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In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1191

I thought luck was on my side, but I might have been wrong because Mitchell showed up in the confined space about half an hour later.

The man showed up in a bathrobe with a glass of wine in his hand. The moment he entered, he muttered to himself, "I have been wondering the reason behind Emery's arrogance. It turns out she's affiliated with Ashton's woman. I had all sorts of fun with different women back in the day, but I have never messed around with a pregnant woman. Since Ashton is such a proud and arrogant man, I can't wait to spend a night with his beloved woman!"

Shoot! Emery's story about Mitchell popped into my mind upon hearing his sentence. Countless women have fallen victim to him before!

I should have known the Ziegler family was one of Ashton's targets. After all, only a few renowned families were capable of bending the laws in K City. Since Mitchell had gotten his hands on me, I might be doomed because of Emery's provocation and the grudges he held against the Fullers.

After Mitchell's last sip, he strode over in my direction, a gleeful grin on his face.

I failed to get away from him in time because I was heavily pregnant. Consequently, the powerful man got on top of me after rendering me incapable of motion.

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“Armond, I know you’re around somewhere! If you allow him to get things his way and hurt my children, I will not submit myself to you!” In the nick of time, I had no choice but to reach out to Armond for help. I praying his feelings for me would suffice for him to rescue me.

Slap! A brutal slap was delivered across my cheek, taking me by surprise. As a result, my head spun, and I felt lightheaded before I collapsed on the bed.

“You better keep this in mind! I hate it whenever a woman calls another man’s name when she’s in bed with me!”

Mitchell started unbuttoning my shirt after yelling.

“Please! Don’t hurt my children!” I tried retaliating against him, struggling against his grip to bring myself away, but I was no match for him in terms of strength.

Just as he was about to get his way, the image of my children suffocating crossed my mind. Immediately, I bit his hand with all my might.

Hiss!

“B*tch!”

He slapped my face again, and I lost the strength to retaliate.

When I was on the verge of giving up, someone broke into the confined space and sprinted over to my side, dragging Mitchell away from my body.

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I could barely keep my eyes open. I felt someone place a blanket over me and looked up to see Ashton. He had come to my rescue.

“Are you okay?” he asked in a hoarse voice. Dark circles could be seen around his eyes—perhaps he had been pulling countless all-nighters over the past few weeks. Since I wasn’t around, I was certain he had neglected his wellbeing again.

I shook my head in an attempt to assure him I was fine.

He heaved a sigh of relief and helped me up on the bed before turning around to confront Mitchell with his chest held high.

It was evident it wasn’t Mitchell’s first time trying something silly with another man’s woman. He spat on the ground and warned arrogantly, “Ashton, I’ll kill you for hitting me!”

His statement made Ashton’s abysmal pair of eyes glint angrily. After a few seconds, he asked with a contemptuous look, “Which hand of yours hit her?”

Mitchell was startled by Ashton’s response, but he composed himself and burst into laughter as he hauled himself from the ground. “What? Are you going to break my arm? Do you really think you can afford to pick on a member of the Ziegler family? Stop getting full of yourself! You’re only able to run your business in J City just because of the support of a few angel capitalists and the Moore family!”

After another few seconds of silence, Ashton looked in the direction of the entrance and instructed, “Enter!”

At his command, Joseph and a few bodyguards of his appeared.

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“Mr. Fuller, what do you need?” Joseph asked in a respectful manner.

Staring at Mitchell in the eyes, Ashton enunciated his instruction, “Break his arms.”

“D-Don’t you dare! I’m my father’s favorite! Don’t you try anything silly against me!” Mitchell stuttered when he realized Ashton was serious.

If the vicious man could get away after getting his hands on several innocent women, I was afraid Ashton would offend the Ziegler family for real if he went through with his plans. So, I urged, “Since I’m fine, shall we forget about the matter?”

