She would stay in the office with Yandel for more than ten hours, and everyone who went into the CEO's office to report on their work all came back saying that the CEO seemed to be very attentive to this woman. In fact, it was as if everything he did revolve around her.

Jasmine fumed with rage thinking about what Yandel and Natalie would do behind closed doors. The thought of them being lovey-dovey toward each other made her go crazy.

Now that there were only Natalie and her in the corridor, Jasmine went over to confront her.

"What are you doing with Mr. Moss every time you're in his office? Don't you think it's inappropriate for you to stay inside for that long? Do you even know what people are talking about you guys? I don't care about your image at all, but you need to think of Mr. Moss and the company at least."

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