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## A Cue for Love chapter 879

Chapter 879 The Man In The Silver Mask Part Four

Natalie's eyes narrowed sharply to a slit the instant his voice trailed off, and it took a while for her to compose herself.

"You have to be kidding me, surely. Am I right, Mr. York?"

"Did I give the game away?" Knowing that that might have exceeded her boundaries, Samuel accepted the opportunity she provided to backpedal.

"Whatever that was, I'm sorry to say that I wasn't amused." Natalie's slender brows bunched up in seriousness. "I am quite sincere about repaying you, but may I ask that you not try to have a laugh at my expense? The affair of the heart is an extravagance that I can neither afford to deal with nor clamor after, ever again."

Once bitten, twice shy.

That episode with Samuel had stung her so badly that just the very thought of it had her hurting.

Though Natalie's visage was pretty much bereft of emotion, Samuel was nonetheless able to sense through his silver mask that she was merely putting on a brave front.

He wanted so badly to reach out and caress her lovely face, which made it a massive struggle for him to refrain from doing so.

"If you've nothing else for me, Mr. York, I shall like to take my leave."

After extending a bow toward Samuel, Natalie about-faced and departed.

While Samuel watched her silhouette drift away from view, the knuckles that clung to his sides wound themselves so tightly that they started crackling.

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By the time Natalie returned to her own place, it was already five in the morning.

The first thing she did when she got back in was to head upstairs to check on her five children. She could not help but be amused by the haphazard postures they had adopted on their own beds amidst their slumbering and collected herself enough to tuck in their little hands and feet tidily under the blankets.

Whatever frustrations she had endured prior dissipated as soon as she laid her eyes on that adorable quintet.

She could not resist smiling, for in spite of everything, there was the certainty of having a home wherever they were at.

The first light of dawn had already broken beyond the windows by the time she was done attending to the children, and since she was no longer fatigued, she decided to go downstairs to fix them some breakfast.

Though she had not even spent enough time in the kitchen to allow the dough to set, her own face and hair had already been peppered with flour all over.

As capable as Natalie was of many things, the talent for cooking did not count among these.

A careless thought of the disparity between that man's mastery of the culinary arts and her own lack thereof then snuck up on her. Akin to a fine needle of steel, it stabbed right into her heart.

As much as she had her mind made up about not thinking about him, those intrusive inclinations of hers kept barging in against her will. It was as though they had taken on a life of their own.

Would I be unable to accomplish anything without Samuel? She refused to allow herself to become convinced of that.

Using a pair of scissors, Natalie unsealed a pack of yeast with the intent of emptying its contents into the flour.

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At that moment, Emma was in the process of wrapping an apron around herself. When she saw Natalie in action, she immediately called on her to desist, "Oh my, Ms. Nichols. What are you doing there?"

"Uh, adding the yeast?" replied Natalie, whose face had been caked a powdery white.

"What are you planning to make with that? Whatever would you need to pour in an entire bag of yeast for?"

"Bagels!"

"While it is true that you would need to add some yeast to the flour for bagels, you don't really need to use that much," Emma explained.

Natalie absolutely loved the bagels Samuel made and refused to entertain the notion that that was something she could not make for herself. Unexpectedly, she had no idea how to even get the dough right.

Damn you, Samuel Bowers! Allowing me to come this far without knowing how to cook to save my own life, only to leave me hanging like this?

Seeing Natalie with her lips tautly pursed, Emma thought that she might have sounded a little too critical. Therefore, she went on to offer up some words of comfort, "Have I misspoken, Ms. Nichols? Don't mind me. I'm an uncultured woman and don't know how to express myself well. Please don't be mad..."

"I'm not mad at you, Emma."

"Then..."

"Admittedly, I don't know how to cook very well, but I'd very much like to learn how to make some breakfast for the children. Would you be willing to teach me, or perhaps allow me to assist you?" Natalie was determined to learn what she did not know, even if she lacked the talent for it. She was sure that she should be able to get somewhere so long as she had the will to persevere.

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