# A Cue for Love Chapter 843

Α	Cue for	Love	Chapter	843	Painful	Delig	ıht
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Samuel came out of his study a moment later and saw Justin and Natalie in conversation.

"What are you two chatting about?" Samuel asked with a frown.

Justin's expression appeared unnatural while Natalie replied smoothly, "He's asking me for advice on treating his weak kidney."

Justin silently stewed in injustice, yet he could only swallow his pride to conceal their secret. I don't have weak kidneys; I just have a stupid big mouth!

Since Samuel and Justin had more things to discuss regarding their work, Natalie headed off to the nursery to check on the five children.

They had not seen her in some time and were naturally all over her when she arrived.

Natalie felt a twinge of regret for not coming to see them sooner. Consequently, she stayed with them in the nursery until they fell asleep.

"Good night, Mommy!"

"Night night, Mommy!"

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"Good night, Mommy!"

A chorus of childish voices wished her good night, and Natalie's heart swelled with an indescribable sense of happiness.

When Natalie returned to her bedroom, she saw Samuel standing on the balcony with a lit cigarette between his slender fingers.

She deliberately crept toward him quietly like a kitten, tip-toeing forward until she was right behind him. Then, she wrapped her hands around his waist and hugged him from behind.

As Natalie relished the comforting sensation of his broad and powerful back, she buried her face into it, taking in the faint minty scent of his body.

"Nat," Samuel called out huskily.

She initially cringed when he first called her by this pet name. Yet, at that moment, she found the name extremely seductive when uttered by his lips.

Her lips involuntarily curved into a smile when she thought of his preparations for a surprise proposal.

Still, I promised Justin I wouldn't say a word. I'll keep his secret and pretend I don't know a thing.

Meanwhile, Samuel's large hand closed over hers and moved it away from his waist.

Natalie stared at her hand blankly, unsure of what Samuel planned to do. Amid her confusion, Samuel's lips met hers in a kiss without warning.

She could not help but moan.

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He was smoking earlier, and the taste of his cigarette lingered in his mouth.

Suddenly, his kiss inexplicably grew intense and urgent. It felt as if he was desperately trying to devour her through the kiss.

Gradually, Natalie surrendered herself to him and slowly moved back into the room.

Eventually, she had nowhere left to go and fell back-first into the large bed in the room.

Thankfully, the bed was soft enough to cushion Natalie's fall. Samuel caged her in with his body a second after she lay down.

The contrast between the soft bed against her back and Samuel's warm, solid chest against her front was almost too much for her to bear. She felt as though electricity was coursing through her veins.

"S-Samuel?" Natalie uttered while staring at her man with a pair of sparkling eyes.

Samuel thought her eyes were so beautiful they could blind him.

Without sparing her a chance to catch her breath, Samuel seized her lips in a kiss, swallowing the words on the tip of Natalie's tongue.

It was a passionate and, at times, rough night, and Natalie wondered if it was a result of their prolonged abstinence.

Samuel behaved as if he wanted to consume her entire being.

Still, Natalie loved every second of their wild night.

The next day, Natalie woke up with sore muscles all over. She turned around to give Samuel a hug, yet he was nowhere to be seen.

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After washing up, she headed downstairs. When she saw Gavin, she asked, "Has Samuel left the house, Gavin?"

The elderly man smiled warmly at her and replied, "Yes, he did! He left early in the morning."

Natalie nodded in acknowledgment. If Samuel isn't busy with work, perhaps he rushed off to decorate the proposal venue?

## A Cue for Love Chapter 844

A Cue for Love Chapter 844 Counterattack Of The Poison

Ever since Luna was in Dellmoor, she had been staying temporarily at the guesthouse adjacent to the Bowers manor.

Leading a disciplined lifestyle, she was used to waking up early every morning. When Samuel dropped by and pressed the doorbell, she had already woken up and was saying a prayer for her late grandfather in the room.

Seconds later, she stepped out to answer the door and was astounded to see Samuel standing outside the guesthouse.

"Mr. Samuel..." She was caught off guard by the latter's sudden appearance.

"There's something I need to ask you." Samuel cut to the chase.

"Okay! Please come in." She moved aside to let him in and lead him to the room.

Samuel scanned the room intuitively and was impressed by its cleanliness.

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Like Natalie, Luna's life revolved around a wide variety of herbs. Thus, her body tended to give off a faint refreshing herbal smell. At that moment, there was even a whiff of herbal fragrance in the room.

Samuel caught a glimpse of the baby otter plush on the bed, but he did not even arch his brows.

After serving him a cup of tea, Luna asked courteously, "Mr. Samuel, you mentioned that there's something you need to ask me. What's that?"

Samuel unbuttoned his cufflink and rolled up one of his sleeves before stretching his forearm toward her. "You'll be able to detect it from my pulse."

Luna knitted her brows, placing her index finger and middle finger slightly against Samuel's wrist. She then tried to feel the rate and rhythm of his pulse with her eyes closed.

His pulse seemed stable and powerful, but somehow Luna could detect faint unusual pounding rates in between.

Dumbstruck, she opened her eyes and piped up, "How's that possible?"

"Between you and your grandpa, who has more expertise in the medical field? Had he ever briefed you about my condition?" Samuel asked candidly.

There was a drastic change in Luna's countenance, but she responded nonchalantly, "Even though I can't claim to be more skillful than my grandpa in the medical field, I'm familiar with your illness and well-trained by him. If not for the Bowers family, the Garcia family would have been wiped out a century ago. As the descendent of the only bloodline who cheated death at that time, I started pursuing knowledge in the medical field at a young age. On top of that, my grandpa told me I bear the responsibility to suppress the poison in your body. Thus, I know what happened to you and what your current pulse reading indicates."

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After pulling back his forearm, Samuel queried placidly, "All right. Can you tell me what my pulse reading implies?"

After pondering for a while, Luna replied warily, "It implies the poison in your body can't be suppressed. In fact, there are symptoms of a counterattack."

Samuel squinted his eyes and instructed, "Carry on."

"The poison in your body has never been expelled. Grandpa had only come up with a solution to suppress it for at least a century. Nonetheless, it was good enough to prevent the poison from invading your body during your lifetime. Most importantly, this method won't affect your health. However, the poison seems to have broken free from my grandpa's suppression. No doubt, it's still at the early stage, but I foresee your body systems and functions being affected by it sometime later," Luna explained further somberly.

Samuel knew at once that his speculation was proven right. He asked grimly, "Luna, what on earth is happening?"

Luna furrowed her brows and contemplated for quite a while before something came to her. "It could be due to the drug that accelerates aging. At that time, your body aged at a rapid rate. Subsequently, the poison that was supposed to be suppressed underwent rapid fission too. Even though you were injected with the antidote, it could only restore your body functionality. Nonetheless, the fissioned poison can't be eliminated…"

That was the only speculation that could explain the current change in Samuel's body.

"Luna, try to apply Old Mr. Garcia's method to suppress it again," Samuel instructed solemnly.

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