

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 381

Ashton's face darkened as he glared at Rebecca in silence. At that instant, it was as if there was a drastic drop in the room.

After he walked away with Nick, Cameron raised her hand abruptly.

Slapping hard on Rebecca's face, she bellowed, "Rebecca, what is wrong with you? Are you looking to stir up trouble!"

Rebecca's eyes widened in disbelief as she covered her face and asked in despair, "You slapped me because of her?"

Cameron snapped at her with a stern look, "This slap serves as a reminder for you to behave yourself! I wanted you to have a good rest in the hospital, yet you refused. Thanks to you, we are in a mess now!"

"I'm not sick. Why do I need to stay in the hospital? Mom, you've changed. What's going on? It's Scarlett's fault, yet why are you punishing me?" Rebecca wailed in grief.

She cried her eyes out, and her high-pitched tone triggered Summer instantly, causing her to burst into tears.

Jackson tried to soothe Summer by all means to no avail. Pursing my lips, I took Summer from him and let her rest on my chest. Patting her back gently, I ignored the mother and daughter duo.

Without hesitation, I descended the stairs and decided to leave at once.

My ears caught the faint voice of Zachary's indifferent tone from far. "Rebecca, it looks like both Pear Garden and the Moore Residence are not suited for you. I've assigned my personal assistant to purchase a landed property for you in South District. Just stay there for your recuperation. Don't ever cause any troubles again."

I quickened my pace, not keen on hearing the rest of the conversation. I bet she could only refute Zachary's words by repeating those few sentences.

Once we were in the car, Summer stopped crying and looked at me with a puzzled look. I cheered up again at the sight of her adorable face.

Ashton came down as well five minutes later. He had changed into a black shirt.

However, the shirt was a bit too fitting for him. His body feature was apparently different from Nick's, although they were about the same height.

Ashton went to the gym frequently so he had a fine physique.

On the other hand, Nick had a slender body and fair complexion—like a teenage idol.

Sensing that I was gazing at him, Ashton asked me with a glint of mischief in his eyes, "You're not concerned if my back is feeling pain?"

I raised my brows and asked instinctively, "Is it painful?"

He chuckled and replied teasingly, "A kiss from you would help soothe the pain."

I pretended to scoff at him and looked away at once in order to conceal my flushed cheeks.

He smiled knowingly and started the car without saying anything.

The journey from Pear Garden to the Peakville Estate took approximately one hour. Not long after Summer was asleep in the Moses basket, I dozed off as well.

The next time I woke up, I was already lying comfortably on my bed in the Peakville Estate. Surprisingly, Ashton was not lying next to me.

I scanned every corner of the bedroom, but there was no sign of him. A while later, I got up and walked toward the baby room. In the baby room, Ashton was holding Summer in his arms and trying to coax her.

I was dumbfounded and asked, "Was she crying?"

He nodded and asked in concern, "Did her cries wake you up?"

I shook my head and told him that I wanted to breastfeed Summer. Although I've just woken up, I was still feeling drowsy. In the midst of breastfeeding, I almost dozed off and dropped her. Fortunately, Ashton was by our side and reacted immediately by taking Summer away from my arms.

Considering that I still needed more rest, he refused to let me continue breastfeeding Summer and talked me into catching some more sleep.

I had a deep sleep. When I woke up again, it was already the next morning. Again, there was no sign of Ashton in the bedroom.

I headed straight for the baby room after a quick wash-up. As expected, Ashton was sleeping on the bed next to Summer.

Seeing the both of them sleeping soundly, I tiptoed into the bedroom to check on them. The dark circles under Ashton's eyes indicated that he did not have a good night's rest.

When the doorbell rang abruptly, I rushed down to open the door. To my surprise, Cameron was standing outside the door.

In a split second, I started to get frustrated and asked impatiently, "Ms. Anderson, what brings you here early in the morning?"

