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A Cue for Love chapter 353

Chapter 353 Just A Sister

At the hospital, Lionel slumped against the wall outside the emergency room. His legs had given away, and his eyes had glazed over in shock.

Blood covered both his hands, the residual warmth seeping into his cold bones. He trembled uncontrollably as his entire being succumbed to fear.

The terror he felt at that moment was like nothing he had experienced before. It was like a black hole that loomed over him, ready to engulf him at any given time.

The fear was beyond just worry for his sister's life. A more sinister concern lurked beneath what was meant to be brotherly care. Lionel had tried to dismiss the thought whenever it surfaced in the past, but now, it haunted him every second. Is Lia really just a sister to me?

The red light above the doors to the operating theatre turned off.

Lionel scrambled to his feet and waited anxiously for the doctor.

The doctor exited the operating theatre with a frown on his face. He passed Lionel a piece of paper with the words "Notice of Critical Illness" written in bold at the top of the page.

"You're the patient's family, aren't you? Please sign on this paper. The patient is not in good condition. The poison has entered her veins, so even if we proceed with a stomach pump, the odds are not looking good for her. It'd be best if you could prepare yourself to say goodbye. Treasure your last moments together," the doctor announced grimly.

Lionel felt like someone had dropped a bomb on him. There was a ringing in his ears as the world around him swirled, and it took a long while before he snapped back to his senses.

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Signing the notice of critical illness was part of the procedure.

Lionel stared blankly at the paper but did not move to accept it. "Sir, please sign on the paper," the doctor urged.

"Impossible!" Lionel exploded all of a sudden. "You're spouting nonsense! Lia is perfectly fine; it's impossible that you can't save her! You must be incompetent. I don't believe a single word you say! I'm going to transfer Lia to another hospital, and I'll find a doctor that actually knows what he's doing!" he bellowed.

The doctor was no stranger to death.

Transferring Lia to a different facility would do more harm than good, and the process would take up precious time that could have been spent with family.

"My deepest condolences," the doctor said solemnly.

"I'll beat you up if you utter another word! Do you hear me?" Lionel was on the brink of insanity. He clutched the doctor's lapels and raised a fist to punch him.

"Hitting me will achieve nothing," the doctor stated seriously. "If you still have your head on, you would know that the wise thing to do is to keep the patient company in her last moments instead of wasting your time here."

Instantly, Lionel fell silent. His fingers loosened up as he slowly let go of the crumpled fabric.

In a trance, Lionel shuffled toward the intensive care unit.

There, Lia lay on the hospital bed in a coma. Her eyes were shut tight as if she were sound asleep.

"Lia..."

The serene expression on her face reminded Lionel of when Lia was young.

She had always been a quiet sleeper—a cherub that was a blessing to the family.

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There were certain things that Lionel did not want to admit, but the seeds of affection had been sowed in his heart. His feelings for Lia sprouted and budded, its roots reaching into the depths of his soul as his love blossomed into a flower that had to be hidden from society's eye.

If Lia was awake and aware of my feelings, would she find me repulsive?

Lionel had been adopted by Lia's father toward the end of his life, so he was not biologically related to the Johnsons.

The Johnson family had given him all that he owned currently, so he could not repay their generosity with such heinous behavior.

"I'm sorry, Lia. I failed to protect you..."

Lionel was a valuable asset to the corporation and a force to reckon with in the business world. However, all of that toughness was gone as he stood by the hospital bed like a helpless child. Tears spilled out of his red-rimmed eyes.

He was not weak, but the agony of losing a loved one was unbearable for even the strongest of men.

At that moment, the door to the room slammed open as Natalie and Samuel rushed in.

Lionel whipped back to look at the source of the sound. He immediately honed in on the woman standing next to Samuel.

He instantly recognized her as the woman who had poisoned Lia. If not for her, Lia would never die!

Hatred surged through him that instance

"How dare you show up here!" Lionel's eyes were filled with murderous intent as he advanced toward Natalie. "Look, she's dying now. Are you satisfied? Since you're here, I'll make you pay for what you did to her. A life for a life!"

