

A Cue for Love chapter 511

Chapter 511 Who Gave You Permission To Touch Me

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.

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Chapter 512 Jealousy

The mysterious senior apprentice was late.

All Natalie could do was stay with her master and drink tea with him.

After a long while, she got up and left for the restroom.

At the end of the corridor, the men's and women's restrooms were opposite each other.

In the men's restroom, Samuel was washing off the wine stains at the sink, his eyes as cold as ice.

A woman with a great figure, who was wearing a gown with a slit at the side, handed him a towel.

Though her shapely figure looked really sexy, she had an innocent look on her face.

She looked innocent yet seductive at the same time. Any man would have fallen for her just by looking at her.

"Sir, your shirt is wet. Your hands are wet too. Why don't you let me help?" Cherine said.

Samuel's brows drew tightly together as he said icily, "Get lost."

Those words hurt her. She was the apple of everyone's eyes in her school. It was also due to her beautiful looks that she was able to keep her job at the restaurant.

She had full confidence in her looks.

What's more, she had fallen in love with him at first sight. The woman had never experienced such an obsession with someone in her life.

She refused to believe that the man wouldn't feel anything for her if she continued to please him.

"I've already apologized, sir. I just want to help you clean up. I will do a good job, and I'll make sure it'll satisfy you."

Cherine smiled and tried to press her soft body against his arm.

Right then, an arm appeared before her chest, blocking her from proceeding forward anymore.

Having been interrupted by Natalie, the woman glared at her and asked, "What are you doing?"

"I should be the one asking you that," Natalie said with a cold smile. "Are you really that desperate? He already told you to get lost, but here you are forcing yourself on him."

Anger boiled in Cherine when her intention was exposed.

"That's between him and me. It's none of your business, okay?" She studied the freckles on Natalie's face, and a hint of contempt flashed through her eyes. "Perhaps... Are you going to help him clean up if not me?"

At first, she thought that the latter would be rational and shut up obediently after hearing her words.

However, to her surprised, Natalie smiled and said, "That's exactly what I want to do."

Cherine was about to call her shameless. However, after giving it some thought, she decided that an ugly woman like her was just seeking trouble. With that thought in mind, she changed plans.

"All right, then. Here's the towel. Why don't you clean him up, then?" she challenged as she handed Natalie the towel.

The latter grabbed the towel and turned to look at Samuel.

She glared at him and sighed inwardly. He is nothing but trouble.

It's so troublesome that he's so handsome. I've only been away from him for a few hours, but he managed to find himself another admirer.

Samuel looked down at her. A slight smile hung on his lips at the sight of her being jealous.

Pouting, Natalie started to unbutton his shirt grumpily, revealing his well-toned muscles.

She lifted her hand and began wiping off the excess water on his chest with the towel.

The man could feel her cold fingers, and her hot breaths on his chest as she wiped.

The once cold and arrogant man became gentle in an instant in front of Natalie.

Not only did he not reject her, but he also opened up his shirt more so that she could wipe easily.

What?

Cherine would not have believed it if she hadn't seen it with her own eyes.

I've been pestering him and trying to help him, but he was cold and arrogant. His eyes were even full of disdain for me.

But not only is he cooperating, but he also looks like he's enjoying it when this woman with a face full of freckles is doing it.

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Chapter 513 Unworthy Contender

This is outrageous!

Humiliated, Cherine yelled indignantly, "Why would you let a woman like her wipe you down instead of me?"

Samuel took Natalie's tiny hand and pressed it to his chest. He scoffed, "Do you truly believe that you hold a candle to her?"

"W-Where do I fall short?" Cherine's confidence wavered under Samuel's cold gaze.

"From the top of your head to the bottom of your feet," Samuel replied, his eyes glinting with hostility. "Leave! I don't want you tainting the view."

Cherine could not believe the words that were coming out of the man's mouth.

Tears streamed down her cheeks, and she ran away, sobbing.

However, her hasty actions caused her to stumble over her own feet. Cherine wobbled on her stilettos and crashed onto the ground. Despite her mortification, she turned to peek at Samuel, hoping that he would be concerned for her.

Her heart shattered when she realized that Samuel did not even spare her a glance. She pathetically climbed to her feet and left with her tail between her legs.

"Let go!" Natalie struggled to free her hand from Samuel's strong grip.

"My shirt is still wet. Don't you want to continue to wipe me dry?" Samuel teased with a devilish smirk.

"No, thanks. My arm is sore," Natalie muttered, pursing her lips. Her zeal from moments ago was nowhere to be found.

Natalie quickly withdrew her hand when she felt Samuel's fingers loosen. However, the man's arm snaked around her slender waist, and he pulled her close.

"Are you still mad?"

"What's there to be mad about?" Natalie retorted.

"I swear that I didn't let the woman touch me; not even a graze!" Samuel defended himself.

"Don't worry. I know my boundaries, and I promise that I'm clean-"

"Samuel, what in the world are you saying? Who cares whether you're clean or not?" Natalie interrupted. Contrary to her harsh words, a warmth spread through her heart.

Samuel knew that Natalie had experienced multiple counts of betrayal in the past, so he was on a mission to shower her with love and give her the security she had been deprived of.

Samuel's gaze riveted on Natalie's delicate face. His Adam's apple bobbed as he swallowed.

