

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 371

He said it as a matter of fact, and it slowly dawned on him how inappropriate it sounded. Jackson glanced embarrassingly at Ashton and promptly left the room.

“It’s not good to take so much of that, you know,” Ashton said.

I grunted in agreement, as my gaze fell on Summer. “I want to visit the hospital in a while.”

“I’ll accompany you.” Ashton volunteered.

I wanted to reject, but Summer chose that moment to wake up and cry loudly.

I wasn’t good with comforting infants and did not dare lift her up, so I scrambled out to fetch Jackson.

He was in the kitchen. He did not know how to cook so he employed a housekeeper. He heard Summer too and was on his way over.

“She must be hungry,” Jackson said as he grabbed the milk bottles.

I followed close behind. He suddenly stopped in his tracks and I ran right into him.

“Jackson, you...” I clutched my nose which seemed to have received most of the force from the collision. He and I were both stunned.

When we returned, we found Summer already in Ashton’s arms, tiny and frail like a newborn.

Summer stopped crying. She stared adoringly up at Ashton with her large unblinking eyes.

Jackson was surprised. He strode over and gave the bottle to Ashton. “She should be hungry, try feeding her,” Jackson said as he let out a cough.

Ashton sat down and coaxed the bottle to Summer’s lips with tenderness.

Usually cold and haughty, he couldn't have been more different than when he sat there with the baby in his arms. I was at a loss for words, and thought privately to myself at how very sweet and lovely it was, but also pretty funny.

Jackson had no words to spare and promptly exited the room.

I walked over to Ashton's side and watched Summer drink vigorously, with her eyes still latched onto him. "When did you learn to feed babies?" I asked him.

And such a small one at that.

He looked up at me. "When you were pregnant," he said simply.

"When was that?" I was completely clueless.

He pursed his lips but did not speak. He said as he gazed back down at Summer, "Let's take her back to Peakville Estate. Jackson and Nick have their hands full with their own affairs. We can't burden them with her."

I was taken aback, for I had not considered that. For a moment I did not know what to say.

He sighed at my silence. "At Peakville Estate, you would have plenty of time and help, as I would be hiring a couple of housekeepers. You would be able to calm your thoughts and spend time with the child too. When Mrs. Eriksen comes back next year, she would be there to help you, as she has plenty of experience with young children."

He looked me in the eye. "Would you agree to that?" he asked seriously.

I nodded without realizing it. When I had regained my wits, I shook my head. "I need to ask Jackson and Nick. They have been caring for the child for so long, I couldn't just leave with her. They've grown attached too; I need to consider their feelings on the matter."

Ashton nodded but didn't object.

Nick came home for lunch at noon. He brought over some fruits as well. At the dining table, I noticed that he looked vastly different from the time I first met him.

Back then, he was a carefree and boisterous fellow from a rich family with no thoughts about the future. In the span of six months, he became more reticent and considerate, as he spent most of his time caring for other people besides himself.

He noticed that I was studying him. "What is it?" he asked.

"Are you going back for the new year?" The Harrisons were not a powerful family, but they owned a lot of property. Cameron, his mother, was responsible for expanding the family wealth. Though she had an heir, Cameron never considered for him to inherit the wealth.

Nick tidied up the cutlery and froze slightly at my question. "Go back where?" he asked sullenly.

I was embarrassed and did not know how to respond.

The rest joined us at the dining table. Nick turned to Ashton. "You two should bring Summer to the Registration Office and register her," he said.

I couldn't help looking at Ashton to see how he would respond to that.

"Jackson and I have no business officially raising her," Nick said placidly. "You two are a legally married couple. It's easier for you to follow along with the procedures to adopt her."

Jackson was startled, but at Nick's words, he fell into thought.

Ashton grunted in approval and cast his eyes on Summer. "I'll deal with this as quickly as I can," he assured Nick.

Nick nodded. "My mother would like to invite all of you for a meal," he informed after a pause.

Cameron?

I was startled. "All of us?"

Rebecca was her daughter. Though it was a while ago, the fact that I'd hurt her and made her famous for the wrong reasons remained vividly on everyone's minds. Cameron was willing to invite me for a meal after all that?

Nick nodded. "You and Ashton as well."

I glanced at Ashton instinctively. He nodded his consent as well.

After lunch, we parted ways. Nick made his way back to the office while Ashton and I took Summer for registration.

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I brooded for a good long while. "Isn't Nick Cameron's biological son?" I asked Ashton, breaking the silence.

It was obvious how much Cameron loves Rebecca. But she treated Nick completely differently. She was negligent and dismissive of him.

