

A Cue for Love Chapter 920

One drink follows another.

Sitting amidst the noise, Natalie was drinking quietly while trying to suppress the longing she felt for Samuel.

It isn't fair. Why is he allowed to discuss marriage with Luna in Greenview while I'm stuck here thinking of him?

When she recalled how Samuel risked his life repeatedly for her and all the sacrifices he had made, she realized that the harder she tried to forget, the more vivid those memories became.

"That jerk... This pisses me off!" Natalie mumbled with her eyes narrowed.

After finishing her drink, she ordered three more with a wave of her dainty hand.

Noticing how pretty Natalie was and the fact that she had drunk her cheeks red, the stall vendor reminded her, "Miss, you look a little tipsy. Do you want to tone down on the alcohol?"

"No." Natalie looked up and flailed her hand. "I'm not drunk."

Upon hearing her answer, the vendor had no choice but to serve her another three beers.

Once she downed them all, Natalie felt the alcohol's effect kick in. She then sprawled on the table before drifting into sleep.

Meanwhile, Samuel, who was observing her close by, took off his mask once he was certain that she was knocked out. He proceeded to settle the bill on her behalf before carrying her on his back.

While he was doing so, his actions jolted her awake. After stretching herself subconsciously, she snorted to express her displeasure.

Nonetheless, the familiar warmth and scent of Samuel's body prevented her from fully waking up. As he gave her a piggyback ride, her arms instinctively wrapped around his neck.

Just like that, he carried her into the back seat of the Rolls-Royce Phantom.

Jesper, seated in the driver's seat, threw both of them a glance. No longer surprised by the sight, he routinely wound up the screen in between the two sections to give them their privacy.

Samuel then placed her in his arms before letting her head rest on his chest.

She never fails to make one worry, as drinking without restraint by herself is just inviting trouble. Does she assume that I'll always appear to save her?

He had wanted to teach her a lesson so that she would learn how to be more vigilant.

But in the end, he realized he just couldn't bring himself to do it.

Giving her a cautious embrace, Samuel let out a sigh. The emotions that filled him were so complex that he couldn't discern any of them. It wasn't lost upon him that he was tip-toeing dangerously on the edge of discovery. In the event she woke up halfway, his disguise would be exposed.

Nevertheless, he couldn't stop himself from leaning in and allowing his lips to fall upon hers.

His initial intent was to stop after getting a taste. But the moment their lips made contact, he craved for more.

Suddenly, Natalie opened her dreamy eyes, allowing Samuel's face to come into view.

"S-Samuel..."

Her words caused him to freeze.

It did cross his mind that she would wake up, but he didn't expect it to actually happen. What should I tell her if she demands to know why I lied? Should I continue making excuses, or should I just tell her the truth that my days are numbered?

Samuel's lips pursed, and his pupils constricted as the question tormented him.

Just when he was torn over the issue, Natalie closed her eyes again and broke into a self-deprecating pout. "I... I must be drunk to be hallucinating that he's right in front of me."

As her words echoed through his mind, Samuel couldn't help but feel a squeeze in his heart while throwing her a gut-wrenching look.

After hearing her bare her soul under the influence of alcohol, he wondered if he should feel delighted or disappointed.

Staring at her sleeping face, Samuel was mesmerized by it for a long while. But in the end, he put his mask back on and reverted to his character—Xander York, the man who had his face burnt in a fire.

Lacking the courage to go further with Natalie, he simply tightened his embrace over her.

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“Mmm...”

Feeling intoxicated, Natalie drifted in and out of consciousness.

Samuel, with his arms wrapped around Natalie, felt as if he was holding his entire world within his arms.

However, thinking about the message sent to him by his son ignited a whiff of jealousy within him.

Even though he was the one who hurt and left her, his possessiveness over her didn't diminish one bit, especially when it came to the way Natalie and Jerome interacted. The tacit understanding they shared with each other seemed to be seared into their soul.

Holding that thought, Samuel felt as if something had pierced his heart, eliciting a painful yet bitter sensation.

“Jerome... Who is he to you...” Samuel's voice was so deep that one could hear the hoarseness coming from the bottom of his throat.

“What?”

Upon hearing Jerome's voice being mentioned, Natalie peeked out underneath her eyelids.

“Why are you... asking about Jerome?”

The familiar manner in which she brought up his name brought a sullen look upon Samuel's face.

“Who is he? How much does that man mean to you?” Samuel’s voice was low as he continued. By the time he finished, his teeth were tightly clenched.

Natalie snorted in laughter. “Jerome’s like a brother to me. The kind where we’re joined at the hip. Since I don’t have a younger brother, I treat him as such. Whoever dares to bully him would feel my wrath! However, he’s now all grown up and has even become a major general. Hence, h-he no longer... needs my protection... anymore.”

Despite being drunk, Natalie still had the presence of mind to answer logically, albeit in broken sentences.

Upon learning that Natalie saw Jerome as her brother, Samuel couldn’t help but curl his lips. Even if Jerome had feelings for her, she, at the very least, saw the relationship as platonic.

When something dawned upon him all of a sudden, Samuel gave her pinkish cheeks a pinch.

“Ouch!” Natalie purred just like a kitten.

