

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1252

Although Armond had a twisted personality, he wasn't very good at responding to verbal attacks. John's mocking statement made his veins bulge green with anger. He was so furious that he couldn't speak—instead, he snapped his fingers loudly and called his bodyguards into the room.

In barely a few moments, John and I were completely surrounded.

“Originally, I was going to let you off the hook on account of my relationship with Scarlett. Since you're so desperate to die, however, you can't blame me for what I'm about to do.” Armond stared coldly at John, his eyes flashing with murderous rage. “Take him away.”

As soon as he spoke, two bodyguards made their way over to John.

However, Armond had forgotten that John was a good fighter too. When he last saved me, he had managed to beat a fat, disgusting man with one flying kick. Before the bodyguards even touched him, John had already responded. He sent one of them sprawling onto the floor with a kick, before rounding behind the other one and throwing him onto the floor. The bodyguards lay on the floor, stunned.

“Humph...” Armond scowled at his groaning bodyguards. He still seemed rather unruffled. “I'll admit that I have underestimated you. But do you really think you can get out of here by beating my bodyguards alone?”

With his skills, John could easily take down five people by himself. With the need to protect my baby and I, he might have a slightly harder time, but victory would still be his.

Since Armond had allowed him to come along, he must have made preparations in advance. If we caused a commotion here, the security guards in the rest of the building might come running. Faced with such a huge number of them, we might not have a chance.

At that moment, a voice that I had been anticipating rang out from the doorway.

“And what if there’s me?” Ashton walked into the room, his black coat sweeping against the floor even as it hung from his tall, broad frame.

Armond gazed at him, his brows knitting into a frown. After thinking for a while, he turned to look at me. A look of realization appeared on his face. “Were you lot tricking me?”

“That was pretty fast of you. As expected from you, Armond,” I said loudly, abandoning my pretense of weakness.

John would never miss a chance to add insult to injury. He crowed, “If you have the time, I advise you to train your subordinates better. They couldn’t even do something as simple as spying inconspicuously. Did you really think they could pull the wool over my eyes?”

Although he made the process sound rather simple, it had actually been far more complicated than that.

Armond had captured me before releasing me, because he wanted Ashton to see me being tormented before his very eyes. This was a leverage he could use against Ashton.

In reality, the toxins had found their way into my body, and remained there even today. However, Ashton had found an antidote so I wouldn’t die. All this while, I pretended to be on the brink of death. Risking exposure, Armond’s man had changed my medication to reduce my suffering and improve my condition. This proved only one thing to me—Armond would never let me die.

If I died, Ashton would go berserk and go after Armond for revenge, and there was nothing in it for Armond. My life was the best ransom for the baby. Because of this, I had pretended to commit suicide in front of Armond, and as expected, he had fallen for it completely.

“From today on, Armond, you will never be able to use me to threaten Ashton again.”

Pretending weakness was the best way to make your opponent let his guard down.

As long as I wasn't afraid of death, Ashton would never have an Achilles heel.

Here, I had to thank Armond for this. The moment before my knife pierced my flesh, I had seen deep fear and despair on his face. That one moment had led me to this revelation.

Armond's eyes darted frantically between the three of us, still looking rather suspicious.

Very quickly, a cold, merciless smile returned to his face again. "Haha, so what about it? You might not be afraid of death, but your two daughters are still in my hands. If you dare to step out of the room, I promise that neither of them will live to see tomorrow's sun."

"Oh, that reminds me. The two girls should thank their grandpa." John took out his phone from his pocket and waved it at Armond. "The patriarch of the Moore family gave this to the baby—it's a satellite phone. It looks like a normal smartphone from the outside, but it connects to other phones by radio through orbiting satellites instead of a terrestrial network like normal phones do. All this time in M Country, we've been using this to call home. Did you think you would be able to trick us by installing a signal blocker outside the Stovall residence?"