

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1243

Even though I remained silent, Armond didn't get mad. He patiently continued, "Don't worry. I used to be obsessed with getting you, but I've changed my mind."

Upon hearing his words, instead of joy, fear engulfed my heart.

"That's great," I replied, pretending to be calm. "I wish you happiness!"

"Of course." Armond arched a brow before changing the subject suddenly. "But if you want me to be happy, you'll have to help me."

Indeed, he was a scheming man.

However, I wasn't about to suffer in silence.

"Sure. We can talk as long as you return my son to me."

Armond merely chuckled when he heard what I said. "Do you seriously think I'm discussing with you?"

His smile disappeared without a trace.

Bang! The metal door was pushed open without warning. A bunch of men in white coats and masks strode in. They seized me and tied me onto the stone bed.

When I realized what was going on, my body was bound to the bed with tape. I could only move my ankles and wrists.

Armond towered above me, blocking the light. "Don't worry. It will be over soon."

As soon as he said that, a syringe was stabbed into my thigh. The increasing pain caused me to sweat as I dug my nails into my palms.

Armond's satisfied smirk was the last thing I remembered before I lost consciousness.

When I opened my eyes again, the first thing I saw was the white ceiling. There was a strong disinfectant smell wafting through the air.

"Letty, you're awake." It was John.

I turned my head in the direction of the voice and spotted him.

"Where am I?" I struggled to sit up.

"The hospital. You were left on the streets. Someone called the cops and sent you to the hospital." John poured me a glass of warm water before taking a seat.

I must have been unconscious for a long time because my throat was parched. I immediately gulped down most of the water before stopping.

Soon, I realized Ashton wasn't around. "Where is Ashton?" I queried.

Ashton's influence in M Country was more widespread compared to John, so he should've been notified earlier than John.

"Hey, you ingrate. I came all the way here, but all you ask for is that brat?" John couldn't stop comparing himself to Ashton again.

I gave the glass back to him in exasperation. "I was just asking about him. Both of you are equally important to me."

"Really? I don't think so." John placed the glass on the table and replied sarcastically, "You willingly became a hostage for your son's sake. Did you even consider our feelings back then? Is your brother someone who will act as if nothing had happened after seeing someone holding you at knifepoint?"

I knew John was upset, just like Ashton.

Taking his hand, I offered an apology. "John, I'm sorry. Don't worry. I will never ever risk my life again. I'm at fault, so how will you punish me?"

My apology took John by surprise. He swallowed the mocking words that were about to leave his mouth and sighed. "How will I punish you? What else? You've already apologized. If I insist on teaching you a lesson, what am I?"

I burst out chuckling. "I'm lucky to have a great brother like you."

"Stop flattering me. If this happens again, I will surely teach you a lesson! I have plenty of ways to kick some sense into you." John feigned fury as he rolled his eyes at me.

I was used to getting what I want from him, so I wasn't afraid and merely raised my brows in response. We both stopped talking about that matter.