“Remember, no matter how close you are to him, there’s always a line to be drawn,” Samuel demanded.

No sooner had he finished than he realized how unreasonable his request was. Cognizant that he had no right to place restrictions on her, he added, “A-At the very least, don’t cross the line while I’m still alive.”

Squirming in discomfort, Natalie pursed her lips without reply.

“Did you hear me?”

“Shut up... I’m really sleepy...”

Just when Samuel wanted to give up, he heard a sudden mumble from her.
“Mm-hmm, I hear you.”

Caressing her face with his hand, Samuel peered into her eyes. Beyond the affection and desire in his gaze was his love for her.

“D-Don’t go...”

Suddenly, Natalie awoke from her dreams and noticed that she was lying in her bed.

Although there wasn’t a hangover, she instinctively rubbed the back of her head due to the grogginess she felt.

“Ms. Nichols, are you okay?” Emma asked in concern as she came over.

“I’m fine. I just need a while.” Natalie shook her head.

“All right, I’ve prepared oatmeal porridge for breakfast. You’ll feel better once you have some.”

“Mm-hmm.”

After regaining her senses, Natalie realized the last thing she remembered was drinking at the road stall. Subsequently, she couldn’t recall how she got home and figured that it was probably because she was drunk.

She couldn’t help but ask, “By the way, Emma, how did I come back?”

“The vendor of the stall you were eating at got a taxi to send you.” Emma added with a smile, “Furthermore, he was sensitive enough to get you a female driver due to how late it was. The driver was very professional and even helped me support you all the way up here.”

"I see..."

Tightening her grip on the sheets, Natalie felt that something was amiss.

Female driver? Why do I vaguely remember being hugged and kissed by a man? Furthermore, it felt as if the man was Samuel himself! What the f*ck is going on? Can it be that he's all that I can think of now?

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Meanwhile, Jerry, with his sling bag over his shoulder, was humming an upbeat tune as he returned to the Jones residence.

Even though he had left the cattery for some time, the thought of all the fluffy kittens inside filled him with unbridled longing.

The instant he reached home, he rushed toward Olivia's room with excitement, hoping to share the news of his recovery with her.

"Olivia, I have wonderful news for you."

In contrast to Jerry's delight, Olivia sat listlessly by the side, her brows tightly knitted. She had a light-colored wool blanket draped over her swollen legs.

Looking up, Olivia asked in an indifferent tone, "What is it?"

"Olivia, I'm no longer allergic to cats." Recalling the sensation when he touched their fur, he added in an innocent tone, "It never occurred to me that real cats feel entirely different from stuffed toys."

Expecting her to be happy for him, he was taken aback by her snarky response.

"How is that possible?"

"It's true!" Jerry explained. "After petting the cat for a long time, I didn't have an asthma attack nor feel any discomfort at all."

"Jerry, you touched a cat today?" Olivia's eyes widened in anger as she reprimanded, "Stop fooling around! Does everyone's advice not matter to you at all?"

Jerry was baffled by the sudden outburst. "Olivia, I'm not messing around and am telling you the truth. Nothing bad happened after I touched the cat. With my asthma gone, I, too, can live like an ordinary person without the need to worry about everything."

"Jerry Jones!" Olivia barked. "And yet, you claim that you're not messing around? You might be lucky just that once. What happens if you have a serious attack the next time?"

"I won't! I'll recover!"

Olivia pressed on, "What gave you such confidence?"

"My faith in her!"

"Her?" Olivia had found the source of the issue. "Who's she?"

"I don't want to tell you." Jerry turned his face away.

"Is it the slut dressed in the bunny costume who was trying to seduce you? Did you meet up with her?" Olivia narrowed her eyes as she spouted the vilest words she could think of.

"Olivia, how many times have I told you that you can't speak of her that way!" Jerry defended Natalie by reflex when he remembered how she had helped him. "Not only does she have impressive medical skills, but she's also not as bad as how you're painting her out to be. On top of that, she has never done anything that would cross the line with me."

Olivia refused to accept his explanation. Instead, she was fixated only on one thing.

Her!

“Just as I expected.”

As she tightened the grip on the woolen blanket covering her legs, Olivia’s eyes brimmed with hatred.

First, it was Ammy in the morning, and now, Jerry in the afternoon. This is too much of a coincidence. I’m just worried that she’s luring both men into a trap.

In response to Olivia’s silence, Jerry frowned. “Olivia, it’s wrong for you to be biased against her.”

Unexpectedly, Olivia flipped open her woolen blanket to reveal her badly swollen ankles.

“She was the one who did this to me.” A vicious glint flashed in her eye as she spoke. “While putting on smiles in front of the men, she shows her true colors when she’s among women. After Ammy was tricked by her, the same is happening to you too!”

“Could there have been a misunderstanding?” Jerry refused to believe that Natalie was someone capable of hurting his sister.

“Pfft.” Olivia snorted. “Do you now see it? Even you have been taken in by her. I’m your sister, for goodness sake, and you’d rather believe her words over mine?”

“That’s not what I meant—”

“What do you mean then?” Olivia thundered, “Jerry, as your sister, I would never harm you. Hence, I forbid you from listening to anything that despicable woman says. More importantly, stay away from her. Do you understand?”