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A Cue for Love chapter 354

Chapter 354 A Close Call

Natalie stepped back involuntarily.

Unfortunately, Lionel did not give her the chance to escape. His arm shot out quickly, his fingers around Natalie's delicate neck. His face turned red with fury as he tightened his grip to suffocate her.

"Don't you dare go near Lia!"

At the sight of this, Samuel moved to stop Lionel. However, before he could do anything, he noticed Natalie shaking her head almost imperceptibly. With her eyebrows drawn tightly together, she wordlessly implored him not to intervene.

Lionel directed all the pent-up emotion toward Natalie.

He did not hold back on his strength and attempted to crush her windpipe. Natalie gasped for air as her throat constricted from the pressure.

Meanwhile, Samuel watched his beloved woman get hurt in his presence, his eyes glinting dangerously.

Realizing that Samuel had no intention of giving up, Natalie mouthed, "Don't."

Samuel clenched his fists, the veins on his arm popping up from the force. At that moment, he radiated pure menace.

He knew that Natalie had a plan, but watching her put her life on the line made him wish he didn't.

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Does she even understand that I could care less about Lia Johnson? Natalie is my Achilles' heel.

It took every ounce of self-control for Samuel to stay out of the situation.

Glowering at Natalie, Lionel growled, "Lia never hurt you. Why did you have to do this to her? She's only twenty; she still has a bright future ahead of her. Why did you have to poison her so ruthlessly?"

"It wasn't me," Natalie replied calmly. Her face was ghastly white, but her clear eyes shone with resolution.

Despite that, Lionel gripped her neck tighter as he roared, "Don't you even try to defend yourself! Lia herself said that you were the culprit before she passed out. And yet, you still show no remorse!"

Pain shot down Natalie's throat. Death seemed only inches away from her.

"I-I'm not here to debate about who was t-the culprit. I'm h-here to save her. I-if you want her to l-live, let me go," Natalie choked out.

Lionel narrowed his eyes and scoffed, "Why would Lia's murderer want to save her? Do you think I'm an idiot?"

Suffocation made it hard for Natalie to speak, but her gaze remained steady and unwavering.

"Your sister still h-has a chance, but if you k-kill me, she will die."

"You—"

"T-Think about why I got released from the police station so quickly. If I didn't allow you to choke me, d-do you think that you can even touch me? Even S-Samuel is helping me, so what are you worried about?" Natalie interrupted.

At that, Lionel faltered and glanced at Samuel, who was standing behind him.

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The man was extraordinarily gorgeous, but his eyes upturned eyes gave him a wicked look that resembled the devil himself. A shiver ran down Lionel's spine.

Samuel's patience was wearing thin.

"Let's put aside the fact that she did not murder your sister. Instead, let's go to extremes and assume that Natalie killed your sister. So what?" Samuel said, his tone glacial.

Lionel's insides quivered at the sight of Samuel's furious gaze.

He knew that Samuel was not bluffing.

After some contemplation, Lionel gradually loosened his grip on Natalie's neck and moved his hand away.

Splotches of red and purple marred Natalie's pale neck. It was a horrifying sight.

Natalie coughed a few times but paid no heed to the bruises on her skin.

"Don't worry, I'll do my best to save Ms. Johnson, even if it's just for the sake of proving my innocence," Natalie vowed.

Natalie brushed past Lionel and approached the hospital bed. She pulled out Lia's arm from under the covers and lightly placed two fingers on Lia's frail wrist.

Lia's pulse was slow and erratic—a sign that the poison was well in her systemic circulation.

Had Natalie arrived any later, the poison would have reached Lia's heart. If that happened, even the best doctor in the world would not be able to save her.

Thank goodness, she was just in time.

Natalie hiked up her evening gown and reached for the leather pouch strapped to her calf. She then pulled out her needle kit and unfurled it to reveal a row of crystal needles.

"Lia—"

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“There’s still hope for her.”

After that, Natalie deftly pulled out a silver needle and jabbed one of Lia’s acupoints with perfect accuracy.

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