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## A Cue for Love chapter 469

Chapter 469 Pliant In Every Way Imaginable

Early the next day.

When Natalie awoke and wanted to arch her back, she only managed to do so halfway before she felt an ache rip through the length of her body.

To make matters worse, she bore the marks Samuel had left all over her. Raised and reddened, they were packed so closely that it was a horrific sight to lay one's eyes upon.

"Up already?"

Bathed in the golden sheen of the morning glow, the man was casually working at the black obsidian cuffs below his wrists.

With the corner of his lips lifted a third of the way in an ambiguous smirk, he exuded an elegant detachment akin to a dominant monarch.

His comfortable and relaxed demeanor stood in stark contrast to her own physical distress.

"Samuel Bowers, you—" Deeply wrathful, Natalie picked up a pillow and hurled it in Samuel's direction. "I was literally begging you for mercy last night so why didn't you stop?"

Her plush-based missile attack posed no threat whatsoever to Samuel who reached out and seized the projectile firmly inside his mitts with ease.

Approaching from the side, he set one knee upon the side and cussed Natalie's chin lightly with his slender fingers.

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“Because you’ve been very disobedient.” Samuel’s gaze fixated upon Natalie from within their unfathomable depths.

Since when have I been disobedient?

When she saw that he was not in a good mood, she came upstairs to comfort him and also allowed him to kiss her the way he did in the showers. If nothing else, she had been extremely pliant in every way imaginable. So how could he still accuse her of being disobedient?

The sight of Natalie’s puzzlement prompted Samuel to expound upon his own assertion, “Next time, you are to keep your distance from Yandel and Ross. Even though they’re trusted friends of yours, they are still men...” After a brief pause, he continued, “I don’t want you getting too close to them. I... don’t like it...”

Natalie was positively taken aback when she heard that.

This came across to her as less Samuel Bowers, the overlord of Dellmoor, and more like the mad jealousy of puppy love.

“Are you jealous?” Natalie regarded Samuel’s face. “Is that why you decided to torment me last night? To punish me?”

Samuel’s aloof, chiseled face evoked a subtle flush.

“No.”

“What no? Seems to me that that’s exactly what this is about!” Natalie broke into a laugh. “Just look at you. You’re practically blushing! To think that the mighty Samuel Bowers is also capable of feeling self-conscious!”

Samuel swallowed hard at the gleeful Natalie, and the fire within his phoenix eyes died as he did.

“Still got the energy to mock me, do you?”

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Samuel raised a wanton brow. He cupped Natalie's chin with his fingers and leaned his lips in close.

"Looks like your pleading last night was all mere pretenses. Wasn't it, Nat?"

"It was real, for sure. More genuine than silver or gold!" Natalie was in a panic. It was so real that her back was still feeling its effects in real-time!

A pity then that the man's desire had already been aroused. He had complete disregard for her remonstrations while he melded her delectable little lips with his own.

Only after a considerable amount of time did Samuel withdraw from this extended kiss, and headed downstairs to make his way to work.

Natalie's breath was still in a disarray from the passion the man left upon her lips.

Suddenly, a question struck her.

Why was Samuel being jealous of her proximity to Yandel and Ross out of the blue?

When she revisited the scene from the stone-gambling involving Yandel that played out before Samuel yesterday, the two of them did indeed behave intimately as part of their cover. However, she had a different mask on. Samuel was not around and could not possibly have known about that!

Impossible! It cannot be!

Natalie was in denial of that notion inside.

After she washed up, Natalie went downstairs and found Xavian. She wanted him to find a way into the stone-gambling market's surveillance systems so that she may rid herself of the footage from yesterday outright.

"This black market's server is very secure, Mommy," Xavian said as his tiny fingers tapped away upon the keyboard.

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"There's no rush. You can take your time with it. Just make sure that you get that done these couple of days."

"Roger that."

After she gobbled up two slices of toast and downed a glass of milk, Natalie grabbed her bag and made her way out.

Today was the wrapping-up shoot for "Stay". Since this was the very first series to be produced by Dream Entertainment, she thought that she ought to make an appearance, being the producer working behind the scenes and all!