Ashton started the engine. With his eyes on the road, he grunted in acknowledgment. "When Nick's father married Cameron, his birth mother had already passed away from an accident. He was in his early teens when Cameron became his stepmother."

Early teens. He was old enough by then. Nick did not feel much affection towards Cameron as well.

"Why did Cameron invite all of us for a meal?" Logically, I would be the last person she wants to meet.

At a red light, Ashton pulled the handbrake and turned to me. "Are you still feeling a grudge?"

"What grudge?" I was startled.

"Towards Cameron and Rebecca?"

I bit my lip and glanced towards Summer, who was fast asleep. "Life is long, we have to move forward one way or another," I answered evasively.

It wasn't possible for me to stay where I was. The matter with Macy and the child was out of my control. What was within my control was the ability to make my peace with it.

Furthermore, Rebecca and Cameron weren't doing so well themselves.

The process of registering for Summer was surprisingly easy. It was credited to Ashton's influence within J City. He had good relations and decent financial capabilities. He must

have pulled some strings to get the matter resolved for us without them asking us too many questions.

Ashton glanced over at my household register and smiled. "There's a third member of our little family."

"Has your Household Register always been at R Province?" He suddenly frowned.

I nodded. "When we got married, Grandpa told me to move it over here. But I was thinking of Grandma. She would be left alone if I did that."

Ashton raised an eyebrow. "Didn't you and John create your accounts together?"

I shook my head. "When his father sent him to us, he was almost a grown man. The Stovalls found him at Grandma's and took him away. I think his registration was created by his father under the Stovall name."

Ashton narrowed his eyes. "The Stovall family is influential in K City. Have you ever thought about why John's father chose your grandmother out of all the other families?"

"It could be due to the circumstances at that time," I replied, nonplussed. "It was twenty years ago, who could remember?"

He frowned and carried Summer to the car. "A lonely old lady in a forlorn county town was somehow acquainted with the heir apparent of the Stovall family from K City, and a famous merchant in J City. Scarlett, don't you think that this is an astonishing coincidence?"

I thought hard about Grandma knowing old Mr. Fuller in the past. I did think that it was a coincidence. When she brought me out of R Province, she told me that old Mr. Fuller was an old friend of hers.

I did not think much of it at the time. Looking back at it now, however, it did seem strange. Grandma spent her entire life in a tiny county within R Province. How on earth did she come to befriend a man from a powerful family in another city?

The more I thought about it, the more it gnawed at me. Now that Grandma was gone, I couldn't find out about their connection.

"There's no use in investigating about the past. Forget about it. It's cold outside, let's hurry up and bring Summer home," Ashton said.

I directed my thoughts towards the plan of moving with Summer to Peakville Estate. She may not like the sudden change, so Jackson and I agreed to have her at Peakville Estate by day and at Glenwood at night.

After a hectic day, we got home late to Peakville Estate.

I was rather tired. When the car pulled up and I threw open the door, Ashton appeared to lift me up in his arms before I had the chance to react. He carried me all the way into the villa.

After several moments of startled silence, I said, "Ashton, let me down. I can walk on my own."

I was dreadfully thin after giving birth. Ashton didn't seem to exert himself overly much when he carried me.

At the door, he shot me a sly look that plainly said he had no intention of letting me down. "Open the door!" he commanded.

I reached out and scanned my thumb. The front door swung open. He carried me past the living room and straight into the bedroom on the second floor.

He dropped me on the bed and climbed on top of me. It was intimate being in his arms.

We were all adults. Naturally, I knew what was coming up next, but I felt a little awkward all the same.

"Ashton..."

At the sound of his name, he looked at me with his dark eyes. "Never leave me again for any reason," he said hoarsely, his Adam's apple shifted seductively. "You must know that you're my wife. You can depend on me for any problems you have. Please think of me whenever you run into any difficulties. Only me!"

I felt my eyes shift dreamily. "Thank you, Ashton."

He nuzzled his face close to my ear and chuckled. "No need to thank me. Let's get practical."

He laughed again at the surprised expression on my face and pulled me into his arms. "You're too thin. We'll get you started on a nutritious diet tomorrow onwards, or people will start talking about how I'm starving my wife."

I bit my trembling lip. I had in my heart appreciation for that man which I did not truly know how to express.

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He held me even tighter. "Tomorrow we'll bring Summer over to live with us."

I nodded, not quite knowing what to say.

Ashton seemed exceedingly warm and gentle that night. I'm not sure what caused it, but I couldn't quell the suspicions that arose in my heart.

I woke up the next day and found no trace of him next to me.

