In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1253 - 1254

"You can't blame him for that. You can take the rat out of the sewer, but you can't take the sewer out of the rat. Why would he care about these sort of technological innovations?" Mocking others felt very good indeed. I let out a sigh of relief, feeling more relaxed than I had ever been. The fearful feeling in my heart had disappeared completely.

Armond's expression changed again, this time to a very ugly one. His humiliation gave way to anger, and he stood up abruptly.

At that moment, the other bodyguards were approaching the conference room. There were more than thirty of them, and they took out nearly a third of the room space, blocking the exit from view.

"I hate it when people trick me. You brought this upon yourselves." As soon as he finished speaking, Armond nodded at the bodyguards, and they quickly got into formation, preparing to attack

"The Interpol and the special forces of Chanaea are already downstairs. I advise you to think carefully about what you're going to do next. Are you going to stay here and bicker, or are you going to take the opportunity to escape now? You love making people choose, but it's finally your turn to make a decision now."

Ashton's voice wasn't very loud, but it reverberated through the quiet room. The bodyguards looked rather stunned.

Ashton would never forget his grudges. Armond had tried to trick us so many times, and it was time for him to get a taste of his own medicine.

He could go with the Interpol, or be extradited back to his country. Either way, he would be rotting in jail for many years to come.

Armond and the bodyguards exchanged a glance. After confirming that Ashton's words were true, Armond gritted his teeth and shot us a rancorous look, before leaving under the bodyguards' protection.

The large crowd created quite the commotion as they left the room. The room only returned to silence a full two minutes later.

"They won't be able to get away this time," I said, looking at the direction they were heading towards.

The Interpol would be guarding every single building exit, and searching every floor for a sign of Armond. Unless he had invisibility powers, Armond's fate was sealed.

"If we were in K City, he would have left this building as a corpse!" John spat, his expression full of dislike.

Ashton didn't reply. Putting his arms around me and the child, he said, "Let's get out of here first."

On the plane home, I couldn't help but feel like everything had been settled once and for all.

As I gazed as the child in my arms, I remembered the numerous babies in that house, and thought of Marcus immediately.

"Where's Marcus?" I asked Ashton.

I didn't exactly want to be his reason for redemption, but we had known each other after all, and I didn't want his fate to be unknown to me.

"We've struck a deal. He will never return to the country again," Ashton replied blandly.

"Was he involved in the successful execution of our plan this time?"

"Yes," Ashton said, cocking his head to the side as he looked at me. He eyes were dark as ink. "He was the one who tricked Armond into thinking that I had been lured to the wrong side of M Country. That was how I managed to follow you guys to his hideout from the airport."

"I never knew that. Then, why did he need to work with Armond back then, and lure me to M Country?"

Ashton suppressed a smile and looked at me haplessly. "Do you want me to say that it was because you were simply too attractive?"

"Huh?" I was rather confused.

"Marcus had no wish to see us together, but he didn't want you to die either. When he heard that you were deathly ill from Armond, he found me and offered his services. He had only had one condition, and that was for me to save you," Ashton said.

I suddenly felt a little unhappy.

Marcus had gone too far. He had taken the wrong path in life and hurt the people who meant the most to me. The moment he joined hands with Armond, he had struck off the debt we owed each other.

However, he never harmed me all this time. For that reason, I would never be able to forget him.

Ashton sensed my unhappiness and enveloped me in a hug. Patting me comfortingly, he said, "Don't worry, you don't owe him anything. I've already returned Marcus his wife and children."

I was just going to scold him for being inappropriate with what he did, but Ashton said quickly, "It wasn't me. It was Joseph who saved them while searching for our son. Anyway, Marcus thinks he owes me now."

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1254

I would never wish my past suffering upon others. Luckily, the man I loved followed my wishes and drew the line at revenge.

A sense of uneasiness still permeated my relief. "Marcus may not appreciate our actions."

In Marcus' eyes, Camelia and Toby were just burdens. I doubt he would see them as fit bargaining chips for my safe return.

"Well, that's on him. We're basically even now, so you shouldn't feel bad for him in the future."

"Quick, come over here. Let's get rid of any bad luck that's still on you."

I didn't know where Cameron had heard about this old wives' tale. She had arrived bright and early at the Stovall residence, insisting on burning sage to get rid of any ill omen.

Amused, I gave in to her wishes.

A group followed my children and me into the living room. It seemed as lively as Christmas.

After I sat down, I spied an unusually lonely figure out of the corner of my eye.

Emma was standing at the foot of the staircase, smiling awkwardly but not daring to approach the crowd. She played with her hair from time to time to cover up her hesitation.

"Emma," I called out to her. "Are you not happy that I'm home?"

Emma seemed shocked at the mention of her name. She replied happily, "Of course not! I've been waiting for all of you every day!"

I laughed. "Well, don't you want to come here and see how the babies look like?"

A radiant smile appeared on Emma's face. She came over excitedly and took the baby from my arms. She cooed to him, "Hello sweetie, your Aunt Emma is always going to remember how you look like. What a cutie pie!"

John must have given Emma a hard time over the kidnapping incident. She must have been suffering almost as much as we have. Now that it's all over, we should just try to get on with our lives and make some happy memories.

"Hey, your kids are almost a month old, and you haven't even named them. Some parents you are!" Emery teased, her usual tactlessness on full display.

Ashton and I exchanged a glance. He hinted for me to take the lead.

Actually, I had already thought of their names when we were in M Country.

I announced confidently, "Since they were born in winter, their nicknames will be Greg and Dee!"

"Greg? That's a great name. Sweetie, oh, I should be calling you Greg now. I hope you'll grow to become a strong man!" Emma cooed at my son happily. The baby boy wasn't scared of strangers, and he had taken to Emma immediately as if they were truly related.

"Dee..." Emery said as she carried my daughter. "What about her full name?"

I pursed my lips before smiling at Ashton. Then, I turned to Emery. "She'll share a surname with Summer, so her full name will be Audrey Stovall. As for our son, we'll name him Gregory, as in Gregory Fuller. Since they were born during winter, we chose the name Gregory, hoping he'll become a person capable of beating all odds in harsh situations, while Audrey represents the noble strength that will support both of them through the ups and downs of their lives."

"Those are great names! Here, I bought matching anklets for them. Shall we put it on for them?" Cameron produced a jewelry box containing the two anklets before Emma and Emery placed them on the twins.

Once the anklets were secured, the man who had followed Zachary here suddenly stepped toward the center of the living room. He opened his briefcase on the table and took out two folders.

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"Hello everyone, please allow me to announce some news." The man cleared his throat as he commanded our attention. "As the legal counsel for the Moores, it is my pleasure to announce on behalf of Mr. Moore that Ms. Audrey Stovall and Mr. Gregory Fuller shall henceforth be assigned ten percent each of shares from the Moore Corporation. The net worth of said shares is approximately three point five billion."

We all exchanged looks of delight after the lawyer's announcement, ecstatic for the twins.

The lawyer then laid out the documents before me. He addressed me courteously, "Mrs. Fuller, the contract will go into effect once we get the thumbprints of the children on the documents."