Upon hearing my hoarse voice, she asked anxiously, "You sound different. Did you catch a cold after falling into the pool last night? Have you taken any medicine?"

I was at a loss for words.

What is exactly playing in her mind?

"Ms. Anderson, thanks for your concern. I'm fine. Are you here for Ashton? He is still sleeping. You may need to wait for a while." Trying to suppress my displeasure, I hinted at her.

As if she could not sense my displeasure, she said with a smile, "Infants cry a lot at night. I figured both you and Ashton are still young and maybe inexperienced in taking care of Summer. Hence, I've brought along two experienced nannies for you. Not only can they take care of Summer, but they can also nourish you. That way, you guys can have a good night's sleep."

After her speech, she introduced the two kind-looking middle-aged women behind her. However, I was repulsed by Cameron's pretentious look and replied coldly, "Ms. Anderson, you didn't have to do that."

Nevertheless, she ignored my words and began to brief the nannies on Summer's conditions. Later, she glanced at the kitchen and caught a glimpse of my pot.

"You haven't taken your breakfast, right? Let me prepare for you now. You can try my cooking and give me some comments as well."

Before I could say anything, she had made her way into the kitchen.

I was stunned again and stood motionless.

There must be some hidden motives behind her unusual kindness!

My expression of displeasure and impatience did not deter her from showing her concern. I was almost drowned in her nagging—from the food I eat to the way I take care of Summer.

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I gave up saying anything since she would turn a deaf ear to my words. Half an hour later, she served me breakfast and urged me to give it a try.

At the same time, she instructed the two nannies to clean up the house.

She turned to me again and advised, "You need to take foods that are rich in protein now as you're breastfeeding."

When Ashton woke up and saw the nannies, he asked quizzically, "What's going on here?"

Cameron chimed in before I could open my mouth, "I bring them here to help take care of Summer. You two could take a breather and have a good rest yourselves."

Ashton glanced at both of the nannies who were cleaning the house at the moment and thanked Cameron courteously, "Ms. Anderson, sorry for the trouble."

“Not at all! Don’t mention it,” Cameron replied jubilantly as he did not turn her down.

After that, she urged Ashton to give the breakfast a try. Surprisingly, Ashton was not repulsed by Cameron at all.

Cameron stayed in the villa the whole morning. She juggled between monitoring the nannies cleaning up the house and looking after Summer in the baby room.

Ashton was busy with his work matters in the study. As I was reluctant to be together with Cameron in the baby room, I chose to stay in his study.

After quite a while, he raised his head and asked me, “You’ve been here for quite a while. Anything you want to discuss with me?”

I put down the book and asked him directly, “Do you sense that there’s something amiss about Cameron?”

He shifted his gaze from his laptop momentarily and looked at me. “Anything wrong?”

“Why did she suddenly invite us for a meal at Pear Garden. What’s more, she brought along two nannies and prepared breakfast for us! What has gotten into her? She has done so much for us. Even our own friends might not have done that!” I was really baffled.

Ashton walked toward me and crouched next to me. With smiling eyes, he asked, “You don’t like it?”

I shook my head in response.

Holding my hand, he planted a few kisses on it and said softly, “Perhaps she’s doing all these to make it up to you?”

“Feeling guilty? If she really feels guilty, she shouldn’t have done so much to hurt me previously!”

My expression turned grim as I continued, “Ashton, I really feel uneasy with her around. Can you ask her not to appear before us again? The New Year is just around the corner. We should make time to visit Grandpa and Grandma’s grave. Not to forget about Macy as well—it’s time to bring Summer to visit her.”

He stood up and pulled me into an embrace. "You're right. We should visit them. But it's not appropriate for Summer to follow us to the graveyard. She's still too young."

I nodded and asked again, "When are we going?"

"Tomorrow," he replied briefly and lowered his head to kiss me passionately.

Coincidentally, Cameron entered the room with Summer in her arms. She smiled in embarrassment and said, "Don't bother about me. You go ahead. I'll bring her down for a walk."

