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I had no idea how long Ashton had been in the chamber. His entire body was stiff, while his forehead was icy cold to the touch. The man had lost consciousness.

"Ashton, I'm here! Wake up! Please wake up." I removed my coat before wrapping it around his body. Then, I cuddled up with him, trying to warm his body.

The man didn't give any response. Not wasting any time, I helped him up and carried him on my back before we moved toward the exit.

Meanwhile, I inform Boris, "Boris, I found Ashton in the refrigerating chamber, but he is unconscious. Come fast!"

Bang! Just then, the door of the refrigerating chamber was being slammed shut. The next moment, I noticed the temperature in the chamber dropped drastically.

At that instant, we were surrounded by biting cold air that blew directly onto us.

While carrying Ashton, I tried in vain to get into contact with Boris. It turned out that the signal of the earbud was cut off.

Ashton's body temperature was becoming lower by the minute while his body grew unpliable. Hugging him tighter in my arms, I called out, "Ashton, I'm Scarlett! I'm here! Don't sleep, or I will get mad. Wake up, Ashton! Wake up!"

Being eaten up by fear, there was little rationality left in me. All I could do was to keep talking to Ashton though he could give me no response. Soon, I was overwhelmed by panic as the chillness penetrated my body.

I snuggled close to Ashton. The damp areas in the chamber and even the water vapor started to freeze.

I could feel my body grew stiff, let alone Ashton's. I kept rubbing his hands, trying to warm them. As I continued talking to him, my tears started rolling down my cheeks and froze in no time, which caused numbness and a tingling sensation.

There was nothing but silence outside the chamber. I was on the verge of a breakdown as Ashton started to lose vital signs. Feeling helpless, I clung to the Ashton, shivering and crying.

Since I had been through the trauma of being locked inside a freezer, I started suffering an acute stress reaction. Being overwhelmed by fear of the cold, my body convulsed. Just then, I vaguely heard Ashton's voice saying, "Let her go. I'll sign it."

It was the first time he ever spoke since I entered the chamber. I opened my eyes and tried to turn to look at him, yet it was hard to move my body.

Right then, the door of the refrigerating chamber was being flung open. The person who appeared was none other than Armond. In his burgundy red suit, the man plastered a faint smile.

It was within my expectation that Armond was the one behind Ashton's kidnapping. Still, I couldn't bring myself to believe that he would be so cruel to us.

"Hand me the contract," he ordered his subordinate. Then, he turned to face Ashton. "Please sign it, Mr. Fuller."

I regarded him in disbelief. "How could you do this to us?"

Gazing at me, Armond curled his lips into his usual gentle smile. "Actually, Scarlett, it's all thanks to you. If you hadn't come here, Mr. Fuller would rather die instead of signing this contract."

He then placed the contract in front of Ashton and said smilingly, "Mr. Fuller, you indeed love Ms. Stovall a lot. You could stand the blistering cold for more than ten hours, but you gave in when Ms. Stovall was locked in the chamber with you. Oh, what a grand love you have for her!"

"You b*stard!" I couldn't help but curse. In my arms, Ashton's body was stiff, and he could hardly open his eyes. If I weren't here, he wouldn't remain conscious until now.

Disregarding my hostility, Armond put the pen in Ashton's hand and then forced the latter to sign the contract. I cast my eyes at Ashton and then at Armond. The next moment, I pulled

out the knife that Boris gave me for self-defense purposes and grabbed Armond's collar, pressing it hard against his throat. "Let us go, or we'll die together!"

Narrowing his eyes, Armond glanced at the seemingly lifeless Ashton as he spoke, "Do you really think the two of you could get out of this place?"

I suppressed my fear while pressing the knife harder. "Let your men take Ashton out of the chamber! Now!"

Seeing me holding Armond on knifepoint, his subordinates dared not to move. Just then, the sound of footsteps rang out, and in came a group of men. I was relieved to see that it was Boris and the others.

Armond's subordinates tried to stop Boris. However, the latter fired his gun into the air and warned, "Don't move!" His resounding voice and the sound of the gunshot deterred Armond's subordinates.

Boris then asked his men to bring Ashton out. After that, pointing his gun at Armond, he called out, "Mr. Murphy, I'm sorry about this. Ms. Stovall, come over!"

Upon that, I let go of Armond before making my way out. Being held at gunpoint, Armond and his men dared not to move. When I finally got out of the chamber, Boris asked one of his subordinates to take off his suit for me.

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"Miss, you should leave this instant! Let me handle this!" He urged as he turned to me.

"How could you use such lowly methods to obtain your goals? It seems that I am too young to understand your cruelty," I replied as I gazed at the bodies in the freezer room.

"Win or lose; we are all driven by our greed for wealth. Scarlett, it's only just a matter of our views!" Armond laughed coldly.

"Can we leave safely?" I asked Boris and closed the freezer door shut.

"Don't worry about it. Armond does not have most of his henchman with him right now! Let's go!" Boris gave me a curt nod.