He was already dressed and stood by the window. "Why don't you sleep a little while longer?" he said as he turned to me.

"Are you going out?" His clothes were prim and he was in a splendid mood; even went out of his way to style his hair. He looked even more dashing that way.

Ashton came closer and pecked my forehead. "I'm leaving to fetch Summer," he informed me. "Just trying some clothes to see if they're a good fit."

I laughed involuntarily. "You're just picking her up, why do you need to dress so formally?"

And did his hair.

He chuckled and passed his necktie to me. "I'm a father now. I have to look good for my daughter."

I tied his tie neatly for him. "She's only three months old, what impression are you hoping to leave?" I giggled.

He bent down and examined his tie. "How does it look?" he asked happily.

There was nothing much I could say but nod.

I stretched and was prepared to get up from the bed when I was struck by a sudden bout of intense pain. I stared at him in a fury. "Ashton you b*stard!"

He was taken aback at my outburst. "What is it?"

I pursed my lips and was about to get out of bed when he scooped me up in his arms. "I'm sorry, I'll be more careful next time."

I glared at him again as he carried me into the bathroom. I washed my face and brushed my teeth, as I was still held by him.

"Ashton, if you're going to do this again, we'll sleep in separate beds," I said.

He raised his eyebrows and put me down. "How about what you did?"

I froze in surprise. What have I done?

He bit his lip in a terrible attempt to keep from smiling and looked at me knowingly. It was a while before I noticed a patch of white fluid on his shirt.

To my horror, I realized that it was my breast milk! My face grew red hot. "I... I didn't ask you to carry me!" I stuttered.

"Noted. I'll be more careful next time," Ashton said as he smiled wickedly.

I...

"That's fine. As long as you keep feeding Summer, it won't be uncontrollable like this. It's normal for women who were recently pregnant. By the looks of it, Summer would have more than she needs," Ashton said as he took off the soiled jacket.

I ignored him. After I shoved him out of the bathroom, I proceeded to clean myself up.

When I got dressed, I found Ashton downstairs preparing breakfast.

"Have some breakfast before going!" he called out when he saw me.

"Let's go now," I declared as I picked up my purse. I was in no mood for breakfast.

Ashton felt helpless at my petulance. He scooped up two boiled eggs and handed them to me. "Eat them in the car."

He then grabbed his keys and left the house with me.

Throughout the journey, I was reluctant to speak to him. "I found two housekeepers," he said, in an attempt to break the awkwardness. "Give them a go, and if you think they're not a good fit, we'll find new ones after the new year, okay?"

"Alright," I said, and lapsed back into silence.

I could sense that Ashton was looking for ways to remain conversational with me. "When we get Summer, we'll drop by the hospital." He tried again.

"For what?" I asked, in spite of myself.

He raised his eyebrows and smiled. "You don't plan on undergoing treatment every time you feel discomfort?"

I...

"How would you treat this sort of thing?" This was a psychological problem, not a physiological one.

"All illnesses can be treated. It depends on the doctor."

After a pause, he continued. "Furthermore, you've been losing sleep. It won't do to let this problem drag on."

"It's been much better recently," I retorted in an effort to defend myself. He wasn't aware that I had trouble sleeping when I lost my child. But it's been much better since I knew that Summer is coming to live with us.

He bit his lip again, barely suppressing his amusement. "If every night is going to be like last night, are you planning on wringing me dry?" he asked, with a mischievous glint in his eye.

I...

I looked up at him and said in a level voice, "If you don't come on to me, how would I wring you dry?"

"When did you become this confused?" Ashton frowned as he held the wheel.

As he said that, he took my hand in his and kissed it. "If your reaction has slowed down, and if it's happened multiple times, it won't heal up as well. You still need to visit the hospital in the future."

I stared at him defiantly. "If you didn't touch me, it wouldn't have happened!"

His gaze darkened. "So your plan is to deprive me to death?"

This man and his filthy mouth. How could he say such wicked things!

"That's fine by me too. If you're dead, Summer and I can inherit your money and we wouldn't have to worry about anything for the rest of our lives." I was in a huffy mood.

"You wish!" He stopped the car at a red light. Taking the opportunity, he bit me on the hand, hard.

It felt like a punishment.

He raised his eyebrows at the two eggs still clutched in my hand. "Hurry up and eat them."

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"I won't!" I pouted.

The light turned green. "Last night wasn't enough for you?" Ashton asked as he eyed the way I fiddled absentmindedly with the eggs.

I was taken aback for an instant. It slowly dawned on me as I looked down at the eggs in my hand.