Ashton recollected himself and asked placidly, "Is Summer hungry?"

Cameron nodded and replied, "I made her some milk with the milk powder, yet she was reluctant to drink and kept sticking her tongue out. I guess she must be yearning for breast milk. That's why I bring her up now."

Ashton immediately took Summer away from her and handed her to me.

After that, he left the study with Cameron.

I had a hunch that Ashton was hiding something from me. However, it could be just me being over-sensitive.

When I walked out of the study after breastfeeding Summer, Cameron had left. Ashton was on a call in the living room. It sounded as if he was assigning Joseph some tasks.

The moment he saw me, he hastily concluded his conversation and hung up within seconds. Taking Summer away from me skillfully, he looked at me and asked, "What do you feel like eating?"

I held onto his arm and replied softly, "I'm fine with anything. You decide then."

We had more time to ourselves ever since the nannies were here. Ashton and I no longer had to take turns waking up in the middle of the night anymore. Since Summer was in their care most of the time, Ashton cherished the time spent with Summer even more. Basically, he brought her along everywhere he went. Life seemed to be peaceful and relaxing for all of us.

Due to the stress-free lifestyle, I had put on quite some weight. As J City was located in the South, the weather would usually turn warmer towards the year-end.

On New Year's Eve, Nick and Jackson visited us at our home. The Peakville Estate was engulfed by a lively atmosphere with the arrival of our guests.

John gave me a call, requesting me to pick him up from the airport. As Ashton was just seated beside me, I passed the phone to him and let both men communicate on the arrangement.

After hanging up the phone, Ashton said casually, "Just go, but take care alright."

I squinted and looked at him curiously. "Be frank with me, what did he tell you? I'm surprised that you willingly let me be his chauffeur without a second thought."

He replied with a chuckle, "Louis is with him and requested for you to go fetch him from the airport. If I accompany you there, do you think you can cope with the things at home later?"

I shook my head at once. Preparations for reunion dinners were a real challenge for me. Without hesitation, I grabbed the car key and left.

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The journey from Peakville Estate to the airport would usually take only around forty minutes. However, the traffic was bad due to New Year's Eve.

Cars were crawling along the road. Looking at the Ferrari in front of me, I could not resist gaping. This must be a millionaire!

Bang! The sudden hit sent me into a tizzy. I didn't even start my car!

My car had been stationary for quite some time in the long queue. It did not make sense for it to suddenly move forward and collide into the race car in the front!

A man in sunglasses got out of the royal blue race car. The man was dashing in his custom-made outfit.

Thud! Thud! He knocked on the window of my car.

Rolling down the window, I gulped and raised my head to greet him, "Hi, I was..."

The man cut me off with a stern look, "It's my fault. I'll be responsible for any damages done. Can you get out to check on the condition of your car?"

I was stunned for a while before getting out of the car. After taking some photos of the incident, I was about to inspect the condition of my car.

Suddenly, I was overcome by unusual dizziness. Within seconds, I could feel my eyelids becoming heavier and my energy draining off my body. Sensing something amiss, I was about to make a call. However, I sank into unconsciousness the next moment.

I understood that no one could spend the rest of their lifetime peacefully without any hiccups. However, it never came to me that there would be another massive blow awaiting me just right before the arrival of a brand New Year.

By the time I came to my senses, I was already on the hotel bed. After struggling to sit up, I discovered that my entire body was naked. My clothes were all over on the floor. I was devastated the moment I saw a used condom on the floor.

There was a sudden excruciating pain in my heart, and the extreme helplessness creeping into my mind was choking me up.

I got down from the bed hastily, yet I collapsed to the floor. I didn't have the strength to walk!

Reaching out my hand, I grabbed the clothes scattered on the floor with great difficulty.

Bang! The door swung open abruptly. I stiffened as Ashton emerged with a grim look.

