

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1084

I suddenly remembered that Sasha's parents were also locked up here. At the thought of this, I instinctively shot off the chair and paced out the door. Seeing me leave, Holden called out, "Where are you going?"

"To find out where everyone else is!" Worry seeped into my mind. Sasha's parents couldn't handle being stressed, given their old age.

He frowned. "Don't, it's pointless, and not to mention, extremely dangerous because Armond keeps his poisonous pets downstairs. He'll strangle me with his bare hands if you somehow get yourself killed. So, it's best to stay here. I'm sure someone will get us out."

I pursed my lips at that last bit. "Is that someone the person that you're working with?" Isn't that person in Moranta? So who is he referring to?

But Holden disregarded my question. Instead, he resumed eating and even complimented Armond's private chef, singing about how tasty the food was.

Hesitantly standing by the door, I thought about the conversation earlier with Nora before announcing, "Stay here while I head out for a bit. Don't worry, Armond won't hurt me since he still needs me to get that sandalwood box. And I'm sure he's installed cameras all over this villa, so he'll be watching our every move."

Then I exited the living room and trailed down the hallway that Spencer took when he brought me up earlier. After walking for some time, I realized that I hadn't even left the fourth floor at all.

My face scrunched worryingly at the realization that Armond's villa must be built like a maze. Otherwise, he wouldn't have made it so big.

At this thought, I halted and scanned the never-ending walls around me. There were no stairways, and each door looked identical, down its gold knobs and intricate carvings. On top of that, there were many adjoined corridors. Shoot, which path did I take earlier?

My heart thundered in my chest. It swung like a mallet against my ribcage.

All the doors were shut, so I approached random ones and tried to open them. Yet, no matter how much I rattled or turned their knobs, none opened.

The booming in my chest grew incessant as if my heart might burst at any moment.

Then I heard them; despite my initial hesitance, I eventually gave in and trailed after the faint chatters of some men and women. I inhaled sharply as the voices had miraculously led me to a door whose knob could be turned.

With extreme caution, I opened the door and entered before freezing at what was inside the room.

The dimly lit room was spacious. Many stares snapped towards me, alarmed by my sudden entrance. The one person who didn't seem shocked was Armond, who lounged leisurely on a sofa as his gaze trailed from the performance at the very front of the room over to me.

He swirled a glass of blood-red wine and raised his eyebrows mockingly. "I see you've made it. Come in! Join the fun."

I was still too stunned by everything to respond. Eventually, my lips parted as I managed a simple squeak, "I..."

"Escort Ms. Stovall in." Armond's eyes fixated on me like a predator's. He placed his glass down whilst a crooked smile smeared itself across his face.

His stare sent a chill down my back, straightening every fine strand of hair on my body. I trembled helplessly as two men grabbed onto my arms and brought me closer to Armond. They then left after completing their task.

Before me, Armond crossed his legs whilst grinning with a tainted delight. "Have a seat, come watch the show since I doubt you've ever witnessed such finesse."

My feet remained firmly rooted into the ground. I refused to go over, knowing that there were about four to five mastiffs and dingos eyeing me cautiously from every corner of the room.

Thoughts raced in my mind as I tried to figure out Armond's next plan of action. Seeing how unresponsive I was, Armond's eyes narrowed furiously.

"So you prefer to stand and watch?" He spat.

But neither of us, especially myself, was prepared for what happened next.

I winced, feeling a dry and clenching ache in my stomach. Then my knees gave in, and I plopped onto all fours before a sour stream of vomit retched up my throat.

Armond's face loosened into a dull expression, save for the slight twitching of his lips that showed how entertained he was by my suffering.

A sharp stench filled the air around us. I emptied almost everything in me, yet I could still taste the sourness of rotten plums in my mouth. It took a moment before I regained my focus on him. I yelled in disbelief, "Armond, you psychopath! You're insane!"

That's right. Armond thought to himself.

Armond's eyes bore indifferently into mine. "Hmm? Have you finally decided to surrender the contract to me?"

“Do you even know what you’re doing?” I felt my emotions churning as I stared down at the repulsive man before me, who sought after the contract by any means necessary.

Armond relaxed deeper into the sofa, sprawling his arms into a comfortable position. He shot a contemptuous stare at me and hissed, “Do you think Ashton would hand over the contract if I made you join them?”

“You’re insane!” My face paled to a greyish disdain. Feeling my blood run cold, I stepped backward, wanting to put some distance between myself this monster of a man.

He howled obnoxiously at the sight of me trembling. His laughter wriggled into my ears like worms as he mocked, “You’re too meek to beat me in this game of chase, Scarlett. I assure you won’t lose anything by giving me the contract, so why don’t you hand it over, hmm?”

Damn it. Regret seeped into me as if I had been drenched with a bucket of cold water. I shouldn’t have entered the room and walked so willingly into the lion’s den.

Gathering whatever courage I had left, I forced myself to meet his gaze. “I’d hand over the contract to anyone without question, just not you, Armond. What you’re after is the Murphy family’s recognition, aren’t you? Well, I won’t give you that satisfaction. Look at how you destroyed the Murphy family business. That was why you sought after the trading rights to Moranta’s ports; you wanted to undo the damages you’ve done to the Murphys.

“You’re probably nervous because Mr. Murphy’s already planning to remove you from your current powerful position, am I right? Well, a vile man like you will never succeed in life, no matter how capable you are or how many despicable tactics you resort to. I won’t give the contract to you. I’ll put you behind bars myself and allow the Murphys’ next heir to restore their family’s initial glory. As for you, you’re better off rotting in a jail cell where you belong.”