

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 789

He shook his head and pinched the tube. "This is a temporary measure," he said as he emptied the contents of the syringe into my drip.

"Isn't this administered as a jab?" I inquired suspiciously. Isn't it normal to inject a patient with antihistamine instead of administering it through the drip?

The doctor adjusted the speed. "It's saline. The previous batch was too concentrated; this is just to water it down slightly. Don't worry, it won't affect anything."

I wasn't familiar with medical procedures, but even in my ignorance, this explanation felt too far-fetched to me. But my nagging suspicion was unable to identify what was wrong.

Without a concrete reason to raise any objections, I settled down and accepted it without complaint.

The doctor eventually moved to other patients to carry out the same procedure. My suspicions evaporated when I observed his deftness in carrying out his duty. Soon after, I closed my eyes again.

A while later, I could no longer deny feeling that something was wrong. My eyelids felt too heavy to open.

Suspicion and fear clouded my mind. I groped for my hand and pinched it hard. After ascertaining that I was not dreaming, I mustered all my strength to wrench my eyes open.

The sight of the doctor standing menacingly before I had confirmed my fears.

I reached out to push him away, but he suddenly lifted me up and out of the corridor.

As the sedative began to take effect, I reminded myself over and over again to stay awake.

I bit down hard again on my tongue and the pain of it was immense. By this time, I found myself being carried over to the lift.

I recognized the possibility of him taking me away. My first instinct was to struggle to free myself, but I felt completely limp. I wanted to scream for help, but I was too weak to even form any words.

The lift doors opened and he walked in with me. He pressed for a certain floor but I couldn't see what it was.

The only thing that I felt sure of was that he had selected the lowest of the blurry red dots on the lift panel. It was most likely the underground garage.

I dug my nails deep into my palms to maintain my consciousness.

Before long, the lift doors opened once again and we exited. I had thought that he was going to throw me into a car and drive off to a secret location somewhere to be interrogated.

However, the cold that I was thrust into had succeeded in bringing me to full awareness of my surroundings.

The chill of the September air was cold but not to this extent. This was something else; it was sub-zero temperatures that could freeze hell over.

The realization of where I was flashed dully but clearly in my mind. The morgue!

It wasn't just the underground garage that was at the bottom of the hospital. I forgot about the morgue.

Besides, there was no reason for a garage to be at a sub-zero temperature.

I had recovered some of my wits under the extreme cold. The sight that greeted me upon opening my eyes was one of pure terror. It was white everywhere I looked. The corpses that were not yet stored were covered in white sheets.

The man dropped me from his shoulders and went out of my field of vision. I heard the sound of ice blocks being shifted.

Several seconds later, I felt myself being placed into a container that was even colder than my surroundings.

A series of creaks later, I was pushed into an enclosed space.

The remainder of my wits allowed me to conclude that I was placed into one of the drawers.

My innate survival instincts kicked in. As I fought to get myself out of my predicament, the only act I was capable of was to reach out and touch the sides of my prison. The possibility of exerting force or crying out was beyond reach.

The fear of facing death seeped through my entire being. I knew that I would be doomed if nobody were to come to my rescue. And I would have been dead for a long time before anyone could find me.

But who was it that hated me to resort to such a vengeance in this measure?

I considered everybody around me but could draw no reasonable conclusion.

My body was beginning to shiver violently in a valiant attempt at survival, but due to the sedative nature of the drug that was administered to me, it did not produce much of an effect.

The only thing that I felt was everything was slowing down.

This is such a joke.

Out of all the ways I've considered of me meeting my end, this was definitely not one of them.

I had survived the threats that Rebecca had made, Cameron's vicious schemes, and the near-death experiences in Venria.

But at the very end, I would succumb to such a simple and subtle, even elegant way of murder.

I would not have been able to think of this even in my wildest dreams.

I wanted to see Summer. I did not manage to explain to her why I had to leave without saying goodbye. I had not managed to give her one last hug and tell her that she had to grow up and live her life even if I was no longer around.

I had not managed to meet Emery's children and greet Zachary and Cameron as Dad and Mom. I did not get the chance to cook a meal for them, or the opportunity to tell them that I bear them no resentment.

I did not get the chance to tell Ashton that I actually loved him deeply and that I wanted to bear him a child. I did not get to tell him that I was looking forward to a massive wedding celebration with him.