

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1247

He walked slowly towards the doctors, looking as ominous as a ghoul that had just crawled out from the depths of hell. "What a bunch of charlatans," he sneered. "How dare you call yourselves the best doctors that M Country has to offer?"

Suddenly, John stretched out his hand and grabbed hold of the white-haired director. Lifting him up from the ground, John gritted his teeth and said in the most threatening voice he could manage, "I don't want to hear any more of your rubbish. If you can't cure her illness, I'll make sure this hospital closes down!"

I started coughing violently. "John..." I called out weakly. I tried to sit up in bed, but lost balance and collapsed back onto it.

"Letty!" Seeing this, John flung the doctor aside and ran over to help me up. "How are you feeling?" Turning to the doctors, he hollered, "What are the lot of you waiting for? Give her some medication immediately! Can't you see how much pain she's in?"

He roared so loudly with every bit of energy he could summon that beads of sweat had formed on his brow.

I opened my mouth as if to say something. Before a word could bubble to the tip of my tongue, I suddenly tasted the potent stench of blood at the back of my throat. The next moment, blood had spewed out of my mouth and splattered all over the floor. In an instant, John's white shirt was covered in splotches of bright red as he held me.

"You'll be alright, Letty. I'm here—nothing will happen to you..." John tried frantically to wipe the blood from my face, comforting me as he did so. He turned around and threatened the doctors again, "I don't care what sort of method you use. If Letty doesn't survive this, I'll make sure to bury you lot alive with her. Men!"

Hearing this, his subordinates rushed into the room at once. The sight of men in black made the doctors gape in shock.

As one of the bodyguards pressed a knife to the neck of the male doctor, he raised his hands in a gesture of surrender. The female doctor, on the other hand, looked rather helpless. She yelped for

a few times before shutting up when the bodyguards threatened to kill her.

In comparison, the director seemed rather unbothered. Stuttering slightly, he protested, "Mr. John, you need to calm down, please. It's true that Ms. Stovall's illness is incurable. However, her immune system is very weak as well, and she stands no chance against the toxin. This is why she was so susceptible to it. It's very unreasonable of you to blame the doctors like this."

Something flickered in John's eyes. He shot an ominous glance behind him before turning around and helping me to lay back down on the bed. He then pulled the covers up to my chin before walking slowly towards the director again.

John was half a head taller than the director. The two of them gazed into each other's eyes for half a second. Then, in the blink of an eye, John grabbed hold of his bodyguard's knife and stabbed it into the director's thigh.

The smell of blood became even stronger in the room, but John didn't seem to realize. With a cold expression, he said, "This is just the start. If you don't save my sister's life, I'll make sure to stab you in the chest next time."

His fluent English, coupled with his handsome face, would have made any girl swoon. However, his words only came across as cruel and bloodthirsty being spoken in a room full of bloodshed and in his icy tone.

Though my vision was rather blurry, I could see the doctors shooting dark glances at one another. In the end, they finally conceded. One of the younger doctors stepped forward and announced that they would do their best to save me and increase my lifespan. With that, they hurriedly carted the white-faced, bleeding director away.

John shut the door and quickly returned to my bedside. He comforted me, "Don't worry, Letty. You'll be alright very soon."

I coughed twice, loudly. Frowning slightly, I summoned up all my courage and whispered reassuringly, "You're the one who should stop worrying. I know my body the best. I have a weak constitution to begin with; on top of that, I didn't go through with

my confinement period properly. I shouldn't have come out before it ended. I brought all this upon myself. Don't feel sad."

John bowed his head and knitted his brows together, trying his best to hold back his emotions.

"John, can you promise me one more thing?"

There were only the two of us in the room, and it was so quiet that you could hear a pin drop. My voice, though soft, was clearly audible.

John's hand lay on top of my chest, crumpling my blankets into a twist. He still refused to look at me. "You must be very tired now. Have a good rest first. When you get better, let's do it together. Go to sleep now."

I shook my head stubbornly and refused to listen. "I'm afraid I might run out of time before that. John, this is my last and only wish. Find the child and make sure that he..." here, I coughed again, "...that he isn't abandoned on the streets. Promise me that, alright?"