"Boris, have you called the police?" I paused as we approached the factory's exit.

He shook his head as he asked, "Do you want to lodge a report?"

"He continued his operations despite being banned. It is a clear violation of the law. It would be more beneficial to get the police's intervention. Additionally, we should contact Moranta's reporters and show them the evidence of Armond's wrongdoings. This will cause a great stir within the Murphys," I replied.

"Alright!" Boris nodded in agreement.

Although I was clueless about Ashton's duration in the freezer room, he began to sweat profusely after entering the car. At the sight of him sweating, Boris urged the driver to speed up the vehicle.

Along the car ride, I pulled Ashton into my embrace. His muscles and body felt as stiff as a board. "He must have been in the freezer for a long time. His muscles and nerves might be damaged," Boris said as he looked at me with a worried gaze.

"Let's wait for the doctor's diagnosis before jumping to conclusions!" I interjected before he could continue any further.

After Ashton was sent to the hospital, Boris and I waited outside the ER. As the minutes crawled by, I had a sudden realization about Holden's absence. "Boris, where is Mr. Holden?" I enquired worriedly.

"Right now, he is not in a good position to leave the house. After all, he had just taken over the Taylor family. If he makes an appearance, there would be countless enemies waiting to pounce on this opportunity. He must avoid a confrontation with his enemies," Boris explained with a frown.

I nodded as a sign of acknowledgement.

Holden's absence was understandable. After all, he had to protect and defend his domain. During my toughest moments, he was willing to take me in. This generous act was already a sign of kindness from him.

Meanwhile, Ashton was forced to remain in the ER for a long time. The duration of his absence left me stricken with anxiety as I waited impatiently.

The next day, I could feel my worry grow as the ER doors remained shut. Repeatedly, I peered inside in hopes of catching a glimpse and paced agitatedly along the corridors.

Boris glanced at me with a worried look. It seemed like he yearned to comfort me. However, he remained silent.

At the same time, Holden had arrived at the hospital. "Do you plan to scare Ashton with your horrible features when he comes out?" Holden remarked when he caught sight of our disheveled features.

I chose not to reply to his cruel comment. After all, I was used to his constant insults.

"Mr. Holden, Mr. Fuller is still undergoing recovery. You should refrain from making such inappropriate jokes," Boris warned him.

"Let me handle the situation here. You should head back and take a rest!" Holden advised, "If you continue to wear yourself out, I'm afraid that you'll turn even uglier! With such horrendous looks, no one would want to marry you even if you wished to remarry!"

Despite his words, I remained in a crouching position outside the doors. I'm not in the mood to listen to him!

Bang! The ER doors burst open as a doctor emerged from the room.

Immediately, I rose to my feet. Due to my low blood pressure, I stumbled and nearly fell to the ground. Fortunately, Holden managed to stop my fall as he helped me regain my balance. "Are you trying to injure yourself?" He asked sarcastically.

"Doctor, how is my husband?" I brushed Holden away with an irritated scowl and shifted my attention to the doctor.

"The patient is no longer in a critical condition. However, his muscles and nerves suffered from varying degrees of frostbite. In the future, these injuries may cause severe side effects. In the worst-case scenario, your family members and the patient should be prepared as the patient may be partially paralyzed," the doctor explained.

The tragic news hit me like a lightning strike. It wasn't until Ashton was wheeled out of the ER when I snapped out of my daze.

In the ward, Ashton remained unconscious. "Boris, you should head back and get some rest. I can remain here to keep him company. Besides, there are still many issues left unsolved, so you should take care of yourself," I addressed Boris.

"Mr. Moore and Mr. Lowe should be already on their way here. Don't worry, Mr. Fuller will be fine!" Boris replied in an attempt to reassure me.

I nodded tiredly in response. My exhaustion kept me from mustering a proper reply.

After Boris's departure, Holden entered the ward and leaned against the door frame. He had a foolish expression painted across his face. "Why don't you spit it out? It'd be a waste if you remained silent after coming all the way here!" I said coldly.

Holden raised his eyebrows in response. "I swear you're the weirdest person I know... One moment ago, you'd say something dumb, and the next thing you know, you blew people away. How can you tell that I have something to say right now?" he asked sarcastically.

"Well, you can choose to keep it to yourself!" I said with a frown.

"How boring! Anyway, you're as cruel as always. Armond is currently under investigation. The factory that Ashton was held hostage had been shut down before. Now that it's being explored again, they discovered traces of carcinogen produced from the factory. The Moranta police force has launched an investigation into all of the industries under the Murphys. Murphy Corporation has lost millions after a single day of delay in its operations. Additionally, he is also blamed for the designated kidnappings and illegal smuggling. Such problems would be enough to keep him busy for a few days. Scarlett, I must say that I am impressed. Your single move was enough to cripple him entirely. You were the one that contacted the reporters, right?" Holden questioned.

