

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1189

If I hadn't complained about him with Emery, things would have never ended up as such. Jackson should resent me for his misery instead of taking things out on himself.

"Aren't you going to take Summer away from me? Do you really think you currently possess the things it takes to bring her away from me?" Since there was nothing we could discuss, I decided to motivate him to talk through provocation.

He looked me in the eyes, intimidating Emma, who was behind me, with his rage-filled glare. After a few seconds, he responded with a sneer and looked elsewhere. "I should have known you're a selfish woman ever since the moment you got into a relationship with that selfish man! I can't believe Macy had sacrificed her life to save you! She's such a fool!"

"Indeed, I have always been a selfish woman! Have you just figured that out?" I took a deep breath and suppressed the emotions I felt building up within me. I carried on with a strong front and rebuked, "Get a grip on yourself and prove me wrong!"

"Scarlett!" Jackson sprinted over to my side. He had his eyes glued to me, behaving as though he couldn't wait to knock me out.

His current look was far more vicious than the time he dropped by to confront me. Although I had been trying my best to keep a straight face, I secretly gulped in fear.

On the other hand, despite how Emma started stuttering in fear, she got in front of me, defending me as much as she could. "D-Don't you dare try anything silly! O-Our bodyguards are right outside of the clinic!"

Jackson's expression eased up as he looked at Emma in the eyes. After a few seconds of silence, he returned to the couch and said, "Get out of my sight at once. Stay far away from me in the future!"

Those words made it clear that was the end of our conversation. Thus, Emma and I had no choice but to leave for the time being.

I was determined to think of something to get him back to his usual self and regain his confidence.

After Emma brought me out of the clinic, we prepared to return home. John didn't want me to be away for a long time.

We had dropped by Jackson's clinic after dropping off Summer at the school. Emma had to bear the risk of being reprimanded by John if he found out. Thus, I shouldn't cause her any more trouble.

The moment we reached the entrance of the clinic, I heard a familiar voice sarcastically greeting me, "Scarlett, I told you I would find you!"

When I looked in the direction of the sound, Mitchell's bodyguards had rendered all John's men incapable of motion.

I had merely encountered the man once. Therefore, we weren't on bad terms with one another. I put on a calm front and asked, "What do you need from me, Mr. Ziegler?"

A familiar figure stepped forward before Mitchell could answer my queries. A strong murderous intent could be seen in Armond's abysmal pair of eyes.

"It's been a while," Armond greeted with a scowl, intimidating others with his vicious look.

I held my breath and clenched my fists to suppress the fear I felt.

Isn't Armond supposed to be abroad? What's he doing here? Why is he by Mitchell's side?

"Come along with us."

After Mitchell delivered his instructions, his bodyguard walked in our direction and snatched Emma's bag away from her. As soon as he found her phone, he mockingly thrust it into our faces before smashing it on the ground. Consequently, Emma's phone shattered into pieces.

"Go!" They then dragged Emma and I into the van and abducted us against our will.

“What are you guys doing?” When Jackson heard the commotion and rushed out, we were about to get stuffed into the van. Although the kind man knew he wasn’t a match for them, he rushed over despite the differences in power. Sadly, he was no match for Armond, falling to the ground after getting kicked.

“No! Jackson, stay away from us! Go get the cops!” My mouth was covered, but I tried my best to yell as loud as possible. I knew Jackson could barely hear me, but I needed him to stay away from Armond. The risk associated with him rescuing us was too high.

Unfortunately, Armond had no intention to let Jackson make a getaway. Right after we were brought into the van, one of Armond’s taller bodyguards approached the defenseless man with a knife. A few seconds later, I saw the knife penetrating Jackson’s tummy.

“Jackson!” That was the last thing I saw because I passed out within the next few seconds.

By the time I regained consciousness and opened my eyes, I saw Jackson drenched in blood. Immediately, I sat upright and started sweating bullets, fear pulsing through my veins.