

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1192

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!”

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?”

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?"

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?"