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## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1472

John was evidently in a foul mood. I couldn't tell whether he was jealous of the liking that Audrey had taken to Ashton or if other matters were weighing on his mind.

The car rounded a corner. A gray van appeared bearing the Fullers' license plate, which I recognized as the van which had sent Gregory to and fro. I hurriedly wound down the car window, and in that split second in which our vehicles crossed, I caught sight of Gregory's round face.

Accompanying him on both sides were Tiffany and Thora.

As the distance grew between us, I felt a deepening sense of despair. I hadn't gotten to interact with Gregory much but felt an attachment to him nonetheless from our brief meetings. Now that we were leaving without a word of goodbye, I wondered if Gregory would miss me.

As if she could perceive my desolation, Audrey leaned against me, mewling. She was as soft and forlorn as a newborn kitten.

My heart melted. Casting Gregory to the back of my mind, I reached out and gave Audrey a tight hug.

...

We soon arrived at the VIP lounge in the airport.

The Stovall private jet was estimated to land in two hours. Concerned that Audrey would be hungry, John regarded the fast-food restaurants that lined the hallway with disapproval. He disappeared, then soon returned with a

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portion of fish and chips that looked entirely superior to the rest of the meager fare offered there.

Taking a leaf out of Gregory's book, Audrey sulked, insisting on being fed before she would be willing to eat.

I was indefensible in the face of Audrey's adorable self. I took extreme pains to coax and flatter her to eat. Fortunately, Audrey was easily won over. As John had promised, she was a lovely, innocent girl who had been pampered but was not yet spoiled.

As Audrey and I took bites in turn, John sat facing us, smiling. It was as if he derived gratification just from watching us.

"I've dreamed of this scene countless times. Alas, it has finally come true," John muttered, half to himself. There was a slight choke in his voice, and I looked up, startled, to see his eyes shining with tears.

John swiftly wiped at his eyes, but he was overcome with emotion to compose himself immediately.

I felt a lump rise within my throat. I was both immensely moved by the depth of John's feelings and frustrated by my inability to remember anything.

I put down my fork. When I'd caught John's eye, I said gravely, "We're going back to M Country and getting together with the rest of the family, right? What happens after that? What do you plan to do?"

"Isn't that enough?" John broke into a wistful smile at the thought. "I'm no longer the devilish scoundrel I used to be. I'm managing both the Stovall and Moore Corporations, both of which are profiting tremendously now. I've also hired the best mercenaries for you and Audrey. They'll give you the best

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protection you could ever ask for. No one will ever be able to hurt either of you again.”

“What about Gregory?” I replied briefly.

John looked troubled. “There are still days ahead of us. I’ll definitely do my best to bring him over.”

“When will that be?” I persisted. “If you couldn’t manage it for the past six years, what makes you think you’ll be able to do that in the future?”

John’s face was stony. Grimly, he said, “None of us wanted that, but I was focusing all of my efforts on looking for you and had to give up the custody of Gregory. I’m a mere businessman, not God. I can’t perform miracles, much as I try. Gregory was given to the Hall family. That’s the only life he knows now. Even if I could take him by force, would he be able to get accustomed to the new environment?”

John’s face grew flushed as he spoke, his eyes taking on a feverish glaze. He paused to suppress his agitation, then continued in a strained voice, “Letty, it’s been six years. You can’t, and neither will I allow you to, continue contacting Ashton and his family. The next time, it may be fatal...”

John’s face blanched as he trailed off. I pressed him, however, saying, “Do you mean that what happened six years ago was the work of the Hall family? But the information I received from Ashton said that the person who wanted to destroy the entire island, including Ashton and me, was Armond. Wasn’t it?”

“You almost died, yet you’re still clinging onto Ashton’s words as if they were the gospel truth,” John noted disdainfully. “That was a lie spun by the Hall family to deflect blame. Without assistance from the Hall family, Armond would surely have been stopped and killed on sight in the open waters. How

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else could he have been able to successfully move all those explosives to the island?"

At John's explanation, the last piece of the puzzle seemed to finally click into place. Armond's ability to wreak such havoc no longer seemed that mythical after all.

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