"Ashton, what kind of crap do you have in your brain!" I yelled, furious. There he is spewing all sorts of rubbish!

He smiled devilishly again. "Watch your tongue!"

Ugh, I'm sick of him.

He became serious when I ignored him again. "Why don't you want to go to the hospital?"

"It wouldn't fix anything even if I went," I said sullenly. The past few trips had been in vain; this was not something that could be fixed with prescription drugs. Every session was just a chat with the psychologist, which yielded nothing in my opinion.

He looked down and didn't speak again. As the car pulled up to Glenwood, he parked outside of the block.

He got down and turned to look at me. "Would you like me to carry you?"

I shook my head and followed him.

We called ahead and asked Jackson to pack Summer's things. When we showed up at the door, he gave us an update. "These couple of days she has been falling asleep rather late. She's not used to her new surroundings, I think."

I nodded. "Where is Summer?"

"She's in her room. Nick is feeding her with the formula."

I went in and felt startled. Nick was there in a suit of black; he looked dashing. He appeared to be ready to leave for work.

"I've fed her, she won't be crying for a while," he said as he caught sight of me.

"Let me!" I said as I took the bottle from him. "Please look around for any of her belongings that we might have missed out on."

He nodded. As he was about to leave the room, I asked him to shut the door.

"What's wrong?" He frowned.

Before I could answer, Ashton swooped in from behind. "She wants to breastfeed. Are you planning to watch?"

I...

Nick flushed red and left without a word. However, Jackson voiced his surprise. "You've only had the herbal remedy twice! Have you been massaging and..."

His voice trailed off. He looked at me and Ashton as sudden comprehension dawned on his face.

"D*mn, I'm overstepping my bounds," he said sheepishly as he closed the door behind him.

I...

I glared at Ashton in spite of myself, blushing like the setting sun. He's horrible.

"You too, get out!"

"I'll be here to guard you."

"Get out!" I repeated, staring fiercely at him.

Ashton ignored me and helped himself to the seat on the balcony. He browsed his phone.

I...

He is so thick skinned.

Without much energy left to deal with him, I turned away from him and lifted Summer. I foresaw this scenario earlier that day and dressed conveniently for it.

I had the notion that Summer wouldn't know how to suckle as she had never done it before, but I was worried for nothing. The little thing latched on and suckled away joyfully, as though she had known how to all along. I sighed with relief.

After a while, Ashton stood intrusively at my side, casting a long shadow over me and Summer.

I looked up and found him staring down at me. I turned away from him instinctively. If Summer weren't here, I would have berated and cursed at him.

I willed myself not to. "Ashton, please have some sense of shame," I said through gritted teeth.

"It pleases me to watch my wife," he replied coolly.

I...

After Summer had finished, Ashton carried her out of the room. Jackson watched him with amusement "Mr. Fuller looks like a paraplegic when he's carrying the child."

I shot Ashton a look. Strapping tall at six feet but hunched in half as he carried Summer carefully like she was a grenade. Each step was taken with measured caution; his body looked awfully stiff from doing this.

I struggled not to laugh at the sight. Nick turned to me and said, "Summer doesn't have much. Jackson and I will send them over afterward. She usually cries at night from hunger. Try to let her sleep by your side for a night or two, you can just reach over and feed her easily."

I nodded with gratitude. "Come to Peakville to spend New Year's Eve with us. It's rare that all of us are at J City together."

Nick looked at Jackson and read his mind.

Jackson nodded. "Yes, why not. I'm not returning to K City anyway. It would be nice to spend Summer's first New Year with her."

Nick nodded in agreement as well. "I'll send you the address and time afterward. My mother reminded me many times: if it's not convenient for you at night, bring Summer along."

I was taken aback, forcefully reminded of Cameron's invitation.

"It's not safe to bring Summer," I blurted. "I won't be going tonight, you guys go ahead."

Nick turned to Ashton with a meaningful look in his eye. "Mr. Fuller, are you coming?"

I thought that Ashton would adhere to his habit and decline. It surprised me when he said, "Yes, I'll be there."

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Ashton carried Summer in his embrace as he tiptoed out of the room. A smile tugged Jackson's lips upwards, and he tried to stifle his laughter when he saw Ashton's expression.

If Ashton didn't always have a cool and stoic demeanor, I suspected that he would have burst out laughing immediately.

I was plagued with a pounding headache and had no desire to meet Cameron.

As I followed Ashton to the car, he carefully placed Summer in the back seat and strapped her in the toddler seat. After that, I made my way to the back of the car.

Jackson and Nick had already moved all of the stuff to the car. Unfortunately, Nick was forced to leave after a quick greeting because he had to hurry to his office.

