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A Cue for Love chapter 800

Chapter 800 Give Me A Second Glance

Bang!

A bullet penetrated into Yara's forehead. Instantaneously, warm, viscous blood flowed out of the hole-like wound, dripping onto the ground.

"Yara!" Seeing Yara's body going limp, Justin quickly supported Yara in his arms and howled in anger, "Hang on! I'll send you to the hospital now!"

Yara reached up to touch the blood flowing from between her eyebrows. She could feel her circulation slowing down and slowly coming to a halt.

This...

This has to be the price I have to pay for making a deal with the devil!

True enough, King was not one to tolerate or sympathize someone who did not benefit him. Yara was no different from Thomas.

King had already given her a chance. Now that she had failed again, a second chance would be wishful thinking!

Everything she did was to get together with Samuel. Never would she imagine that even till death, she still could not be his lover.

"There's... no more... time..." Yara moaned in agony. "Inside the base... moon..."

"Yara, what are you saying?" Justin leaned in closer and placed his ear by her lips. "Is it about the antidote? What moon? Tell me clearly!"

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"Antidote... moon..." Yara's forced herself to speak, but her voice is getting softer by the second.

She could feel the air she was breathing in getting thinner and thinner. Speaking also became a challenge to her.

Droplets of tears leaked from the corner of her eyes, falling onto her pitch-black hair. Even on the edge of dying, she was still hopelessly in love with Samuel.

With the very last of her breath, she gave everything to mumble in Justin's ear. "Moon... inside secret compartment... Samuel... will be healed..."

With that, Yara closed her eyes and took her last breath.

Justin's brows knitted together tightly as he stared down at the woman in disbelief. He could not believe that the hysterical woman just a few seconds ago had gone completely pulseless. He first felt angry at the outcome, but fear soon followed. An evil woman like Yara deserved to die, but if she was dead, what about the drug? What about Samuel?

"Yara Nichols! You haven't told me clearly! Wake up!" Justin picked up Yara and began shaking her forcefully, as if he could shake out some information.

To his dismay, Yara's gaze was focused far away, unblinking and unresponsive. A look of despair seemed to cloud her iris as she could no longer respond to Justin's interrogation.

Meanwhile, meters away, Gale took off the sniper gloves with his teeth. After disassembling the sniper as swiftly as he could, he placed the parts inside the guitar bag he had with him.

Looking through the binoculars, the corners of his lips lifted into a smirk at the scene. "I knew it. This good-for-nothing woman would only bring us trouble!" If it weren't for the fact that he had predicted that she would fail and prepared beforehand, there was a huge possibility Yara could have revealed the location of the base.

The base was a top-secret hideout that King had planted in Chanaea.

If the location were to be exposed, it would mean tremendous losses to King and the team.

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Putting on his sunglasses once again, Gale swung the guitar bag over his shoulder and left the rooftop of the building calmly. His teenage punk look helped him blend just nice into the background.

No one would know and discover what he had done.

Inside the hospital, Natalie, along with the accompaniment of a nurse, performed a physical examination on Samuel personally.

Her expression was grim as she frowned the entire time. Natalie put her skills into great use as she examined Samuel. Her swift but precise movements were so impressive that the nurse could not help but stared in awe.

Afterward, as they were waiting for the health report, Natalie mindlessly fidgeted with her hands, an empty look in her eyes as she stared into space.

Samuel cleared his throat lightly and reached for Natalie's hand. "Nat..."

Sensing his touch on her hand, Natalie's eyes began to well up.

Remembering the extreme that man was willing to go to for her protection, worry and aggravement weighed on her as she flung Samuel's hand away, refusing to pay him any attention.

At the sight of Natalie's reddened eyes and how she avoided his touch, Samuel could not help but teased, "Ignoring me because I'm not at the brink of death yet? Looks like I have to be gravely ill for you to care about me and give me a second glance."