

A Cue For Love Chapter 1209

A Cue for Love

Chapter 1209 Rest Well

The five kids bawled their eyes out with their noses dripping and tears sliding down their faces. "So what if this were a dream? I wish this dream would last longer," Franklin declared.

"I miss you so much, Mommy!" Clayton cried. Xavian chimed in. "Mommy... Mommy, do you know how much I missed you?"

"I'm scared of ghosts, but a ghost that looks like Mommy must be a good ghost!" Yumi shouted. "Exactly! It's okay, even if she's a ghost! I will never let go of such a nice ghost! If Mommy dies, I'll die with her!" Sophia sobbed, gasping for air.

The five children said those childish words amid their tears, and upon hearing them, Natalie did not know whether to laugh or cry.

She wanted to laugh at their childish words, but she also felt like crying as she was touched by their love for her.

In her absence, all of them had lost quite a lot of weight, especially Sophia. Their once plump face had lost their roundness, and their chins had become more defined.

Being the five children's mother, Natalie felt her heart clench painfully, and a lump grew in her throat.

"I'm sorry. I promise I will never leave you all again," Natalie declared, her voice hoarse.

Only then did the five of them raise their heads in unison to gaze at her upon hearing her words.

Blinking her watery eyes, Sophia said, "S-She isn't a ghost! Ghosts have no feet, but this mommy has feet, which means that this mommy is not a ghost. Mommy is still alive!"

Natalie stroked Sophia's head, smiled, and nodded. "Yes, I'm not a ghost. I'm human. I'm back!"

As they touched Natalie's warm hands and saw her familiar face, the five kids were so exuberant that they almost danced with joy.

"Yay!"

"I knew it! Our mommy is the best! There's no way the bad people can kill her so easily!"

"Mommy, welcome back!"

"Mommy, you promised! You can't leave us for so long next time!"

"I love you, Mommy! I'm glad nothing happened to you!"

The kids surrounded Natalie and told her their longing to see her.

Natalie also basked in the joy of being reunited with her children. Just like how they missed her, she also missed them very much.

Just then, Emma was also awakened by the kids' clamoring. Seeing how they interact with Natalie, she felt a shiver run down her spine. "Oh my god! What's happening?" she stuttered.

Billy chuckled. "Emma, do you still not understand?"

"What?" Emma asked, still confused.

Clayton ran to Emma and grabbed her weathered hands. "Mrs. Bunton, you're so dumb! This is not Mommy's ghost! This is Mommy! She's back alive!" he shouted excitedly.

Although Emma did not know what exactly had happened, she was still reduced to tears, emotional to see Natalie alive and well before her. "Ms. Nichols, it's good to see you return safely! I can eat more today!"

Samuel did not disturb their reunion and let Natalie do whatever she wanted, but upon seeing cold sweat build up on her forehead, he interrupted, "Let's continue tomorrow. It's getting late, and your mommy needs rest."

Reluctant to part with Natalie, the children said hesitantly, "C-Can we..."

Before they could complete their sentence, Samuel threw them a cold glare, and they fell silent. In the end, the five uttered in unison, "Mommy, rest well," before quickly returning to their bedrooms.

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Chapter 1210 Cannot Resist

Just like how the five were reluctant to part with Natalie, she was also reluctant to part with them. After the kids left, Natalie glared at Samuel and whined, "Why are you so strict with the kids?"

"You are injured, and you need rest without them disturbing you." "But—"

"You can do whatever you want once you're healed. "I—"

Natalie still wanted to argue, but suddenly, Samuel swept her off the floor into his arms. "Samuel, Mrs. Bunton and Billy are watching!"

"They're not outsiders anyway." "Why are you..."

Samuel's dark eyes crinkled at the corners as he smiled. "It has been so long, yet you're still shy?"

How am I shy? I am becoming less shy, but you're getting increasingly daring! Awkward, Natalie pushed Samuel, but he had no sign of putting her down.

His embrace was domineering yet gentle, his chest wide and warm. Seeing her rejection yielded no effect, Natalie decided to just snuggle in his arms and enjoy his service of carrying her upstairs.

Samuel walked steadily, and upon entering the bedroom, he placed her gently on the bed as if she was his priceless treasure.

Natalie's heart skipped a beat when she felt his love for her, and she didn't retract her hands from him. Instead, she curled her arms around his neck to bring him closer.

Supporting himself with one hand, Samuel stared at Natalie intently as his brows slightly furrowed.

"Don't mess around, Nat. Rest well."

Natalie gazed at him, bemused.

Mess around? How am I messing around? Why don't I know I'm messing around?

Amid her confusion, Samuel had already lowered himself before kissing her domineeringly and passionately.

I know she's still injured, and I shouldn't do this to her, but when she wrapped her soft hands around me and stopped me from leaving, my self-control is out of pocket. I tried controlling myself, but I failed.

Desire coursed through him as he threw caution to the wind.

Usually, Natalie did not indulge in bodily pleasures but seeing Samuel's gorgeous face and him being bedazzled by her, she could not help but lose herself in the kiss.

Samuel was skilled, so she let him lead her like a good student.

Rationale gradually left them as they lost themselves in the kiss.

When Samuel finally let go of Natalie, his breathing was still ragged. If he did not let her go, things would not end with just a kiss.

No matter how much he desired it, there was a limit to certain things.

"Go to sleep. You will have some delicious food when you wake up," Samuel cooed as he stroked her face.

"I look forward to it!" Natalie smiled and lightly grabbed the corner of his shirt. "Samuel, I want to see you when I wake up."

"Of course."

Upon hearing his response, Natalie let herself fall asleep feeling reassured.

Only after he saw she was asleep and helped tuck her in did he leave.

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Meanwhile, the bullet in Bastien's leg had been removed, and his wound was now wrapped in layers of gauze.

He lay in bed, dispirited as if he had fallen from the heavens to the ground. His energy and confidence when he was a prince had vanished. Now, he was more like a zombie.

As Frieda did not trust that the servants could take care of Bastien well, she took care of him herself. Seeing her son in such a state made her heart ache. "Bastien, pull yourself together."

He made no reply and only stared blankly at the top of the bed.

Frieda could only look at him with mixed feelings of disappointment, frustration, and sorrow.

Just then, Lucien came to check on Bastien's leg wound.

Bastien knew Lucien was one of the royal physicians who treated Natalie, so he could not help but ask anxiously, "Dr. Dalton, how's Natalie? Is she recovering well?"