Ashton looked at me in shock, his eyes searching mine for answers and reasoning. After giving it a thought, he instructed, “Bring him out and break his arms outside. I don’t want to intimidate Scarlett.”

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Joseph stopped hesitating and brought Mitchell out along with the bodyguards because Ashton had repeated his instruction and made himself clear.

“Don’t you dare try anything silly! Otherwise, get yourself ready to bear the consequences of your actions! Argh!”

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Mitchell's shriek could soon be heard reverberating around the confined space. I could vividly imagine his arm being twisted by brute force. Consequently, I started retching in disgust.

Even after one of his arms was forcefully broken, Mitchell continued warning Ashton, "Why don't you take me out? As long as I'm alive, I'll come after you! Argh—"

Suddenly, he stopped shrieking out of the blue. As silence fell, I knew Mitchell must have passed out due to the racking sensation he felt when they tried to break his other arm.

Overwhelmed by a sense of insecurity, I grasped Ashton's arm and asked, "Where's Jackson? Have you found Emma?"

Emma was the most innocent of them all. She was abducted when she had nothing to do with the vicious man, so she must be horrified.

On the other hand, although Jackson wasn't stabbed at a fatal point, I was afraid he might be heavily injured. Despite the grudge he held against me, he had still rushed to my rescue in the nick of time. Once the emotions I had been suppressing came flooding out, torrents of grief streamed down my cheeks.

"You need to calm down." Ashton wrapped his arm around me in support. He then said with a helpless expression, "I'm not aware Jackson has been hurt."

Startled, I questioned, "What? Hasn't John sent you?"

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He shook his head and replied, "Armond was the one who dropped me a text of the address and the photos of you being unconscious."

W-Why would Armond get in touch with Ashton when he was one of the masterminds behind the abduction?

We were on Mitchell's territory, so Ashton knew the Ziegler family had been alerted about the situation. Thus, once he got me a bathrobe to cover myself, he brought me away without further ado.

Fortunately, Emma, who had been imprisoned in another room, was fine. Ashton had reached there in time to save her. I was relieved to see that she had been brought into the car ahead of me.

As soon we departed, I snatched Ashton's phone away from him and called John. I knew my brother would never stay out of it because his bodyguards had been there when we were abducted in front of the clinic.

John picked up seconds after the call was made. "I'm in the middle of something. You better have good news for me."

Judging by the petulant manner, I knew he must have thought it was a call from Ashton. "John! It's me!"

"Letty? Why are you using Ashton's phone? Has he abducted you?" John got worked up and probed further, "Are you okay? What about Emma? Is she hurt? Are you two hurt?"

He bombarded me with all sorts of questions. I hurriedly shared the summary with him and denoted, "It was Armond. Emma and I are fine. How's Jackson?"

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At the mention of Jackson, John went dead silent. A few seconds later, he said, "He was rushed to the hospital, but the doctor said we need to get ourselves ready because he bled excessively."

The news hit me like a truck, and my mind went completely blank as I started panting heavily.

Sitting outside of the operating theater, my heart wrenched. I clasped my fingers and begged God to be merciful. Jackson's life shouldn't be taken away when he had done nothing wrong.

When Ashton showed up and insisted on bringing me over for a round of check-ups, I dismissed him. Eventually, John showed up and brought up the same request. Although I knew it was for the sake of my children, I turned both of them down.

Jackson was the one who had spent the most time by my side. When something happened to Macy, I couldn't keep her company. I couldn't afford to leave Jackson when he needed me the most. No matter what, I wouldn't leave anymore.

Three hours into the operation, after Lydia showed up, the doctor walked out and notified us to get ourselves ready for the worst. Ashamed, I avoided Lydia's gaze. She was about to say something, yet she changed her mind and took a seat opposite me in the end.

Everyone was on pins and needles when the doctor walked out of the operating theater after some time. We immediately surrounded him, hoping for some piece of information. He asked, "Who's the patient's family member?"

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