Ashton started the car and exited Glenwood residential area. "I thought that you didn't like attending dinner functions?" I asked him while on the journey.

“Didn’t you notice that Nick has been extremely busy lately?” he replied coolly as he pursed his lips.

“Yeah, a little!” I jolted in shock before answering in response to the sudden change of topic.

“Have you figured out the reason for that?” Because of Summer’s presence in the car, his driving pace was slower than usual.

“He comes from a wealthy family and has a great fortune under his name. It doesn’t matter if Cameron controls the Harrisons’ family business as Nick is still the rightful heir of the Harrisons. He formed Harrison Credit in part of his interest in the field while sharpening his skills. Seeing as it’s the year-end now, there shouldn’t be any audit assignments. However, he seems really busy. Does he lack money? Or has he bumped into something troublesome?”

“Good analysis!” Ashton said approvingly, “It shows that you’re not that stupid.”

What is he implying?

“So, what trouble did Nick run into?” I asked again while I played with Summer.

“Have you heard about the butterfly effect?”

“Does it mean that the gentle flutter of a butterfly’s wings will ignite a storm?” I asked him quizzically.

“Yeah,” he replied. His eyes were fixated on the road ahead with unwavering focus.

Ashton added, “Cameron’s affairs do not only affect the development of her personal assets, but rather, all businesses in connection to her. This means that all businesses under the Harrisons have subsequently taken a hit as well—including Harrison Credit under Nick. That being said, Cruise Corporation is a well-established company. Hence, they have the necessary capital to buffer the pressure during this critical period.

“However, the same can’t be said for Harrison Credit. It has been established for only two years. Sure, it has gained a good reputation and sizeable income over these two years. However, those alone would not be enough to withstand the adverse external forces. This is especially true in the case of a credit company. In fact, many big companies have terminated their contract with Harrison Credit.”

I was stunned at Ashton's explanation. With a furrowed brows, I asked, "Before the year ends, Nick needs to find a few companies to work with to keep his company afloat?"

"Yup!" He nodded in confirmation.

"Is Fuller Corporation not working with him anymore?" At that moment, Summer raised her chubby fingers to wind them around my hand. Curiously, she peered around her surroundings with a bright, round gaze.

"Nope, the contract signed between Fuller Corporation and him last year only includes the branch in J City. This year, I moved the head office to K City. By comparison, our capital has been reduced by half."

"Isn't there still Quinn Corporation?"

As the car entered Peakville Estate, he pursed his lips in deep thought. "Quinn Corporation is in a similar situation. Have you forgotten? Quinn Corporation has assigned the job to AC Credit."

Right! I was once kidnapped by Savini because of that.

I couldn't help but frown at the thought of that unpleasant memory.

It was already noon when we reached the villa. "You should go check on her. I'll move the stuff back," Ashton said after he carried Summer to the baby room.

I nodded in agreement. After a few steps, I turned to look at him again. "Ashton, I'm hungry."

Having not eaten anything since morning, I began to feel the effects of skipping breakfast right then. I didn't eat either when I was at Jackson's earlier.

Ashton raised his head before he burst out laughing. "Are you blaming me? What happened to the egg that I gave you this morning?"

"I left it at Jackson's house!" I pouted with a jut of my bottom lip as I looked at him with a helpless gaze.

Ashton chortled at my pleading expression. "What do you want to eat? I'll cook it for you later," he asked.

"Anything is fine!" I replied with a large grin painted across my face as I watched him unload the stuff from the back of the car. "Ashton, you look like the perfect househusband right now!" I teased him with a giggle.

"Come and shut the car door," he instructed as he glanced over to me.

I nodded and made my way towards him. After I shut the door, I trailed behind him back to the villa. "If you could breastfeed and have a child of your own, it wouldn't be a bad idea if you remain unmarried. Right?"

"What are you trying to say?" Ashton turned around and asked with a pinch of his brows.

"I'm trying to praise you!"

"You should reward me in a more practical way!" Ashton retorted as he placed the stuff in the baby room.

Without hesitation, I sidled closer and tiptoed to raise myself before planting a delicate kiss on Ashton's cheek. "Is this good enough?" I asked cheekily.

His eyes darkened as I stepped away. "I'll settle the scores with you tonight," he said.

Summer was an obedient child. She would not make a fuss as long as she was well fed and had enough sleep, staying quietly where she was, watching her surroundings. Occasionally, she would reach out to grab items that piqued her interest.

Meanwhile, Ashton was busy in the kitchen. He had left his phone in the baby room after moving the stuff.