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A Cue for Love Chapter 812

Chapter 812 Wake Up

Natalie was sleeping soundly inside the guest room of the Nichols residence.

Her fever gradually went down after the cold towel on her forehead was changed again and again.

In her hazy consciousness, she thought she smelled the aroma of food and saw Samuel's large back. Is that Samuel? Only he will silently take care of me and spoil me every time I'm at my weakest.

"Samuel..." she softly uttered his name.

She thought he would turn back to look at her as he always did and stare at her with a loving look.

However, he didn't turn back after she called him. Instead, he walked faster and faster, as though he didn't want her to catch up.

In the end, she tripped and fell to the ground. Her knee was covered in blood, yet he coldly walked away from her and never turned back to look at her even once.

At that moment, Natalie woke up from her dream. The cold towel on her forehead fell down.

She grabbed her shirt and panted heavily. Ah, so it was just a dream. I know he'll never abandon me no matter what, seeing how he's so madly in love with me.

After she calmed down, she pulled the blanket away and left the bed. When she walked out of the guest room, she could smell a stronger aroma of food.

Upon descending the stairs and following the smell into the kitchen, she saw a man busy preparing food at the kitchen counter.

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She knew he definitely wasn't Samuel, but the man's back resembled his. Tears began to well in her eyes out of her control and blurred her vision. If only he's Samuel!

When Benjamin turned his head around, despite being busy, he saw Natalie staring at him with a face full of tears.

"What's wrong with you?" He raised his eyebrow.

"It's nothing." She quickly wiped her tears away subconsciously when he saw her.

"It's good that you're awake. Food is almost ready."

"No need." Apathy returned to her eyes. "I've wasted a couple of hours by sleeping. I can't waste any more time."

He turned off the stove, walked toward her, and held her wrist. "You didn't sleep or eat for days. Before you go looking for another clue, you'd better eat something!"

She glanced at the hand on her wrist and asked in a deep voice, "We're at most just acquaintances, Mr. Millers, we're not even friends. You don't have any right to tell me what to do."

He studied her sharp eyes and said, "I don't, but I also don't want to bring along a liability into Blaze's base later, only to have you faint on me! Finding the base at Dellmoor is just the beginning! There will be a lot of traps there waiting for us. Going in is not as easy as you think! If you can't see the problem you'll cause by acting like this and get all upset at me, then I suggest you give up finding the antidote now!"

The only thing that was holding her together and driving her forward was her desire to find the cure.

She thought as long as she did her best, she would achieve her goal.

It wasn't until Benjamin pointed that out that she realized relying just on her resolve wouldn't be enough to find the cure. It would only bring forth her failure.

After a while, she opened her mouth. "Okay. I'll eat."

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Both of them sat across each other in the dining room.

Sitting in front of them was a bowl of pasta.

Her eyes were blurred by the steam rising from the hot pasta. She ate her breakfast as though she was chewing wax.

It wasn't that Benjamin's cooking was terrible. It was just that she thought Samuel could do it better.

The main issue was that she wasn't in the mood to enjoy the food. She just wanted to finish it as soon as possible to replenish her energy and continue to find any leads on the base.

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