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## A Cue for Love Chapter 731

### **Chapter 731 Far From Being Fully Satisfied**

Natalie wanted to escape, but his kisses were so urgent and passionate that she had no way of avoiding them. There was a brief moment when they broke away, giving her the chance to escape. However, he was only giving her a moment to catch her breath. It was not long before he continued kissing her, robbing her of her breath again.

That night, there was no rest for either of them.

By the end of it, she was exhausted and felt like she was in a daze. We did it more than twice, but he doesn't seem the least bit tired! On the contrary, he seems to be getting more and more addicted to it!

Meanwhile, Samuel was oblivious to the thoughts running through Natalie's mind as he gently stroked her black hair. In truth, his thoughts were the complete opposite of hers. He was far from being fully satisfied!

It seems as if my desire for her is only growing by the day. I feel like I'm losing control when I'm in this state, yet the feeling is utterly addictive. It makes me want to love her even more. What should I do?

He had never felt that way with any other woman, and the woman who made him go crazy for her was not able to keep up physically. In the end, he could only sigh as he hugged Natalie close to him, reining in the insatiable desire within him and forcing himself to calm down.

While they shared a hot and passionate night, things were strained and awkward for Yara and Thomas over at the hospital as they were in the middle of a fierce argument.

Yara flung a bottle of saline onto the floor. The bottle shattered, splashing the liquid everywhere.

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Glaring at Thomas in rage, Yara demanded furiously, "Where did those voice recordings come from?"

"I don't know! I really have no idea!" Thomas wailed, covering his ashen face miserably. "I've thought about it long and hard, but I still can't figure out how those recordings could've come about! I'm not good at many things, but I'm not so dumb as to let someone get their hands on something that could be used against us."

"You don't know? You don't know anything! And yet you dare to come and ask me!"

Yara was infuriated. I thought the press conference would deliver Natalie a crushing blow, but the plan backfired in my face, and I was the one who wound up losing! If not for those voice recordings, everything would've gone according to my plan!

She clutched the quilt on the hospital bed tightly, digging her nails so deep into it that she left five scratch marks on it.

Inadvertently, she caught sight of the expensive Patek Philippe watch on Thomas' wrist.

"That watch... Did you just buy it?" Yara asked hoarsely.

Thomas' expression froze as he clutched the watch, and he did not say anything for a long time.

"Look at the situation we're in! Are you still going to keep things from me at a time like this?" Yara demanded icily. Thomas could hardly breathe when he saw the cold and ruthless look in her eyes.

"I..." His mouth opened and closed a few times. Finally, he revealed, "Yeva gave it to me."

"Your mistress?" Yara fixed her gaze on the watch and added, "We'll soon find out whether there's anything wrong with the watch once we get someone to check it."

As morning dawned, Yara headed to the apartment where Yeva lived with the Patek Philippe watch in her hand.

Yeva was soon rudely awakened by the sound of the doorbell ringing incessantly. She was already starting to show a little, and she put her hands over her baby bump as she climbed

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out of bed. At the same time, she could not help grumbling, "It's not even light out yet! What's with the ruckus? That's not the sound of someone ringing the doorbell. It sounds more like they're trying to summon the dead!"

She descended the stairs to the first floor and walked to the front door. When she opened the door, she saw Yara standing in front of her, wearing a flaming red dress.

The latter had also applied heavy makeup to her delicate features, concealing her tear-stained face and dark circles. It made her look much more mature and gave her a domineering air.

Yeva was Thomas' mistress, so she knew about Yara.

She looked at Yara in surprise and stammered, "Yara... H-How did you—"

But before she could finish her sentence, Yara raised her hand and slapped Yeva hard across her face. The sound rang out in the air, crisp and clear.

Slap!

Yara struck Yeva so hard that the latter nearly stumbled.

Holding a hand up to her burning cheek, Yeva felt her anger flare within her. "Since you knew how to find me, you must also know about my relationship with your father. I'm going to be your stepmother in the future!"