

# A Cue for Love Chapter 677

## Chapter 677 How Dare You

Martin hurried over the moment he received the news from Yara. As he expected, he saw someone lying on the ground when he got to the escape route on the twelfth floor.

He thought that this operation had failed, but when he saw a woman covered in blood as she lay in the corner, unconscious and weak, his face lit up in wicked glee. "I have no idea she would be here! I looked high and low for her, but couldn't find her. I almost thought-

"Thought what?" a female voice cut him short. She tidied her messy hair and sneered at him. "I handed her to you on a plate, and yet you lost her. You're so useless."

"It's not like you don't know how sneaky she is," Martin replied with a vicious grin. "I made sure her hands and legs were securely tied up before I went to shower. God knows she would slip away right under my nose?"

"Whatever. I found her just now, so make sure you don't lose her again," she answered, crossing her arms before her chest. "You'd better watch her closely now that she fooled you once. I don't want you screwing up again, else you wouldn't even know how you'd end up dying in her hands."

Martin knew from the bottom of his heart that Yara had no respect for him; yet, he understood that what she said was all true.

"Don't worry about it. There won't be a second time." Martin squinted his eyes as he eyed the unconscious woman nearby vehemently. "Natalie made me a joke in front of the Jacksons. I'll see to it that everyone in Dellmoor sees her downfall even if I have to die."

"I'll hold you to your word then," she said before taking one last look at him.

With that said, she turned swiftly and vanished behind the emergency exit door.

However, before she could walk any further after she closed the door behind her, a pang of stinging pain shot through her head.

The woman applied pressure on her wound with her hand, only to feel a touch of dampness on her hand.

Her steps halted, and she took a breather. She shook her head, trying to pull herself together. Then, she put on her sunglasses before walking out of the hotel with her head held high.

Over on the other side, Martin hauled the unconscious woman back into the hotel room he prepared.

When he had stripped her bare, he started taking naked photos of her.

Halfway through his debauched act, the unconscious woman came back to her senses. When it dawned upon her that Martin had his camera directed at her private parts, she struggled to break free, groaning in an almost inaudible and muffled tone. "Mm... Mm!"

Her retaliatory moans did not come across clearly. She widened her eyes like saucers, glaring at Martin as if she would rip him into pieces if she were free.

When Martin saw her resisting persistently, he put his phone away and went up close to her. "You're mine now, Natalie Nichols. No one is going to save you now, but don't you worry. We have all the time we need to make sure you have a memorable night," he teased, baring his vulgar teeth at her.

"But before that, let me take a few photos to commemorate this moment before I send them out. I wonder what people will say when they see all these lewd photos. I hope they're not appalled by how slutty you look."

"Mmm... mmm!"

Yara retorted in fury when she heard this.

Why is he calling me Natalie? I'm Yara!

What is he going to do to me? He doesn't even have a penis! How dare he take off my clothes and take all those pictures? Don't tell me he's so blind he can't recognize me.

Her hateful and deterrent glare drilled through Martin as she looked at him. The truth was, she was more incensed than she was fearful. What Martin was doing to her sullied her dignity.

You'd better let me go right now before I skin your alive! You'll regret the day you were born when I get back at you!

Despite all her struggles, Martin still made his advances. He grabbed her face and pulled her closer. "How dare you look at me like this, Natalie Nichols? You're no more than a whore!"

## A Cue for Love Chapter 678

### **Chapter 678 What On Earth Happened**

"Hmph!" Yara shrieked, lowering her gaze as she tried to hint at Martin to take off the tape on her mouth.

"Why? Do you have something to say?" Martin pressed his coarse fingers brutally against her cheeks.

Yara recoiled at his touch.

Now that she was unclad, Martin's touch felt particularly disgusting to her, but since he refused to peel off the tape, there was no way Yara could speak to him, so she could only watch the brutish man have his way with her.

I must stop him! I must tell him I'm not Natalie!

"Hmm... mmm!"

Yara kept nodding her head, hoping this would mean something to Martin.

The latter ran his fingers on her face, rubbing the edges of the tape. Just as she thought he was about to take it off, he withdrew his hand, much to her horror.

“Mmm!”

What does he think he’s doing?

Can’t you see I’m not Natalie? You idiot!

Yara’s defiance only further stimulated Martin. He took up the camera again, teasing, “I know you’re a sly fox, Natalie. I won’t let you get away a second time. You’re all mine tonight, so you should stop thinking about getting away from me. There’s still more to come. This is just foreplay.”

Yara’s body flinched when she heard Martin calling her Natalie again.

What is going on?

Why is he calling me Natalie?

Don’t tell me he mistook me for her. What is going to happen to me? Is he going to do to me everything he planned on doing to Natalie tonight?

No!

Yara jerked back, mustering every morsel of strength in her to break free, but the chains on her limbs were cuffed securely on the bed poles.

Clang!

The metal chains clattered as she moved violently, but there was no way a frail woman like her could undo them. The flesh on her wrists became red after constant friction, but her efforts were in vain. The fetters were still fastened tightly, locking her body to the bed.

“Hmm!”

Yara was starting to lose it.

Ever since Natalie rendered Martin impotent, he had not been able to gratify his sexual desires. This made him even more perverted and horny. He had long made plans to vent his pent-up hatred and frustration on Natalie tonight.

Back when he confided in her regarding his reprisal plan, Yara was smug, but now that these ploys were used on her, Yara could not even bring herself to imagine what would happen to her.

The earlier confidence and arrogance she displayed were nowhere to be seen at that moment. Terror seized her as she imagined the worst.

A crooked smile broke out on Martin's face as he thought of wreaking sweet revenge on Natalie. "Stop struggling, woman. No one will hear you. The walls are all soundproofed here. You need to reserve some strength for what's to come next. Don't tire yourself out."

Tears streamed down Yara's cheeks as the gravity of the moment sank in.

There was nothing she could do to free herself.

All she could do now was swear at him and get back at him when everything was over. She told herself she would hold Martin accountable for all he did to her.

Doubt coupled her wrath toward that man as Yara awaited her inevitable fate.

She could not help but wonder what made him take her for Natalie, but what happened next did not allow her the luxury of pondering the answer to her question.

Martin put down the camera and took up the whip beside him, and a long and arduous night commenced for Yara.

She was so agonized that red veins bulged in her eyes; yet, she could only accept Martin's barbaric acts helplessly like a puppet at his maneuver.