A Cue for Love chapter 145

Chapter 145 Samuel Becomes A Nanny

Samuel knew it wasn't practical for him to let Natalie fall asleep in her current state. However, before he could even clean her up, he knew he had to take a cold shower first. In fact, it took more than three showers for the ice-cold water to finally quench the lust he was experiencing.

Samuel couldn't recall when was the last time he felt so sullen and disappointed. He was literally on the brink of fulfilling his desires when his plan was thrown askew simply because of her period. The very thought of having to rely on cold showers to calm himself down only made Samuel shake his head wistfully.

He returned to the bedroom and lifted Natalie up into his arms. With that, he headed back to the bathroom and placed her gently in the bathtub full of warm water.

Immersed in the warm water, she moaned lazily and slumped defenselessly against the side of the bathtub, almost as if she was inviting Samuel to continue making his advances.

This woman clearly isn't in full possession of her faculties... If she continues with such behavior, it means that I've drenched myself with icy cold water for nothing...

Samuel didn't drag his feet. He knew that the more time he stayed in the bathroom, the more torturous the entire process would be for him. He moved with haste and, after cleaning Natalie up, he wrapped her snugly in one of her towels with panda prints. Once that was done, he carried her back to the bedroom.

It wasn't difficult for Samuel to find clothes to dress her in. He merely opened a few drawers to get everything he needed. However, the problem was in finding the sanitary pad she

needed. After searching the room to no avail, he knew he had no choice but to head out and buy it.

He then headed down and bumped into Billy, who was idly smoking a cigarette while leaning against the Rolls-Royce.

"Sir, are you heading back to the Bowers residence?" asked Billy as he extinguished his cigarette.

"I'm not heading back." Samuel glanced briefly at Billy before he added, "I need you to get something for me, Billy."

"Sir, what do you need?"

As Samuel stared at Billy, he struggled to say the words and soon gave up on asking Billy to get the sanitary pads. Given that Billy had been with him since the age of seventeen and had yet to have a single girlfriend, Samuel doubted that Billy knew any better regarding such matters.

"Forget it," stated Samuel.

"Sir, what's the matter?" asked Billy in a concerned tone, his curiosity piqued.

"Why do I have to start explaining myself to you?" asked Samuel as he raised his eyebrow questioningly. "Take the car and head home. Come over at eight in the morning tomorrow to send me to work."

He is staying over at Natalie's tonight, so the thing he mentioned earlier must be condoms? That explains why he was speaking so hesitantly just now. It all makes sense now!

Under the impression that he completely grasped the situation, Billy didn't dare to speak any further and drove off in the Rolls-Royce.

Once Billy had gone, Samuel walked to the convenience store nearby. He initially assumed that getting sanitary pads would be a cakewalk. However, he couldn't help but frown upon seeing the diverse assortment of options available at the store.

Thin and soft? Refreshing and thin? Comfortable and worry-free? What's going on here?

As Samuel stood before the shelves, his eyebrows only furrowed more with each option he picked up.

"You've been here for quite some time, young man. Are you getting this for your girlfriend?" asked a portly middle-aged woman dressed in the uniform of a store assistant.

Girlfriend?

Samuel's lips curled into a faint smile as he nodded his head in reply.

"That's very thoughtful of you! Not only are you handsome, but you also dote on your girlfriend a lot. She's really lucky!" exclaimed the woman. Actually, the woman wasn't so friendly toward all her customers. She was merely drawn by Samuel's good looks.

She continued, "Is your girlfriend's skin sensitive?"

Her question caused him to recall how Natalie had reacted to his touch moments earlier, and he couldn't help but feel a sense of sudden warmth creep up his neck as he mumbled, "She's... Very sensitive..."

Upon hearing his reply, the woman reached up and grabbed the best-selling sanitary pads from the shelf. As she handed it over to Samuel, she said, "You should get this one for her."

"I'll get this one then. Thank you!"

He handed the woman a banknote and left.

When he returned to Natalie's home, Samuel saw that she was still in deep sleep. Hence, he gently lifted her off the bed and proceeded to help her put on a new sanitary pad, just like a nanny.

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Chapter 146 Face Flushed

Natalie woke up from a hangover.

Upon waking up, she felt dizzy and thirsty.

"Sweetheart, can you pour me a glass of water?" she asked with her eyes closed.

Before long, a bottle of water was passed to her.

As she had not had a sip of water for the whole night, Natalie finished the whole bottle of water quickly.

Still lying on the bed, she said sullenly, "Sweetheart, thank you for taking care of me. I should not have drunk so much alcohol. My actions are worse than a five-year-old child..."

"I'm glad that you're aware of that." A cold voice rang all of a sudden.

Hearing that, Natalie, who felt groggy, became clear-headed immediately.

Isn't this my house? Why did I hear Samuel's voice?

"Samuel, why are you in my house?" Natalie stared at him anxiously. "How did you enter here? M-My dress..."

Quickly, she lifted her blanket. Only now did she realize that someone had helped her change into her pajamas. Besides, that person also helped her change her underwear and sanitary pad.

Shocked, she gritted her teeth and asked, "Did you help me change?"

"Who else?" Samuel replied. With a cold stare and the corner of his lips raised, he continued, "Did you expect Xavian to help you with all these?"

"You-"

"I know that he is your son, but I think it is better if I help you do it. Do you agree with me?" he asked back.

When she heard the question, her face turned red. She could not argue with what he had just said.

Even though I feel shameful because he helped me with my clothes, it would be even worse if Xavian were the one who helped me.

After understanding the whole situation, she uttered, "Thank you for helping me last night."

"You want to thank me, huh?" Samuel eyed her with a smirk on his face. "Tell me. How do you want to repay the debt of gratitude?"

She gaped. Not surprised at her reaction, he continued, "If you can't think of a way to thank me now, you can compensate me in the future. I'll record everything you've owed me."

While he was talking to her, she could not help but feel that they would continue to be in each other's lives indefinitely.

However, a voice in her head kept reminding her that she should cut ties with him. If she failed to do so, she would not be able to leave him anymore.

Knock! Knock! Knock!

Suddenly, they heard someone knocking at the door. At the same time, Xavian's voice could be heard. "Mommy, are you awake? I've prepared your favorite dish for your breakfast!"

"Excuse me," said Natalie as she sat up on the bed. Joyfully, she turned to Samuel. "I have to wash up now. My son has prepared breakfast for me."

Right after she finished her sentence, Xavian's voice rang again. "Mr. Bowers, please stay and join us for breakfast too! I have prepared yours as well!"

"All right," replied Samuel.

"Mr. Bowers, I will wait for you."

Natalie was dumbfounded.

Although my sons look cute, they have strong personalities. They seldom treat people that nice. I can't believe Xavian is treating Samuel so pleasantly.

After they freshened up, Samuel and Natalie sat at the table in the dining room.

Minutes later, Xavian placed their breakfast in front of them. Then, he set the cutleries on the table.

When they started eating, Xavian cupped his face in his hands while he happily stared at both of them.

They look like a match made in heaven! If Clayton is here with us for breakfast, everything will be perfect.

As Natalie noticed that Xavian was staring at her face, she became anxious. Did something go wrong with my hyper-realistic mask? Why is Xavian looking at me like that?

With that thought rising in her mind, she immediately put down her fork and rushed toward the bathroom.