As we locked gazes, his face darkened. The profound coldness in his eyes was piercing through my heart.

Gripping my clothes to cover myself, I began to tremble and quiver, "I-if I say I don't know anything, do you believe me?"

I am telling the truth! The only thing I could remember was when I got out from my car on the highway.

Ashton looked at me with a glint of indecipherable emotions in his eyes. After what seemed like ages, he finally raised his head again and took a deep breath, obviously trying to stifle the erupting emotions within himself.

Walking calmly toward me, his voice sounded unusually low and raspy as he replied, "I believe!"

Crouching down beside me, he covered my body with his jacket silently. However, his pupils constricted when he caught a glimpse of the used condom on the floor.

At the sight of his reaction, the throbbing pain of my heart deteriorated. Tears started to trickle down my face, yet I could not utter any words.

Twitching his lips, he raised his hand to wipe off my tears. "Don't cry. Let's go home now!"

He lifted me and strode out of the hotel room without hesitation. When I stole a glance at him, I noticed his chiseled jawline tightened. At that very moment, there was not the least bit of warmth in his movement.

The main entrance of the hotel was already crowded with reporters.

Someone had apparently set me up and deliberately dug a pit for me.

One of the reporters stepped forward but retreated due to Ashton's intimidating stare. Nonetheless, another reporter was daring to blurt out, "Mrs. Fuller, rumor has it that you were drunk last night and had a one night stand with a stranger. Are you having any problem in your marriage with Mr. Fuller?"

That was indeed a provocative question.

Ashton's face fell as he glared at the reporters blocking his way. "Get out of my way!"

The painful blow earlier on had turned him into a vicious predator with burning flames in his eyes. If not for the bodyguards holding him back, he might have thrown a punch on the reporters blocking his way.

After squeezing his way through the crowd, Ashton placed me gently on the car seat and instructed the driver to speed off.

Once we reached Peakville Estate, I jumped out of the car and stumbled all the way toward the villa.

Thump! Only after a while, I fell and knelt to the floor. As my knee knocked onto the ground, the stabbing pain seemed to wake me up.

Upon hearing the sound of hasty footsteps behind me, I clenched my fists with my eyes tightly shut.

“Just leave me alone!” I growled like a trapped and injured animal in despair.

The sound of the footsteps came to a halt as Ashton froze in his steps. With gritted teeth, I supported myself up. I tried to bear with the throbbing pain and dragged myself toward the villa.

Once back to the bedroom, I locked myself in the bathroom and scrubbed my entire body frantically.

After a long moment of scrubbing, it felt like a layer of my delicate skin had been peeled off. However, I could not stop scrubbing. I was shameful and felt disgusted with myself. I did not know what I had encountered earlier!

How did I end up in the hotel room? Why did I have to go through that!

Knock! Knock! Ashton was knocking on the door as he yelled anxiously, “Scarlett, come out now! Please open the door. We can go through this together!”

Covering my ears with my hands, I slumped onto the floor. The running water from the showerhead continued to flow onto my face and my entire body. My heart ached when I heard Ashton’s voice. I really did not have the courage to face him at that moment. It looks like there is no end to my misery. I thought that I could finally lead a simple and peaceful life.

Having a loving husband and an adorable baby—I’m really looking forward to a better life.

Now that this has happened... What have I done wrong? It's the New Year, yet I'm in such a piteous state!

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"Scarlett, listen to me. Come out of there!" he instructed in a serious tone.

"I'll barge in if you don't open the door now!"

"Leave me alone!" My voice was hoarse, as my throat was still hurting.

Bang! The bathroom door was forced open by Ashton. He then directed his dark gaze onto me.

With his lips pursed, he scooped me up from the bathtub and carried me onto the bed. I tried my best to struggle to no avail. "Ashton, let me go!"

After laying me down on the bed, he subdued me to prevent me from hitting him. His voice turned chilly as he uttered, "I will never let you go!"

