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In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1247 - 1248

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.

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“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.”

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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."

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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?"

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"Stop talking right now!" John turned away abruptly. "I'll go talk to the doctors about the recovery process. You have a good rest!"

"John..."

Even as I doubled over and coughed, John pretended as though he hadn't heard me. He quickened his footsteps and disappeared out of the door in a matter of seconds.

I stared at the door, hoping that he might change his mind and return. However, he left and didn't come back.

I sighed deeply and stared gloomily at the ceiling. My last bit of hope had disappeared.

Eventually, I drifted off to sleep.

A long while later, I detected a bright light shining above me. I opened my eyes slightly to see what it was.

What I saw was the snow-white fabric of a doctor's coat. Apparently, a doctor was changing my medication.

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Alarm bells sounded in my head, and I snapped awake immediately. The biggest hospital in M County would never trouble a doctor to change a patient's medication by themselves!

"Who the hell are you...!" I struggled to open my eyes and see who it was. However, my vision remained dismally blurry.

When he heard me, the person who was changing my medication stumbled backward. When my vision finally cleared, I could only see the door swinging shut after him. There were way too many people here who were after my life. Even though I knew my days were numbered, I didn't want to go before my time. I hung on and shouted for help as loudly as I could.

"Is anyone there? Please help..."

By the time John returned with the doctors and nurses, I had already wormed my way to the side of the bed, and was a few inches from falling right off.

"What's going on? Didn't I tell you not to move around? What do you think you're doing?"

Summoning up what was left of my energy, I grabbed hold of John's arm and shot a look at the infusion bottle. "The medication...someone touched it..."

Before I could finish my sentence, I collapsed in John's arms and lost consciousness again.

I finally woke up three hours later, feeling much more energetic than before.

When he saw that I was awake, Ashton quickly ran to my bedside. It had only been a few days since we last saw each other, but his cheeks were covered

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with black stubble, and his eyes looked horribly sunken. He looked as though he had aged ten years overnight.

“You’re awake! Are you hungry? Do you want to eat anything?” Ashton’s voice sounded a little hoarse. Perhaps it was just my imagination, but he sounded as though he had been crying.

“I’m not hungry,” I replied, reaching out a hand to caress his cheeks. “You haven’t been taking good care of yourself, have you?”

Ashton’s eyes still looked rather wet, but he plastered a smile onto his face and said, “I’m fine. Thank goodness you’re awake. Don’t worry, we’ve nearly figured out where the child is. Throw your energy into recuperating. Do as John says and stay put for now.”

“I feel much better now.” Ashton gave me the courage to face every challenge in life. I sat up and leaned against the headboard, feeling my headache lessen by almost half. Even my vision was getting clearer by the second.

I turned to John and asked, “Have you discovered who it was that tried changing my medication?”

“It was George from the Thoracic Surgery Department. Thank goodness you were vigilant and managed to scare him off! Otherwise, who knows what might have happened to you. We’re investigating the rest of the doctors in the hospital now. Whoever is behind this is a very frightening person! They even managed to bribe a doctor who has been working here for more than ten years!” John looked very agitated, as though he was gearing up to go into battle.

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I nodded my head and didn't stop him. I had fallen into the person's trap once when I was giving birth, and he had nearly tricked me again today. I couldn't allow this to happen a third time.

I asked Ashton, "You said you have new leads about the baby's whereabouts?"

"That's right," Ashton said, nodding. He cupped my face in his bony hands and tucked a stray strand of hair behind my ear. In a gentle voice, as though he didn't want to startle me, he said, "We'll find him very soon. When the baby returns, you'll get better too."

I knew the matter couldn't be as simple as it seemed. Stubbornly, I pressed, "What sort of conditions did Armond lay out?"

He had done this to me and made sure that Ashton got a good look at his handiwork. Armond was after something for sure. He was no longer the same person as before—these days, he spoke only to increase the difficulty of the terms he was negotiating.

Ashton chuckled. Caressing my face, he said comfortingly, "Don't worry about it, I'll settle it by myself. Just return home with John quietly. I'll handle the rest."

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