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A Cue for Love chapter 877

Chapter 877 The Man In The Silver Mask Part Two

Behind his mask, Samuel could still feel how seductive Natalie was.

Even when she was calm, she was brimming with sex appeal. But with the full effect of the drugs, she had become irresistible.

“You vixen,” Samuel murmured through his gritted teeth.

Unable to clearly hear what he said, Natalie rolled herself over and sat on his lap. “What did you say?”

Samuel stared at her.

Her clothes were unkempt, while her watery eyes glistened in the light. At the same time, she would give her clothes an intermittent tug.

“It’s so hot in here... I feel really uncomfortable... Save me...”

Even though he wasn’t drugged, he could feel the lust welling up in him to the brink of explosion when she kept rubbing herself on him.

“Stop moving.”

“It’s so hot...” Natalie ignored what he said.

Unable to resist her charms, Samuel had no choice but to take out his tie and bind her hands with it.

Only when he made sure she couldn’t free herself did he regain his calm. The next second, Natalie unexpectedly threw her bound hands around Samuel’s neck and pulled him up to her face.

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Given the proximity, both of their bodies were tightly pressed against each other.

“Stop moving! I’m burning to death from the heat right now!” With her mind overwhelmed by the drug’s effects, Natalie wasn’t aware of her actions or words. “I beg of you, please help me. The heat is just unbearable.”

Faced with Natalie’s pitiful pleas, Samuel’s unshakeable self-discipline was shattered.

“Who am I?”

“You...”

“Answer me, who am I?” He insisted on getting an answer from her.

Natalie’s vision had become nothing but a blur. All she could make out was the silhouette of a man.

Even though she had lost control of herself, she was still aware that the man with her couldn’t possibly be Samuel. Instead, it was Xander, who had his face disfigured.

“Xander... You’re Xander York.”

“Mmm-hmm, I am he.”

Once Samuel was certain that her senses were dulled, he took off his silver mask to reveal his chiseled face, deep obsidian eyes, distinguished-looking nose bridge, and sensuous lips.

His face showed no signs of burnt wounds nor disfigurement at all.

With his mask off, he could no longer hold back the complex emotions within him as he gave her a passionate kiss, as if her lips were smeared with poisoned honey.

Even though he was well aware of the risk of revealing his identity the longer he lingered, he couldn’t peel himself away after being intoxicated by her lips.

Both of them were extremely familiar with each other’s bodies, while their love knew no depths at all.

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Boosted by the drug's effect, their passion was ignited like fire to dry wood as they ravaged each other relentlessly.

Ten minutes later, their car arrived at Samuel's accommodation in Yaleview.

Even though Jesper didn't lower the screen, he was still cognizant of the intense session going on in the backseat.

Figuring that his legs would be numb from sitting if he waited for his employer to finish, Jesper decided to first alight to get a smoke. Just as the thought crossed his mind, the screen in the back seat gradually wound down.

Turning his head around, he saw Samuel with his mask removed.

"Mr. Bowers, your—"

"Do you remember my instructions to you today?"

"I remember." Jesper nodded. "I should address you as Mr. York in public."

"Mmm-hmm." Samuel's eyes narrowed as a vicious glint flashed in his eye. "She's someone who's as sharp and crafty as I am. Therefore, you cannot let down your guard in front of her. If you reveal the secret by mistake, I'll not show you any mercy despite of how loyal you have been."

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A Cue for Love chapter 878

Chapter 878 The Man In The Silver Mask Part Three

Jesper's nerves were frayed as he had never been chided so sternly before by his employer. "Yes! Understood!"

Samuel pushed the door open and carried Natalie, who was shrouded in his own coat, off the car.

Jesper approached in an eagerness to help but was stopped by the man. "Head on back and get the business with Fullmoon sorted out. Just make sure you do a tidy job of it."

"I'd see to it right away!" Nodded Jesper in acknowledgment before he departed.

Samuel carried Natalie all the way inside the mansion and in habituated fashion, laid her out on the vast, plush bed. Then using his slender, cohesive fingers, he worked off the buttons on her clothes, one at a time.

Once liberated from her clothes, her ample curves and silky white skin became wholly exposed, subjecting her body to his scrutiny without the slightest of inhibitions.

He could feel the feral call of his inner beast, rattling precariously at the cages of his faculties of reason.

It is through bedding her that I could best bring pleasure to her, as well as to myself.

Then again, were he to really to give in to that impulse, what would be the purpose of all the quiet forbearance and careful deliberations he had cultivated before?

In the end, Samuel loosened the fingers on his tightly-wrung fists and donned that nipping metal mask next to him anew. Following that, he lifted Natalie off the bed and relocated her to the bathtub inside the washroom.

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Without the foggiest idea where she had been taken, Natalie could only feel the chilliness of the walls of the tub that she found so oddly comforting.

In the next second, she was doused by the numbing water, beating down on her from the cold shower.

Hiss!

The quivering she did was not out from the cold but from release.

Opening her groggy eyes, she curled herself up into a ball while she immersed herself inside the icy bathwater, taking in the growing relief it was bringing to her burning body.

After soaking for over two hours, Natalie gradually shook off that gnawing sensation that blighted her and began to revert to her usual sensibilities.

Opening her eyes, she was startled by the fact that she was inside a bathtub full of frigid water.

Natalie clambered up from the tub. There were towels that were dry and clean on the rack, thoughtfully placed there alongside a change of clothing.

Who was it who helped me? Was it Xander?

Natalie narrowed her almond-shaped eyes, absorbed in her own thoughts, and dried herself off before she changed up.

She made a point of examining her own body but found no signs of violation on her own person. That went to show that Xander did not cross the line when attempting to offer her relief, and all that were used were some simple physiological cooling methods.

Silently, she exhaled.

Although she had fallen out with Samuel, it would be improbable that she might so easily give herself physically and emotionally to another man.

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"This..." As Natalie regarded her own reflection in the mirror, only to discover her own lips spotted with teeth marks. "What the? Could it be that I bit myself when I was in serious discomfort?"

Or could it be from someone else?

Natalie massaged her own forehead as she tried to recollect that sequence when she lost control of herself, but try as she may, she was only able to conjure up bits and pieces here and there.

In those fragmented memories that featured that man, there was only his blurred profile. Conversely, it was her own wantonness that she had retained a stronger impression of.

Forget it. If I can't remember anything, then so be it. Natalie straightened out her own attire and stepped outside the washroom, only to see the man standing by the bedroom window.

Samuel's back was toward her, but even his rear profile could be so alluring to the senses, all on its own.

"Mr. York..." said Natalie apprehensively.

"Sobered up already?" When Samuel turned around, his face was still concealed behind the mask that radiated a gleaming frostiness.

Nodding her head, Natalie continued, "I was fortunate enough to get out of danger in Chanaea because I ran into you that time, and haven't the chance to properly thank you back then. This time, you have rendered aid to me once more in Loang as well. For that, I truly am grateful!"

Samuel regarded her without speaking,

"Are your word of thanks all I get for having saved you twice?" the man asked.

"Of course not." Natalie approached the man steadily and extended her own delicate hands. "My name is Natalie Nichols, director of Dream. There is no other way to put it, except that I am in your debt. Please ask whenever you or the York family are in need of me, and I promise to do my utmost as a measure of my own gratitude."

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The sight of the lass' moisten and reddened eyes broke down his mental defenses and brought out the worst in him.

"What if I were to say that it is you that I want?"

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