A Cue for Love chapter 467

Chapter 467 Abortion

Natalie's lips parted in fear.

Before she could even say a word, Samuel had already forced a kiss on her.

The kiss was so demanding and aggressive as if he was asking for more.

Natalie's legs started to feel weak. She stumbled backward toward the showerhead.

When Natalie's back hit the valve, she tried pushing herself away from it, but only ended up turning on the valve.

Water started pouring down on them.

"Shoot, I'm getting wet."

Natalie wanted to get away, but Samuel paid no heed. All he could think about was kissing her.

Samuel was already half-naked, so he did not mind getting wet again.

Natalie's dress was all soaked through and it became almost transparent. Samuel was aroused when he saw this.

Five hours elapsed in the shower as Samuel gave in to his desires and took her over and over again.

When they finally came out again, it was already midnight.

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Natalie was so spent that she was lying in Samuel's arms.

When she went into the shower, she did not expect Samuel to pounce on her.

It turned out that this was what he wanted when he was not in a good mood.

She felt that Samuel was way more aggressive than usual as if he was punishing her for something.

Natalie long black hair flowed down her back like a train of a tapestry. It formed a striking contrast with her fair skin.

Samuel's fingers roamed thirstily down her spine as his burning gaze looked at her for more. If it weren't for the fact that she was so worn out, Samuel would not have let her off the hook that easily.

Samuel never once thought he was such a petty man, but he tended to be unforgiving when it came to anything related to her.

Natalie was exhausted after a long night of work, so she fell asleep in his arms.

On the other side, Thomas was having a hard time trying to figure out how to recover from his losses.

Yeva felt guilty about getting him into trouble, so she thought hard about how to make it up to him.

She snuggled beside him and started drawing circles on his chest with her finger, but when Thomas thought about how he lost all the money, anger seized him and he shouted, "Get lost!"

He pushed her aside right after. "I told you that piece of rock has potential, but you said that it was too ugly. I would have owned that imperial jade if it weren't for you!"

"It's true that I said that, but you're the one who decided not to buy it! You can't just put all the blame on me!"

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"Yeva Jacobs, is this how you talk to me?"

"It's the truth!"

Thomas was peeved as he thought about the tens of millions he lost. He badly needed to vent his anger.

Slap!

Yeva just stared at him in disbelief.

"I put up with you for years without even asking to be your wife, and this is how you treat me? How dare you do this to me just because you lost some money? I'll go to the hospital and get an abortion tomorrow! We're over!" she shouted, standing up from the couch.

Thomas panicked when he heard this.

"What do you mean? You're pregnant?"

"Yes, I am! The doctor said it's a boy!"

"Why didn't you tell me earlier? Honey, I'm so sorry. I shouldn't have done that to you. I don't care about the money at all. It's nothing compared to the baby we have."

When Thomas found out that he was finally getting his lifetime wish fulfilled, he showed a total change of attitude. All he wanted now was the child.

He apologized to Yeva and promised to buy her presents just so she changed her mind about the abortion.

After Thomas left her place, he sat in his car toying with his phone, contemplating something. Before long, he scrolled down his contact list and called a number.

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Chapter 468 The Mysterious King

The call took quite a while to connect, and when it finally did, a modified male voice came through the receiving end. "Hello—"

"Sorry for disturbing you so late, King." As much as Thomas was someone who had been around, he nonetheless remained exceptionally cautious when dealing with the one who he was on the phone with. "It's me, Thomas Nichols. I've something that I would like to ask for your help with."

The man hailed as "King" did not respond immediately and, instead, quietly waited for Thomas to state his business.

"I lost over one billion to stone-gambling today."

"And?" King asked nonchalantly.

Thomas gasped, and could only fess up. "Recently, I've also acquired a piece of property and exhausted Dexmed Pharmaceutical's liquidity in the process. Dexmed may face cash flow issues should this situation remain unchanged and may become insolvent as a result."

"Are you compelling me to intervene by using threats here, Thomas?"

"You've misunderstood, King! How would I dare think about doing such a thing?" Thomas' wizened face was mired in a cold sweat while he fawned, "If not for your help some twenty years ago, Dexmed Pharmaceutical would have remained in the hands of the Bayer family, so I've always kept your generosity close to my heart."

He continued, "All these years, I've kept Dexmed Pharmaceutical's enduring traditions going while secretly conducting all kinds of experiments at the side on your behalf. But if the

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company was to implode just like that, I fear that it may be unable to continue to serve your purposes in the future."

Not once in these twenty years had Thomas ever met with King, for all of their communication had been realized exclusively through encrypted voice calls.

In spite of this, Thomas was never in any doubt of the tremendous influence King wielded.

Back in the day, he had seen for himself how his own father-in-law met his tragic demise in an "accident" for refusing to perform trials on the human body for King.

Jennie should have been the most ideal replacement after Arnold's passing, but seeing her go off with the children to live in seclusion in the countryside led Thomas to set his own sights on Dexmed Pharmaceutical once more. That was when he fell headlong into working for King.

Over the years, he had done many things for King that contravened regulations, chiefly in the form of unethical drug trials and human experimentation.

Thomas' intentions for mentioning these were not out of an attempt to coerce King, but a desire to demonstrate his own loyalty in a bid to win the latter's support.

"Indeed, even if you cannot claim much credit, you do deserve some recognition for your efforts," said King with general indifference. "I'll help plug the hole in your finances, but know that this would be a one-off and also, for the last time. Do you understand?"

Thomas nodded furiously.

"Yes. Yes. I'll continue to abide by your directions."

"It so happens that there's going to be a neural control experiment coming up. The request for the test sample will be sent to your inbox shortly, and it must be completed within a period of three months."

"Understood!"

Before King hung up, Thomas could not refrain from airing his own concerns.

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"This young man Yandel has proven himself to be quite a handful, King. At this rate, Dream's development would sooner or later surpass Dexmed Pharmaceutical's."

"Is Yandel Moss, or is it the person behind him, who's really a handful?"

"What do you mean by that, King?" Thomas sounded confused.

"Ha," King scoffed. "So you haven't actually figured out who it is that you're really up against. How on earth did someone as dull as you manage to father such a brilliant daughter?"

With that, King disengaged, leaving only the hollow humming of the voice changer's static behind him.

My daughter, brilliant?

Thomas had three daughters this lifetime, namely Natalie, Yara, and Melissa.

Natalie perished in a fire five years ago. Melissa is arrogant and impulsive. Could King be referring to Yara? How did King come to know her? Inferring from King's tone, might it be possible that he takes a liking to her?

For a moment, Thomas felt deeply conflicted. Although Yara is Jennie's daughter, taking her in and raising her had to be the best decision I've ever made. Perhaps, she might become my biggest pillar of support in the days to come.