Oh no. What should I do?

The desire to kiss Natalie consumed him.

Samuel gently nudged Natalie's nose as he leaned in closer to capture her lips with his own. However, Natalie's hand shot up to intercept his advances, and the kiss landed on her palm.

"No!" Natalie exclaimed frantically. "I have an appointment with someone important today. My lips are already swollen from the kiss this afternoon. I wouldn't be able to explain myself if it swells more!"

"Someone important?" Samuel echoed as he arched an eyebrow.

"Yes." Natalie nodded in affirmation. The friendship between apprentices who share the same master is as strong as a familial bond. My senior is practically my brother.

Samuel's face clouded over.

"Is the person you're meeting male or female?" he interrogated.

"A male."

The words had barely left Natalie's mouth when Samuel's lips descended upon hers.

The kiss seemed to carry a hint of vengeance.

Since she doesn't want her lips to be kissed swollen, I'll do exactly that! Let it be a warning to that man that this woman is taken, and that he should stay away from her.

"Mm..."

The kiss was so intense that Samuel's teeth broke Natalie's skin.

A long while later, Samuel released Natalie with a self-satisfied grin that rivaled that of a Cheshire cat.

"I have to meet someone too." Samuel traced a finger down Natalie's nose and cautioned, "Don't take off the hyper-realistic mask for no reason. Call me when you're done, and I'll come to pick you up."

With that, Samuel promptly left.

Natalie stood rooted to the spot, gasping for air as she reeled back from the kiss.

This man is way too domineering!

Meanwhile, Samuel strode into the private room he had reserved.

Malcolm, who was nodding off from boredom, immediately perked up at the sight of Samuel. "Samuel, here!"

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Chapter 514 Playing With Fire

"Master," Samuel greeted, his expression stony as he gave Malcolm a curt nod.

Malcolm waved a hand at him. "Don't look so cold later. Just look at that face of yours! You'll scare off your junior!"

"My face has always looked this way."

Malcolm narrowed his eyes and warned, "I'm not the only one who has a soft spot for your junior. Donna and the rest of the rest adore her as well. If you dare bully her, none of us will go easy on you."

"I'm not interested in my junior in that way." Samuel took a seat and poured himself a cup of tea. "If you're thinking about setting me up with her, I advise you to give up early on," he said impassively.

“Save the talk about giving up till you see her.”

“No need for that,” Samuel shot back without a second thought. The corners of his lips quirked upward as he continued, “It doesn’t matter if she has the beauty to overturn nations. I won’t have that sort of intent toward her.”

His confident statement was the first thing Natalie heard when she entered the room.

A shiver ran down her back when she caught sight of the man’s familiar profile. My senior is Samuel? This is too much of a coincidence. It’ll be a waste if I don’t use this opportunity to tease him!

Samuel’s unexpected appearance sparked Natalie’s playful side once she recovered from the initial surprise.

“Master, since my senior has no interest in me, why do you still insist on setting us up?”

Natalie’s eyebrows moved expressively as she spoke, and her lips curved into a half-smile as she approached the men. “It’s not like this senior is the only guy left on earth! I’m sure my other seniors are brilliant as well, and other masters are bound to have a few outstanding apprentices too.”

Malcolm’s expression shifted drastically upon hearing her declaration. He shot to his feet and began to console Natalie, “T-This guy has no idea what he’s talking about. Don’t take it to heart!” He was worried that Samuel’s words had hurt Natalie’s feelings.

After comforting Natalie, Malcolm turned to jab a finger in Samuel’s face as he berated, “That mouth of yours overshadows all the good in you! Your foolishness just ruined all of my hard work!”

Samuel followed Malcolm’s gaze to see Natalie standing by the door.

His fingers tightened involuntarily around the teacup when he registered her presence.

Tea sloshed about in the cup as the teacup shook from the sheer force of his grip.

“Which outstanding person did you want Master to introduce you to?” Samuel asked, his menacing tone matching his darkened face.

Natalie could tell that her statement had triggered Samuel's jealousy, but she did not retract her words and instead continued to poke the bear. "My other seniors, of course. Well, anyone but you, really. Didn't you just say that no matter how beautiful I am, you wouldn't be interested in me?"

"Watch what you say," Samuel warned as his eyebrows drew together tightly.

"I was just repeating what you said. What's wrong with that?" Natalie continued to goad, refusing to back down.

"You're playing with fire."

"And what about that?"

Anxiety seized Malcolm as he watched his beloved apprentices leap at each other's throats at their very first meeting.

Malcolm recognized that Samuel had started the argument with his ugly remarks and reprimanded, "Samuel, just look at what you did! So what if you're not interested? Did you really have to go and be so rude? Can't you speak nicely? If you continue to bully your junior I'll chase you out of this place!"

Samuel felt like he was about to explode from anger as he watched Natalie hiding behind Malcolm. She peered at him over Malcolm's shoulder and feigned innocence.

Samuel stood up from his seat, walked toward Natalie, and wrapped an arm around her waist.

His possessiveness was palpable as he trapped Natalie in his embrace.

Left out of the loop, Malcolm thought that Samuel was trying to take advantage of Natalie and spluttered angrily, "You b*stard! What are you trying to do to Natalie?"