

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1224

One of the guard's eyes was swollen to the point where he could not blink. The crimson blood that trickled down his face gave him a very horrifying appearance. After two deep breaths of air, he finally opened his eye and locked gazes with me.

Although I've met countless people who were on the brink of death, this man was different. The moment he caught sight of my figure, his lips curved into a smile.

It was as if he knew something.

The man's devious smile did not go unnoticed by John. Feeling provoked, he slammed his fist into the guard's stomach. At the sudden blow, the guard let out a pained grunt and collapsed to the floor. The punch had drained all of his energy as he was now incapable of lifting his head.

Moments later, a mixture of blood and saliva splattered across the floor as the disgusting odor in the basement became even stronger.

Seeing that the guard remained motionless, John wiped away the bloodstains on his hand with a handkerchief from his suit pocket.

One of John's subordinates reached out his hand under the guard's nose to test his breathing. With a single glance, John's subordinates emptied a large bucket of cold water over his head.

"Ah!" the piercing cold roused the guard from his unconscious state as he jerked his head upwards. In a state of fear, his mouth gasped open like a fish out of water.

"Continue the interrogation until he admits," John ordered and tossed the used handkerchief away. "Let's go; you are still under postpartum confinement. It would be bad to linger in such a cold place," he turned to address me.

All of a sudden, the tragic scene of Mitchell's severed hand flashed in my brain.

Obediently, I rose to my feet and made my way towards the guard. Without hesitation, I snatched the dagger from one of John's subordinates and drove it ruthlessly into the guard's chest.

Fresh blood began to stream out of his wound as the guard stared at me in disbelief. It seemed like my ruthless move was the last thing that he had anticipated. Finally, I glimpsed a flash of unadulterated terror that flickered in his widened gaze.

"Where is my child," I tightened my grip on the dagger with a clench of my jaw and pushed the blade deeper into his chest.

Ashton had once taught me about the techniques of interrogation. If you didn't achieve whatever you wanted, you would have to inflict greater pain and drive them to the brink of death.

Stubbornly, the guard frowned and remained silent. As I inched the blade forward, blood gurgled from his throat and spilled out to stain his pale lips. Despite the growing fear in his eyes, I remained unmoved.

John must have decided to let me vent my anger. For a brief moment, he ignored my actions. It wasn't until the guard's eyes began to roll when he snapped out of his daze. "Are you crazy!" he yelled and lunged forward to yank me away.

It felt as if my soul had left my body. Expressionlessly, I lifted my head and caught sight of John's furious expression. Yet, I remained silent in response to his outburst.

John gritted his teeth in fury. A rare look of impatience crossed his features as the anger made his veins protrude. After ten seconds, he finally turned around. "What are you guys standing around for? If he dies, there will be no clues leading to the child! You will pay for his death with your life!" John lashed out at the nearby subordinates.

"Yes Sir!"

In the blink of an eye, they ushered in the medical staff as the situation began to take a chaotic turn. Although John was still simmering in anger, he escorted me out of the basement.

Once we returned to the room, John took a seat opposite me. His expression was impassive and unreadable. Combined with his stoic nature, John now radiated an imposing aura.

Guiltily, I avoided his sharp gaze.

Despite my attempt to evade, John's booming voice filled the room. "Scarlett, what were you thinking?"

In defiance, I pouted and picked at my nails as I blatantly ignored his question.

My ignorance must have infuriated him. "Were you trying to kill him?" John snarled in a livid tone; his temper rose when I disregarded him.

Now that he had exposed my intentions, I was forced to lift my head and meet his gaze. "That's right. I wanted him dead!" I pointed a finger at my heart, "I wanted him to experience the excruciating pain that I felt. Why can't I do that!"

Although he was the only person who knew about my child's whereabouts, I could not stop my murderous intent when I buried the sword in his chest.

Although I've just met the guard today, I had never made a move against him. Yet, he went out of his way to harm my own flesh and blood. Despite it all, he had the audacity to laugh out loud. How could I hold in the hatred in my heart?