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In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1223

They had escaped? K City is an enormous place with a population of nearly millions of citizens. All they had to do was slip in and merge with the incoming crowd to disappear without a trace. Searching for them was like trying to find a needle in a haystack.

I did not respond to the call. Already, I began to formulate a plan to search for and talk to Ezra's subordinates.

My past with Ashton deemed it impossible for me to steer clear from their grudges. Nonetheless, there was always a way out. If we played along with their demands, we might be able to guarantee the child's safety.

"Do you remember how much you used to hate me?" Upon my silence, John made his way towards my bed and took a seat.

I tilted my head in confusion. Why would he bring that up all of a sudden?

"Haven't I told you about this before? My father committed suicide right before my eyes. Every night, I'm reminded of his dying face. Additionally, witnessing the Stovall family's downfall impacted me even further. I even suffered from insomnia and became a monster driven solely by revenge. Although the enemy did not die in my hand, seeing them being punished allowed me to break free from the eternal nightmare that I had suffered from and live my life again!" John said.

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“The Fullers have a strong and powerful bloodline. Besides, Ashton is no ordinary individual. He will stand out regardless of anything he does. Thus, Ezra will not let him off. Ashton is enacting his revenge to protect you and your kids,” he continued after a brief moment of pause.

I could sense the truth in John’s words. If Ashton was merely an ordinary man, I would not have fallen so deeply in love with him. I loved every part of him. Naturally, I couldn’t avoid the dangers. Falling in love and staying together with Ashton were two things that would always be intertwined.

For a moment, I pondered about John’s statement. Although I had acted cruelly towards Ashton, it was the only way to ensure my daughter’s safety and security.

Knock, knock.

Right at the moment, Emery strolled into the room.

“I’ve checked; both the nurse and guard have fled from the city. However, the airport’s security cameras did not show the image of a child in any of the footage. Baby must still be in the country. I’ve contacted a few of my friends; they will capture the nurse and guard once they land. We’ll be able to find out the culprits behind the kidnapping,” Emery informed curtly.

The Moore family had contacts spread all across K City. I was confident in her ability to handle such matters. However, I was worried about our enemy’s plans. Even if we managed to capture them, there was no guarantee that we’d be able to find any clues.

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Sensing the gloomy atmosphere, Emery discretely signaled for John to move away. "Right now, you should focus on taking good care of your body. If you fall sick, who will be responsible for searching for Baby?" she reassured me kindly.

After all, my body had a composition that was naturally weak. After I was provoked, there was a chance that I may succumb to depression again. Of course, they would be worried about my well-being.

As I looked at my child, I did not have any fickle thoughts. Instead, I nodded calmly in response. "Relax, I will take good care of myself and my children!"

"Mommy!" Summer burst into the room as she whined and demanded to play with her sister.

Reluctantly, I forced my lips to curve upward and placed my child on the bed. The sight of Summer carefully playing with her made the tension in my heart melt away as my tensed nerves relaxed.

Despite the combined efforts of the Moore and Stovall family, I could not meet my son during my postpartum confinement period.

The nurse and guard who escaped were tricky and managed to evade our grasps several times. After fourteen days of monumental effort, they were finally captured and brought to the Stovall residence's basement in K City. Their imprisonment managed to calm my frenzied thoughts as I regained composure.

The man kneeling before me had a swollen face and countless bruises scattered across his skin. He was the perpetrator who kidnapped my child.

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Despite having suffered harsh interrogations by John's subordinates, he did not relent.

Coldly, I gazed at the guard. He was barely clinging on to his own life. I remained unruffled by the pungent smell of blood that wafted over from his body.

John strode forward to grasp the man's hair and yanked his face upwards to meet my gaze. Threateningly, John poised his fist in a motion to strike the guard's face. "Tell us the location of the child, or you'll face death. Choose wisely," John warned him darkly.