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I did not deny his words.

He left after talking about the topic for a little longer.

After he left, I remained by Ashton's side. It was a relief to see that his pale complexion had regained some color.

As Ashton had not regained consciousness, I could only keep him company. All of a sudden, the loud ringtone of my phone echoed insistently from my purse. I glanced down at my screen to notice that Sasha's mother had called.

"Mrs. Brooks, what happened?" I asked her patiently after picking up the call.

Immediately, I was greeted by the anguished wails of Sasha's mother echoing across the phone. "Mrs. Fuller, I know that it's wrong for me to beg for your help in such a shameless manner. I should not have contacted you in the first place! However, I'm utterly cornered. I have no idea what to do anymore. Renee's chemotherapy has just begun, and the cost of the procedure has taken away all of our savings. The poor child has been tormented in such horrible ways, and the doctor allowed us to change hospitals. Will you help us? We must have committed terrible sins in our past lives. As a result, our punishment has been delivered to this poor child. Renee is only four years old! I..." her ramblings was cut off into loud sobs of despair.

What should I do?

Although most of us would get to grow old, some were destined to face tragedy the moment they were born. It seems like a person's life really is dependent on their fate!

I mulled over my thoughts as the sounds of her sobs filled my ears. When I did not offer a response, she must have confused my silence as a form of rejection. "Mrs. Fuller, you must think of us as greedy beasts. In the past, you've helped us countless times. I should not be coming to beg for your help. Thank you!" she sniffled in despair.

"Continue the treatment!" I replied dully, "I'll transfer the money into your account. Make sure to be with the child along the journey. I believe everything will get better soon!"

That's right; things will get better in the future!

"Mrs. Fuller, thank you so much. Thank you! I will try my best to repay your gratitude!" Mrs. Brookes exclaimed. She was overwhelmed with joy at that moment.

Without another word, I hung up the call and transferred the money. Maybe the issue with Sasha would remain unsolved forever. Yet, I could not turn a blind eye to the fate of an innocent child. Although I was uncertain about the future, I would not stand by idly whilst I had the power to help others.

The sight of Ashton on the bed made me sigh. Let's just hope that good karma will come back to me.

Three days had passed when Ashton finally regained consciousness. When he awoke, he seemed muddled and confused. "Are you alright? Are you hurt?" Ashton asked blearily as he clutched my hand tightly.

"I'm fine. I was totally unharmed!" I smiled and enveloped him in a warm hug

After he ran a careful gaze over my body and determined that I was unscathed, Ashton let out a huge sigh of relief. "Don't put yourself in danger for my sake next time. I want you to live a long and happy life!"

"Don't say that..." I sniffled. Tears threatened to spill from my eyes when I heard what he said.

For the first time, Ashton revealed his vulnerability to my gaze. Gently, he clutched me in his arms as I hugged him. I hoped that my touch would be able to convey my feelings and bring him comfort.

Over the years, we had learned how to rely on each other. Although our future may be filled with countless obstacles and difficulties, I was determined that we will no longer separate.

Naturally, we would not be present during the investigation of Murphy Corporation. The partnership between Fuller Corporation and the Taylors had officially commenced. Once again, I met Holden at the joint signing event. He had even booked a luxurious cruise ship to celebrate the event's success. At the same time, it displayed the Taylor family's immense wealth and power.

Although the October weather in Moranta was not particularly chilly, Ashton insisted on draping his blazer over my off-shoulder dress. Coincidentally, I spotted Holden on the deck. He had a wine glass in his grasp as he stared out into the vast sea. At that moment, he seemed to be deep in thought.

I remained behind Holden as I observed him quietly. Likewise, I turned my gaze to the sea and the night sky. The sky was illuminated with dozens of twinkling stars. Holden turned around, and a flash of surprise crossed his features when he caught sight of my figure. He must have felt my presence.

He lifted his wine glass in my direction with a cocky raise of his brow. "I'm surprised that you have the time to be outside here. Why isn't Mr. Fuller with you?"

"He has his own matters to attend to," I replied with a faint smile and made my way to his side.

He nodded and turned his gaze back to the ocean. Against the beautiful scenery, Holden did not seem as obnoxious as I remembered. "Have you ever looked up at a luxury cruise ship from a raft?" he asked.

"Nope," I denied with a shake of my head, "A raft is incapable of moving in the ocean. An enormous cruise ship is unable to access lakes or rivers too. Thus, it is impossible for them to meet, let alone gaze at a cruise ship from a tiny raft."

"There is always a probability that it might happen." Holden gave me a side look as a faint smile tugged on the corners of his lips.

"Maybe..." I shrugged my shoulders.

"In the past, I've seen it before. At that moment, I decided that I would flip my fate and stand on a cruise ship in the future! Right now, I've managed to achieve my dream," Holden said with a beam as he gazed at the ocean.

"However, it wasn't as enjoyable as you imagined, right?" I finished the remnants of wine in my glass and spoke.