## A Cue for Love chapter 470

### Chapter 470 Fiction Into Reality

At the set, the crew had just commenced work on the rain sequence where the downpour was to batter furiously upon the extravagantly dressed Wendy and Lucas.

With eight cameras trained on the male and female leads, everyone had been looking forward to this as it was the finale.

"Why did you lie to me? Why?" Drenched by the rain till her face turned pallid, the look in her eyes reflected the equivocal feelings she felt for the emperor. "You were the one who destroyed my country, yet I did everything to help you ascend to the throne. I've even managed your harem as well as bore you children!"

"Return to my side." The dazed emperor spread his arms as he looked at the woman.

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The woman removed the hairpin from her crown and regarded the man with tears of hatred while the guards held their positions with arrows loaded and bowstrings drawn. Then, the woman did the most unexpected.

She plunged the hairpin into her left breast, dyeing her own robes a fresh shade of crimson.

“No!”

The emperor clutched the woman in his arms and broke down in anguish, yet he was unable to rouse any sort of response from his beloved.

All those present at the location watched as their eyes welled. As soon as the director yelled for a “cut”, the masses broke into rapturous applause.

So deeply immersed in his role was Lucas that he was unable to recover from his crying immediately.

When she roused within Lucas’ embrace, the slightly self-conscious Wendy tried to coax him, “Come on now, Lucas. Look, I’m not dead yet!”

Seeing Wendy’s smile did somewhat help him recover a little better from that state of grief he was in.

Not too far away from them, Natalie looked on at the interaction between Wendy and Lucas with a contented and matronly smile.

Less than two or three months in without seeing them, these two seemed to have gotten into it for real. The affection within their eyes was definitely not part of the act.

As an award-winning thespian, Lucas had always conducted himself impeccably, impressing others with his acting chops, and seldom, if ever, counted on controversy to draw attention to himself.

Although a newcomer, Wendy was gifted at her craft and extremely hardworking. She had held her own as the female lead and carried this production in a way that far exceeded anyone’s expectations.

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If the two of them were to come together, it'd be a match made in heaven.

Wendy and Lucas only noticed Natalie after they got back onto their feet. Then, they shrugged off the down jackets their assistants brought them before they hurried over.

"Ms. Nichols..." Wendy's initial impulse was to hail Natalie as Chairman, but it did not seem appropriate to do so in front of the others. Hence, she switched up her approach. "Natalie, you've here! Why didn't you tell us that you were coming by today?"

"Better late than never. I got here just in time to catch that last closing sequence." Natalie presented bouquets to both Wendy and Lucas. "It was wonderful. Congratulations on completing the filming!"

Wendy and Lucas were all smiles when they received the flowers. "Thank you."

Being the show's leads, Wendy and Lucas were expected to be the busiest ones when wrapping up the filming. Hence they took the effort to have their assistants prepare a bountiful pile of snacks and treats, in case they became too occupied to attend to Natalie.

While Natalie ate the macaron and chewed on the sweets sponsored by the gorgeous pair, she was buzzing inside and did not feel at all neglected.

At nightfall, a celebratory dinner was held together with the film crew and Natalie followed up by throwing another after-party for Wendy and Lucas.

The setting would be a private room, a secluded space where the latter two would be able to let loose from their public persona.

"Mr. Becker could not be here with me because he had to accompany his wife to a prenatal," said Natalie while she produced two sets of monetary gifts. "He got me to bring this to you though, and wishes to convey his congratulations on a job well done."

Wendy and Lucas smiled appreciatively when they received the gifts.

When the former needed to use the restroom, Natalie was left alone inside the suite with Lucas.

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Natalie shuffled closer to Lucas as she wanted to lean into his ear.

But when she recalled what Samuel said to her just earlier in the morning, she repeated them to herself as a reminder and chose to maintain a healthy distance instead.

Then, she withdrew her hand sheepishly and coughed.

“I assume that you wanted to ask whether I had any feelings for Wendy, isn’t that right, Ms. Nichols?”

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