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1224

One of the guard's eyes was swollen to the point where he could not blink. The crimson blood that trickled down his face gave him a very horrifying appearance. After two deep breaths of air, he finally opened his eye and locked gazes with me.

Although I've met countless people who were on the brink of death, this man was different. The moment he caught sight of my figure, his lips curved into a smile.

It was as if he knew something.

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The man's devious smile did not go unnoticed by John. Feeling provoked, he slammed his fist into the guard's stomach. At the sudden blow, the guard let out a pained grunt and collapsed to the floor. The punch had drained all of his energy as he was now incapable of lifting his head.

Moments later, a mixture of blood and saliva splattered across the floor as the disgusting odor in the basement became even stronger.

Seeing that the guard remained motionless, John wiped away the bloodstains on his hand with a handkerchief from his suit pocket.

One of John's subordinates reached out his hand under the guard's nose to test his breathing. With a single glance, John's subordinates emptied a large bucket of cold water over his head.

"Ah!" the piercing cold roused the guard from his unconscious state as he jerked his head upwards. In a state of fear, his mouth gasped open like a fish out of water.

"Continue the interrogation until he admits," John ordered and tossed the used handkerchief away. "Let's go; you are still under postpartum confinement. It would be bad to linger in such a cold place," he turned to address me.

All of a sudden, the tragic scene of Mitchell's severed hand flashed in my brain.

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Obediently, I rose to my feet and made my way towards the guard. Without hesitation, I snatched the dagger from one of John's subordinates and drove it ruthlessly into the guard's chest.

Fresh blood began to stream out of his wound as the guard stared at me in disbelief. It seemed like my ruthless move was the last thing that he had anticipated. Finally, I glimpsed a flash of unadulterated terror that flickered in his widened gaze.

"Where is my child," I tightened my grip on the dagger with a clench of my jaw and pushed the blade deeper into his chest.

Ashton had once taught me about the techniques of interrogation. If you didn't achieve whatever you wanted, you would have to inflict greater pain and drive them to the brink of death.

Stubbornly, the guard frowned and remained silent. As I inched the blade forward, blood gurgled from his throat and spilled out to stain his pale lips. Despite the growing fear in his eyes, I remained unmoved.

John must have decided to let me vent my anger. For a brief moment, he ignored my actions. It wasn't until the guard's eyes began to roll when he snapped out of his daze. "Are you crazy!" he yelled and lunged forward to yank me away.

It felt as if my soul had left my body. Expressionlessly, I lifted my head and caught sight of John's furious expression. Yet, I remained silent in response to his outburst.

John gritted his teeth in fury. A rare look of impatience crossed his features as the anger made his veins protrude. After ten seconds, he finally turned around.

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“What are you guys standing around for? If he dies, there will be no clues leading to the child! You will pay for his death with your life!” John lashed out at the nearby subordinates.

“Yes Sir!”

In the blink of an eye, they ushered in the medical staff as the situation began to take a chaotic turn. Although John was still simmering in anger, he escorted me out of the basement.

Once we returned to the room, John took a seat opposite me. His expression was impassive and unreadable. Combined with his stoic nature, John now radiated an imposing aura.

Guiltily, I avoided his sharp gaze.

Despite my attempt to evade, John’s booming voice filled the room. “Scarlett, what were you thinking?”

In defiance, I pouted and picked at my nails as I blatantly ignored his question.

My ignorance must have infuriated him. “Were you trying to kill him?” John snarled in a livid tone; his temper rose when I disregarded him.

Now that he had exposed my intentions, I was forced to lift my head and meet his gaze. “That’s right. I wanted him dead!” I pointed a finger at my heart, “I wanted him to experience the excruciating pain that I felt. Why can’t I do that!”

Although he was the only person who knew about my child’s whereabouts, I could not stop my murderous intent when I buried the sword in his chest.

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Although I've just met the guard today, I had never made a move against him. Yet, he went out of his way to harm my own flesh and blood. Despite it all, he had the audacity to laugh out loud. How could I hold in the hatred in my heart?

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