In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1281 - 1282

When the man heard them approaching, he turned back to look. Out of desperation, he forced himself to stand and glared viciously at Emery. Reaching into the pocket of his suit, he took out a plastic bottle.

Before we could react, he quickly opened the bottle and threw its contents toward Emery's face. "Die, you b*tches!"

Emery covered me and ducked, but her heel was trapped by a crack on the payment, causing her leg to buckle. Losing our balance, both of us fell backward together.

At that exact moment, I could see traces of liquid streaking through the air. After which, Emery threw herself around to protect me from it.

"Be careful!

"Argh!"

As the liquid hit her back, Emery's grimacing expression struck me to the core.

"Emery!" She collapsed into my arms with her face reddened from the excruciating pain.

When the man realized his job was done, he dropped the bottle and fled immediately.

The bodyguards rushed over, carried Emery away, and provided me cover to leave the place. Naturally, a police report had also been made.

At the hospital, the doctor's initial diagnosis was that she had been burned by sulfuric acid. The large swathe of skin on her back that was burned would likely not be able to grow back.

Ashton was the first to call. At that moment, I was sitting at the entrance of the operating theater oblivious to the ringing of my phone. It wasn't until the bodyguard reminded me of it that I answered the call.

"Why did you take so long to pick up?" Ashton sounded exasperated. Despite not seeing him in person, I could still feel how concerned he was.

"I'm sorry, Emery is still in the operating theater. I was just feeling too anxious about her," I replied in a dejected tone.

It was natural for girls to enjoy flaunting their bodies. Emery had a good figure with flawless skin. Hence, she loved wearing revealing outfits that expose her shoulders and back. But now, she would never get to wear her favorite clothes anymore. Life is just too cruel to her.

The more frightening thought was that the man was actually aiming for her face. What sort of bad blood between them would cause him to commit such a heinous attack?

On the other side of my worries was my fear. I was afraid that I was the cause of the incident and also afraid that I had burdened someone else before my death.

"Scarlett." Ashton's tone suddenly changed. Its steadiness emanated a power that was able to calm my heart. "Believe me, it has nothing to do with you. That man isn't one of Armond's."

The moment he read my mind, the tears that I had been holding back gushed out instantly. Holding my phone tightly, I cried like a child.

Ashton didn't say another word until I managed to calm down. I heard his deep voice over the line again. "John and the Moore family's men will arrive soon. Try and recall exactly what happened and explain it to them quickly. It will make it easier for them to catch the perpetrator. Can you do that?"

I gritted my teeth. "Yes."

When the men arrived, I began to carefully recount what had just happened.

I had learned my lesson from previous mistakes where we allowed our enemies to succeed because we didn't seize the initiative. This time, I wasn't going to allow the perpetrator to go off scot-free.

Emery was mostly someone genial despite the occasional temper tantrum. Furthermore, the Moore family didn't have many enemies. Hence, one could count with one hand the suspects that hated Emery so much that they wanted to disfigure her.

"Letty!"

Just when I was describing the attacker, John arrived at the operating theater. After scrutinizing me for injuries, he heaved a sigh of relief when he found none.

Shortly after, Cameron and Zachary rushed over. After briefly explaining to them what happened, Zachary took charge and ordered all the Moore family bodyguards to capture the perpetrator.

Four hours later, Emery was moved to a normal ward.

She was already awake. But due to the injuries on her back, she could only lie on her side with the support of some equipment.

"Why are you here?" Emery was never close to Zachary. Hence, she resented the fact that she had to face them in her miserable condition.

"There's no need to be edgy, we're family after all." Zachary's expression was both solemn and authoritative. When he saw Emery turn pale, he softened his tone with a sigh. "You and I have never been good at following instructions. To have married someone I never knew and start a family, it shows that both of us are inherently free spirits. Hence, we should be treasuring and looking out for one another instead. Do you plan to never acknowledge me as your bother for the rest of your life?"

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For someone as headstrong as Zachary who only bowed to Cameron, he had demonstrated his sincerity with his humble attitude toward Emery.

Despite her stubborn character, Emery wasn't an ungrateful person. Although she didn't respond, her expression softened and was no longer as distant.

"Have you caught the man who threw the acid?" Emery suddenly changed topics.

For someone as courageous as her, worrying about capturing the perpetrator right after the anesthetic had worn off was considered nothing. In fact, if there was ever a need, she could even get off the bed right after childbirth.

Given how smart she was, she would likely have a better grasp of the situation than I did. I figured that she had already guessed who the perpetrator was before the operation was even completed.

"You shouldn't concern yourself about the man. I will ensure whoever is responsible pays for what they have done," Zachary declared angrily.

"Don't." Frowning, Emery looked conflicted. "This is my problem, and I will deal with it myself."

"Deal with it yourself?" Zachary was skeptical. "You wouldn't be lying here if you had managed to deal with it properly. You are too soft-hearted, so stay out of it this time."

Just when Emery wanted to protest, the sudden surge of emotions cause her to tear her wound. She grimaced in response, gritting her teeth.

"Emery knows what to do, so let's just listen to her. Watch over that man first. Once she has rested for two days, she can decide what to do with him," I interjected.

As a woman, I could understand her obstinance. No matter how detached a person was, one could never escape being tormented by love.

Despite her sullen expression, Emery struggled to protest further.

After glancing at me and looking back at her, Zachary finally relented. "Alright, for the time being, just focus on getting better, then. No matter how you intend

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to punish those responsible, just know that the Moore family will stand by your decision. So don't worry."

"Thank you." Emery painstakingly murmured as sweat broke out on her forehead.

Three days later, worried that the Moore family would starve the perpetrator to death, Emery demanded to be discharged.

Although this was their family matter and I shouldn't be involved, Emery insisted that I stay by her side. Despite not knowing the reason for it, I agreed to her request. After all, she needed someone to take care of her as she was still struggling to walk properly.

In the living hall, Zachary and Cameron were seated in the center. After I helped Emery to her seat, the bodyguard brought the culprits in.

After having not seen him for a few days, Hunter no longer looked like the gentleman he once was. His clothes were wrinkled while his face was covered with bruises. It was a pathetic sight. As for Delilah, she didn't change much other than being in a daze after having been imprisoned for the past few days.

"Emery, are you alright?" When he saw her, Hunter looked as if he was very concerned, which caused Delilah to give him the side-eye.

As Emery's wounds had yet to fully recover, she wasn't supposed to move unnecessarily. However, at that moment, she straightened her posture. Putting on a calm yet indifferent expression, she looked as if she wasn't hurt at all.

Only I was aware of how hard she was clenching her fist that was hidden away by her side. It was evident how excruciatingly painful tearing the wound on her back must have felt.

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Ignoring Hunter, she stared coldly at Delilah, "Why did you do this?"

"I should be the one asking you instead." After being imprisoned for three days, it only caused Delilah's rage to swell as she glared angrily back at Emery.

Emery's face remained expressionless as she asked again, "Fine. Tell me, then, what have I done to you?"

Seemingly undecided on who to side with, Hunter tugged at Delilah's sleeve, hoping to persuade her to back down.

"Sure I'll tell you." Shaking off his hand, Delilah took a step forward.

"I know that it's my fault for stealing Hunter away. Hence, I was ready to accept any form of punishment you intended to mete out. However, of all the things you could have done, you chose to punish my family who was innocent. My dad was only one year away from retirement but you used your connections to have him fired. After being dealt with such a devastating blow, he fell sick and is still lying in the hospital. As for my brother, who is a successful and highly sought-after professor overseas, he couldn't find a job after returning home. Other than you, who else has the power and influence to do such a thing?"