

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 655

“This is love at first sight, you know,” Abe said with a mocking smile. “You’re putting me in a difficult position here. She is... occupied for the night. Would you like me to show you our selection of girls?”

Ashton looked mutinous.

Abe had touched a nerve.

Abe was openly taunting Ashton now with his laugh. I was desperately looking for something that I could use as a weapon.

Suddenly, I recalled the gun on Abe’s hip and gasped involuntarily.

Before I could lift a finger, I was pinned down on my waist by something solid.

“Take the briefcase and run,” breathed Abe’s voice in my ear. “Don’t try anything funny with me, or I would be more than happy to leave another corpse behind.”

The room fell silent, as though the occupants were aware of the tension brewing. The dancers and patrons had their guns aimed at Abe.

Abe narrowed his eyes as he let out a cold laugh. “Mr. Fuller, you’ve come prepared!”

Ashton kept his gaze on me. “Let her go, I will let you walk out of here alive.”

“Her? Looks like my source was right.”

“Darling, you’re my ticket out of here. Thank you in advance,” Abe crooned in my ear.

I squirmed and wriggled as he held my body close to his. My plan to steal his gun slipped away as he grabbed it and held it at my head.

I would be lying if I said that I wasn't afraid. I had no idea how I was going to get out of it.

With me as collateral, Abe was unfazed. "Mr. Fuller, do you have all of your men here? You didn't abandon your old headquarters, have you?"

"Let go of her," Ashton said quietly.

He too drew out his gun and pointed it at us.

I knew nothing regarding this whole affair, but things were beginning to make sense as they unraveled.

Abe must have known my identity in advance to bring me here for this particular purpose.

He held on to me and inched towards the door. Joseph was perspiring with anxiety.

Ashton had laid this trap for Abe, but he did not expect me to get caught up in it.

Abe suddenly squeezed my throat. Through my pain, I heard Dante through his earpiece.

"Mr. Abe, the explosives are in place. Awaiting your order."

Abe did not respond but continued to drag me backward. "Ashton, you will lose to me again," he jeered at Ashton's helpless rage.

As I was hauled violently out the door, I threw caution to the wind and screamed. "Ashton, they're going to blow up this place! Don't worry about me and get out of there!"

Abe tossed me into the car. The next second, a flurry of gunshots filled the air. I did not know where they came from or who they were for. It was chaotic, to say the least.

Crash! Before we moved, we were hit by two cars, one from either side. We were locked in.

More gunshot sounds echoed into the night. Abe kept his vice grip on me and pushed me forward.

Ashton hesitated with his gun at the sight of me.

"Hoho!" Abe chuckled in disdain. "You're worth more than you look, aren't you?" he said to me.

I was disoriented and deafened by the gunfight all around us. "You overestimate me!" I screamed in despair.

He dragged me by the neck away from the window. "Stay where you are or she dies!" Abe shouted at Ashton who was in pursuit.

My arm felt as though a massive steel pipe was being forced through it. I cried out in agony.

"Everyone, hold your weapons!" Ashton shouted with pain in his voice.

Suddenly, the scene became deathly quiet.

The only sounds in the still night were the steady drip of my blood. My arm was numb, and pain threatened to swallow me whole.

I looked down, sweating in dread of what I may find. My arm was soaked crimson in my own blood.

The possibility of this was where I would meet my end was both terrifying and torturous.

I glanced up at Ashton. Looking back at me behind his fury and rage were tenderness and fear of losing me, both of which were beyond words to describe.

I saw for the first time what his helplessness really looked like.

“Ashton, let me leave here. Or she’ll die with me.” I felt the cold tip of Abe’s gun pressing lightly against my temple. He was no longer jeering at Ashton; his voice was cold and deadly serious.

Ashton hardened his gaze again. “Let go of her, and I may spare your life,” he said quietly.

“Hoho! Do you think I’m a fool?”

Ashton was shaking in an effort to suppress his temper. If he had the chance to kill Abe, he wouldn’t just do it. He would tear Abe up with his bare hands.

However, he fought that impulse and spoke to Abe in a level voice. “Let me take her place at being your hostage.”

“No!” My throat was dry.

Abe's maniacal laughter rang in my ears. "Ashton, I've expected a lot more from you. So, this is the famous white knight rescuing the damsel in distress situation that your people talk so much about."