My tears started pouring down incessantly like a running faucet.

A long while later, I finally ceased my crying as he embraced me. "No matter who it is, I'll make sure he pays for his deeds."

I remained silent as my throat was still in extreme pain.

When John arrived, I was finally able to calm myself down for a bit. As soon as he saw Ashton, he abruptly went up to him and gave him a strong jab.

And just like that, the two of them started throwing punches at each other.

Peeved, John grabbed a cup in the bedroom and smashed it against Ashton. "You're a piece of sh*t who can't even protect your own woman. You call yourself a man?"

John was livid. He had no intention of backing down as he kept on hitting him with everything he managed to get his hands on. "Last time when she lost her child, I gave you a chance to make it up to her. Now, look at how that ended up! You let her get hurt again and again. You dare call yourself a man?"

The bedroom was all thrashed up after their fight. Ashton had a somber look on his face.

Upon walking into the room, Louis glanced at him with a pale face before querying, "Do you know who did this?"

Ashton replied with a frown, "I'm still investigating!"

"You're so full of sh*t!" John was getting riled up again and threw something at him.

With his quick reflexes, Ashton was able to dodge his attack.

Louis, who was able to maintain his composure, glared at John and said, "Go get a cigarette. Don't make a scene here."

Irritated, John blurted out, "Relax my a**! I will bring Scarlett home today."

He then turned his gaze toward me and uttered, "Letty, go pack your things now and leave with me."

Louis looked gloomy as he stared at John. "Stop messing around, will you!"

Seeing that Louis was miffed, John solemnly responded, "I'm going to smoke outside!"

After John left the room, Louis asked, "Do you have any suspects?"

Ashton frowned and went silent for a bit before answering, "Let me investigate first!"

"Is it the Moore family?"

Ashton shook his head. "The possibility is low!"

"But it's not out of the question."

Before Louis could finish his speech, Ashton interrupted him. "Louis, we should let Scarlett rest first. Let's take this to the study room."

Stupefied, Louis paused for a while before nodding his head.

It was impossible to fall asleep. I couldn't take my mind off the incident.

When was I drugged? Have I been targeted for a while now? How was I not vigilant about any of this?

I remembered that I was still sober when I got down from the car to take pictures. That man was wearing sunglasses—both his voice and face features were unfamiliar to me.

He was not someone I knew. I ended up spending half a day trying to wrap my head around all of this, but with no success. Annoyed, I covered my head with my hands and pulled on my hair.

When Ashton came back, he saw the state I was in and quickly embraced me. "Scarlett, don't be like this. Don't hurt yourself, okay?" he murmured in a deep tone.

"It was a car from K City—a royal blue Ferrari. I don't recognize the man, but perhaps there were other people in the car." I lifted my head to gaze at him after I had settled down my emotions.

He nodded in response and kissed me on the forehead. "Yeah, I'm already investigating on this. I'll have an answer soon."

His phone rang at that moment. Ashton picked up the call swiftly. It's Joseph!

"Mr. Fuller, the royal blue Ferrari belongs to the White Corporation. After Benjamin left, this car was left unused in the garage at the White residence. Someone must've taken it out a few days ago."

Ashton pursed his lips. "Who's responsible for these cars?"

Joseph went quiet for a second before replying, "It's Sally, your aunt."

The atmosphere in the room suddenly tensed up. After a while, Ashton suppressed the anger fueling up in him and instructed, "Carry on with your investigation."

Joseph nodded before adding, "Mr. Fuller, one more thing. The man who abducted Mrs. Fuller was Sally's assistant, Hudson."

Having heard what Joseph said, Ashton gave no response.

Joseph cut straight to the point and queried, "Mr. Fuller, what do you need me to do?"

"Find Hudson. Use whatever means necessary to get him to speak," answered Ashton. His gaze was malicious.

After he hung up the phone, I stared at him silently for a long time.

He then embraced me in silence since he was probably as conflicted as me.