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"John, don't be such a drama queen. I can count on one hand the number of times I've gone out, yet I still got into trouble. If it's meant to be, it's meant to be. I can't keep hiding forever or be a burden to our family. I'm sure they've excluded kidnapping from their future agenda after my last incident. I need to do my part too. I can't just stay at home alone and come up with imaginary scenarios in my head."

I knew I came across as harsh, but I wasn't mad at them. I only wanted to motivate myself.

"I've given it some thought. Since Tinsel Group is so chummy with the Zieglers and the Trivetts, I have to keep my job there." I used my most serious tone as I conveyed my intentions.

Dragging me into their dirty deals might not be as easy as Tinsel Group thought. I was determined to make them feel like they had lured a wolf into a rabbit's den at the end of it.

"I'm glad that you want to help us. At the same time, I don't want you to enter the lion's den," John cautioned.

"John's right. Since they know who you are, they'll have their guards up. Besides, you're unhappy there, so why don't you transfer to another law firm? You can still become an impressive lawyer then," Louis added.

I opened my mouth in retort, but before I could say anything, I let out a few deep, hacking coughs. My throat and eyes itched painfully.

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What started as a mild cough soon became uncontrollable. When John realized that something was wrong, a salty, metallic taste had made its way up my throat. I spat out some blood on the ground before me and the last thing I heard was John calling out to me.

"Letty!"

"You b*stard! Didn't you say it wasn't fatal? Why did you lie to us? I'm going to kill you!"

"John, calm down! We're at the Stovall residence. If you really harm him, you're going to drag Uncle Louis with you into the mess."

As I came to, I heard John and Emma arguing loudly. I slowly opened my eyes to Ashton's face. He was peering at me, concern evident in his eyes.

"What happened?" I croaked.

"Letty?" John pushed aside the elderly doctor he had been threatening in his haste to reach my side. I was greeted by the sight of his bloodshot eyes. "You're awake. Thank god, you're awake."

"Why is it so noisy?" I began to regain some of my strength. Ashton helped me sit up against the bed.

After I regained my composure, I took in the scene before me. The doctor who had treated me in M Country was here.

He avoided my gaze. They seemed to agree on keeping me in the dark regarding the severity of my situation. I didn't have to be an idiot to tell that something was very wrong. After all, John's expression gave everything away. The last time he looked like this was when he was breaking up with Hannah.

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"Can you all leave the room first? I'd like to spend some time with Ashton alone."

A patient's word was always the sacred decree. As such, John shooed everyone out of the room in a second. Now, Ashton and I were alone.

Ashton poured a glass of warm water for me, gently coaxing me to take small sips. He sat down later and started peeling an apple wordlessly. I watched the long string of peel, mesmerized at its perfection.

He always does things perfectly, even when it comes to small things.

"Ashton," I called out to him.

"Yes?" Ashton was laser-focused on the task at hand.

"We promised we wouldn't lie to each other. I need to know the truth. I don't want to find out from anyone else."

He paused in the middle of peeling. A moment later, he continued moving the knife as he removed the peel completely. Only then did he lift his head to look at me. Passing the apple to me, he said, "When we're in M Country, those men knew they couldn't afford to offend John, so they lied about the toxin's lethality. They pretended that it could be cured with medication so that it would give them time to escape. In truth, the medication can only temporarily inhibit the toxin's effects on your body. It can't get rid of it."

The apple in my hand suddenly weighed a ton. I felt at a loss of what to do.

Though I was still in a haze before I opened my eyes earlier, I could clearly hear the word "fatal" from John's mouth.

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In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1264

No one was ever really ready for death. The nearer the moment loomed, the more chilling it felt.

When he noticed the fear on my face, Ashton took my hand and placed it over his heart.

"I will always be with you, for better or worse. And I promise to get you treated no matter what. Do you trust me, Scarlett?"

Even though he was almost whispering, Ashton's voice reverberated loudly through my heart.

Ashton was someone who made me feel like I could take on the whole world. With him around, I never needed to fear.

I gripped his hand tight, all my worries vanishing in that instant as I whispered, "I trust you." Even if it was my last day on earth, I wanted to spend it with no regrets.

Ashton stayed with me at the Stovall residence until the wee hours of the morning. I couldn't help but feel a sense of helplessness and insecurity as I watched him leave. Without him around, the world seemed a little harsher and colder.

I was starting to space out when I got pulled back into reality by my phone's ringing.

It was odd that anyone would call at two in the morning. But since I couldn't fall asleep, I picked up my phone to check who the caller was.

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Alas, it was Zander. Not quite the call I had expected, I decided to let him wait for a while more before answering.

"What's the matter, Mr. Hoffman?" I asked harshly.

Ever since I found out that Zander was in cahoots with the people who poisoned me, I had lost all respect for him. As such, I saw no need to be polite toward him.

"What happened today was my fault. You were right. I've indeed gone too far. I hope you won't take it to heart."

An apology? Is that necessary? Did he want to make peace because he's worried about me leaving Tinsel Group and ruining their plan?

"Oh, that? I don't remember it anymore. But Mr. Hoffman, are you sure it's appropriate to call your female coworker this late at night? Aren't you afraid of gossip?" I was on the brink of death and didn't care if I offended anyone. Besides, after everything Zander had done, he deserved to feel my wrath.

As if pondering his choice of words, Zander replied after some hesitation, "I've been most inconsiderate. I'm sorry for disturbing you."

"Get out of my life if you're really sorry. Oh, by the way, you're fired. Goodbye."

With that, I hung up the phone before he could even react or protest against it.

In my current condition, neither John nor Ashton would want me to return to Tinsel Group to fish for information. The work intensity there would be too much for my body to bear.

The next day, Emery called to ask if I could accompany her to a ribbon-cutting ceremony. She didn't know about my poisoning incident and just wanted to hang out with me. Naturally, I agreed.

The Moores were born entrepreneurs, and Emery was no exception. She was a talented trader who always knew what stocks to buy. Rather than continue being in the employment of her previous company, she decided to start her own, which turned out to be the best investment decision she ever made.

Indeed, all entrepreneurs were scheming. Emery wouldn't have gotten to where she was today if she wasn't crafty enough.

When I arrived at her office, Emery was in a meeting with her staff. The flair of a young, successful leader came naturally to her as she mentored and instructed her team.

Upon seeing me, Emery dismissed them and made her way toward me. "Where's Emma? Didn't I invite her too?"

"Oh, she got called back for an urgent meeting by her editor. She said she's very sorry about missing the opening ceremony."

The truth was Emma wanted to avoid Emery at all costs. She was worried that her tongue might slip and spill the beans about Hunter.

"Which magazine publisher is she in again? The audacity of them to snatch her away from me," she muttered. However, she soon got over it as she dragged me around the office to make introductions.

It was almost ten when everyone gathered downstairs for the ribbon-cutting ceremony.

Even though he was slightly late, Hunter still confidently strode through the crowd toward Emery. After planting a kiss on Emery's forehead, he looped his arm around her and smiled at the reporters who were eagerly waiting for them.