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## A Cue for Love chapter 775

Chapter 775 Reward Applicable Only Here

Samuel came back a little late that night.

Knowing that Natalie was in the study, he took off her coat and headed straight there.

When he arrived, Samuel found that the door of the study was opened a crack as opposed to being fully closed. He raised his hand and knocked on the door before walking in.

Hearing the knock on the door, Natalie smiled at the sight of Samuel.

"You're back?"

Samuel walked to Natalie's side and found several books on Loang's history and architecture on the desk. He picked one up at random. "When did you suddenly become interested in Loang?"

"I'd lived in Loang for a year," Natalie said with one hand on her cheek. "The local customs appeal to me very much. "Dream's presence in Chanaea is already a little saturated, in my opinion. As a groundwork for future plans, I'm thinking of expanding overseas by getting started in Loang. On the one hand, Loang and Chanaea share an origin to have similar cultures and traditions. On the other, I am relatively familiar with there..."

There's another reason. The key.

Natalie flipped through these books in an attempt to find some clues about the jade key.

Having the instinctive feeling that the key was more than just a beautiful artifact, she was curious to find out what it opened.

As her inferences were still preliminary, Natalie did not feel comfortable sharing them with Samuel.

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Samuel put down the book in his hand and rested them on both sides of Natalie's hips. "Gavin told me you adopted a little girl today," he said as his eyes twinkled.

"I was about to talk to you about this," Natalie explained, "I went to the orphanage with Diane today and I signed the papers as soon as I met Yumi. I'm sorry, I should have discussed it with you instead of making this decision without authorization, I-"

"Thought you did something wrong?" Samuel asked in a low voice.

"It's just... Though I stand by what I did, I feel guilty for neglecting your feelings," Natalie admitted.

Samuel kissed the top of Natalie's head gently. "You don't need to feel that way. If you are happy, I will be happier than anyone else. As I said, I will not let you be my caged bird. If you ever want to do anything you like, you have my full approval."

Natalie's heart throbbed at his love. She reached up and kissed Samuel's thin lips forcefully.

"It's nice of you to take the initiative tonight, Nat," Samuel said croakily.

"You can think of this as a reward," Natalie said with a grin.

"Can I have some more?"

Though visibly startled, Natalie nodded under the man's expectant gaze.

The next second, Samuel swept the books off the desk. They scattered to the ground with a crash.

He lifted Natalie to the desk and forced her to meet his gaze before kissing her alluring red lips deeply.

For several minutes, the sound of clashing teeth and soft moans filled the study.

Gradually, Natalie was pressed against the table. The cold wood of the table that was in stark contrast to the heat of passion emanating from her body made her tremble uncontrollably.

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“Can we go back to the bedroom?” Natalie asked tentatively.

“It only counts as a reward here,” Samuel rasped mischievously. “It’s no longer valid once we return to the bedroom.”

Taking advantage of Natalie’s stunned silence, Samuel once again took the lead in infusing the place in the house where he spent the most amount of time with some of his deepest fantasies.

In the meantime at the Nichols residence, Thomas received the resignation call of his assistant.

“I’ve been good to you, haven’t I?” Thomas said in an accusatory tone. “How can you just resign when I need you? Trust me, Dexmed Pharmaceutical will be turned around! It’ll take more than this to bankrupt us.”

Even Thomas’ hysteria did nothing to change the assistant’s mind.

“Mr. Nichols, even married couples go their separate ways when they know that disaster is imminent. You and I are only professional colleagues. Don’t drag me into your mess with you.”

## A Cue for Love chapter 776

Chapter 776 Suspicious Circumstances

“Give me more time! I can turn this around! Once we’re on top again, I promise to double your salary-”

Before Thomas could finish, the assistant hung up the phone. A beeping tone was all he heard from the other end.

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"B\*stard!" Thomas bellowed as he threw the phone in his hand, gritting his teeth in frustration.

After Yara's disappearance, his servants in his home and his employees in his company resigned one after another. Despite their apparent loyalty to him in the past, nothing Thomas said at that point could convince anybody to even come close to him.

Not a single one is left to help me at the merest sign of disaster!

As a result of his foul mood, the wound on his left hand festered. It became so bad that the severe pain kept him up at night.

Thomas could not bear it any longer. Fumbling for the painkillers on the coffee table, he swallowed the pills with a gulp of water and felt slightly better.

Sprawled helplessly on his carpet, Thomas knew that only Natalie could save him at this juncture.

As long this daughter of mine can forgive me, I have a chance of reattaining my past glories.

Over the following couple of days, Natalie had been bombarded with Thomas' requests to speak across every communication medium conceivable.

Yandel watched Natalie end the call for what seemed like the twentieth time as he was seated in her office. "This old man actually got a hold of your contact information, Boss," he said with a frown. "You're his last chance for salvation, it seems."

There was no change in Natalie's expression. "When a person is desperate enough, any form of therapy will seem like salvation. Thomas seems to have forgotten that I was the biggest catalyst to have put him in this wretched situation he is in today. If he tries reaching to me for help, he will only fall quicker and more painfully."

Yandel smiled at the capacity of the beautiful woman before him for cruelty. "This acquisition will be completed in about five days, Boss. By then, Dexmed Pharmaceutical will become part of Dream, and Thomas will fall as its CEO."

Natalie nodded with a smirk on the corner of her mouth. "After years of waiting, this day has finally come."

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Later that afternoon, Natalie received an email from Thomas.

Just when Natalie was about to drag it to the spam folder out of habit, she suddenly caught a glimpse of the title of the email. You don't have to reply to this, it wrote, but aren't you curious about how your grandfather died?

"How did Grandpa die back then?" Natalie murmured, her heart tightening suddenly.

After investigating the case all those years, Natalie had never come close to cracking the case except for some small, misleading facts surrounding the circumstances of Arnold's death.

Within a short period of time, Thomas had been able to embezzle Grandpa's property and replace the owner of Dexmed Pharmaceutical from Bayer to Nichols. He must have participated in the conspiracy back then and knew how Grandpa died!

Though Natalie was comfortable ignoring her estranged father, she could not ignore the possibility of uncovering the truth.

Intrigued, she clicked on the email only to find that there was no text in the main body. Staring at her in the middle of the screen was a string of numbers similar to a phone number.

Natalie made the call without thinking.

Sure enough, Thomas' voice answered. "I knew that you would call, Nat."

"Since you have it all worked out," Natalie said coldly, "then you'll also know why I'm calling. I just want to know the truth about Grandpa's death. He didn't die of natural causes, did he? It was murder."

Under ordinary circumstances, Natalie would not have deigned to even speak with Thomas. However, she knew that her father would not relinquish the truth if she did not play along.

"No matter what, Nat, I'm still your father!" Thomas laughed dryly before continuing, "It's a little strange to talk about this over the phone. Besides, messages will get distorted and feelings will get hurt. For the sake of ensuring that you are properly informed, let's meet and air out our past grievances. What say you?"

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