

A Cue for Love chapter 683

Chapter 683 I Confused You With Someone Else

It turned out that Yara did not return to the Nichols residence after that. Instead, she booked another room for herself.

Although Martin was physically incapable of doing any harm to her, what happened to her was still harrowing since he confused her for Natalie and tortured her.

The damage she suffered physically was one thing, but the emotional trauma she had to endure was so tormenting that it broke her.

Yara kept herself intact all this while, so it went without saying that what did Martin ruined her.

After she got into this hotel room, she had been scrubbing herself clean over and over again, hoping that she could rub away the filthiness she felt all over her body.

When she finally had had a break and went on the internet, she realized all the news about her was not as disastrous as she imagined.

Just as she was thinking about who was the one who helped her, Samuel came appearing at her door.

His arrival brought her to tears, and she started choking.

"Samuel... I knew it... I knew you would reciprocate my feelings for you after all these years..." she sobbed, her voice soft and coy.

Then, she started explaining herself for the fear of Samuel thinking she was disgusting.

"Samuel, Martin is actually impotent, so we didn't actually do anything," she said hastily. She badly wanted this to work out since Samuel had taken the first step. "I can prove to you my virginity if that's what you want. I mean it!"

Seeing Samuel did not respond to her entreat, she started taking off her sleeping gown, but before she could untie the knot, Samuel reeled back.

“So it’s you,” Samuel exclaimed, his gaze suddenly filled with detest. “I’m sorry, but I’m not interested in you at all. Stay away from me.”

There was abhorrence written all over his face.

In fact, Samuel was already wiping his clothes clean which Yara had touched them earlier.

“Samuel... What’s going on?”

Yara could not believe her eyes. It was obvious that Samuel cared for her from his reaction when he saw her just now. However, she could not understand why he had suddenly changed his attitude toward her.

“Why? Why are you doing this to me? I thought you helped me!”

“I have mistaken you for someone else,” Samuel replied curtly.

With that said, Samuel left without even looking back at her.

“Samuel!” Yara cried out behind him, her hands clinging to the door. “Please! Come back! Don’t leave me!”

Samuel could hear her clearly, but he was fixated on staying away from her.

Yara, who experienced both joy and grief within a split second, dropped to the floor and broke down in tears.

So he took me for someone else?

Who else could it be?

It finally occurred to her that Samuel had helped her simply because he thought Natalie was the one who was pushed into the eye of the storm.

That was why he could put everything he had at stake to clamp down that scandal.

“Natalie, Natalie, Natalie! Why is it always her?” Yara screamed in agony. She covered her ears in disbelief as she lamented her fate. “I love him more than you do and I’ve been with him for longer than you do. Why is it that he’s so cold toward me?”

Yara bawled her eyes out and started wailing.

“I will get him back! I don’t believe I’ll lose to you forever!”

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Chapter 684 An Urgent Need

Samuel felt relieved as he walked out of the hotel.

A smile curved on his lips as he thought about how clever Natalie was.

He figured she must have set Yara up and even put all the trackers on Yara just so Samuel would deal her the final blow.

“Ha!”

Natalie’s wit and victory completely changed Samuel’s mood. He felt both proud and intrigued by her intelligence.

He wondered how things would turn out eventually, but on second thought, he started feeling Natalie was not completely out of danger yet.

Why didn’t she pick up my call if she’s fine? Why didn’t she go home?

The frown on his brows resumed.

"Billy, I want you to send someone to look for Natalie."

"Right away, Mr. Bowers."

"Find Yara if you can't locate Natalie," he added.

Billy was surprised, but he did not ask any questions. "Sure."

Samuel had established an underground network using his connections in Dellmoor, so all Billy had to do was give an order and send out pictures of Natalie and Yara, and a thorough search began.

On the same night itself, Samuel received news.

"Yara is now in a motel," Billy reported. "She went over after she left Imperial Hotel yesterday night. She never left since then."

"Give me the keys to her room," Samuel commanded.

"Mr. Bowers..."

"Do you have a problem with that?" Samuel questioned.

"No, Mr. Bowers."

Billy proceeded to negotiate with the keeper of the motel and he retrieved the keys Samuel wanted.

After they arrived at the motel, Samuel asked Billy to wait for him downstairs, while he went in ahead with the keys.

It was a rugged motel. The cracks on the walls and wooden staircases revealed its age. Despite being an old place, it was far from being unkempt.

Samuel knew that Yara would never come to a place like this. Only Natalie would.

When he reached the room, he opened the door straight with the keys without even knocking.

A woman in a shiny gown was lying asleep on the bed when he entered.

The zip on her back was half unfurled, revealing a part of her fair skin underneath.

Waves of black hair strayed on the sides of her face so Samuel could not see her features clearly. However, he could not be any surer that it was her with just a glance.

"Nat," he whispered, stepping closer.

Natalie had been semi-unconscious ever since she hit the bed. The impact on her head was a huge blow to her, and she had not fully recovered from it. When she heard someone beckoning her, she rubbed her eyes, mumbling, "Water... I want some water."

Samuel darted his gaze around the room. Water.

When he spotted a bottle, he grabbed and uncapped it before taking a gulp himself. Then, he pressed his lips against hers so she could drink from him.

Natalie was parched. When she felt water on her lips, she sucked on it greedily.

Her reaction stunned Samuel. He had no intention of doing anything other than giving her a drink, but when her soft lips brushed against his in desperation, he could not hold it in any longer.

There was a constant voice in his head asking him to take her there and then.