In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 925

I smiled slightly before taking out some money from my wallet and stuffing it into her hands. "This is enough for them to stay here for some time. The extra cash is for you to help me take good care of them. You'll get more next time."

As soon as the woman received the money, her smiled was so wide that her entire face scrunched up, as she continuously nodded and said some nice, reassuring words.

Since I had taken out all the cash I had on me, I looked at Ashton. He smiled back at me helplessly as he retrieved his wallet from his blazer and passed it to me.

I smiled at him before opening his wallet to take out all his cash, then handed it to Sasha's mother. "Mrs. Brooks, take this money first. We'll be back to visit you sometime later. Just give me a call if you need anything else."

She repeatedly declined, "I can't take this money. You've already been kind by paying the rent for us, so we can't take any more money from you. Please take it back, Mrs. Fuller."

I shook my head and replied, "Just take it. The two of you can use it to live well here. I'll only feel better if you accept the money. Otherwise, I won't feel at ease. Just take it and live a better life with Mr. Brooks. Don't worry; things will definitely get better in the future."

Looking at the tears on her face constantly flowing down, I did not know what else to say. I merely said some kind words to her before I left with Ashton.

When we were back in the car, I could not help but let out a sigh.

Ashton looked at his watch, then to me. "What do you want to eat?"

If he had not reminded me, I had almost forgotten that we had not eaten anything since morning. Thinking about it, I could not help but look back into the dark path.

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Ashton seemed to know what I was thinking, for he said, "Don't worry, I've already gotten someone to send over some food. Just put everything aside for now and think about what you want to eat."

After some time, I replied, "Let's go get and have stew. It's already quite late, so let's eat somewhere nearby."

His smile carried a hint of helplessness as he squeezed my cheeks. "After busying around the whole day, do you even remember what you originally intended to do today?"

I nodded. "Let's go to the hospital when we have time. There's no need to rush these few days."

He gave me a light kiss on the cheek and replied in a helpless, pampering tone, "Let's grab a bite then!"

Ashton was busy for most of the following days. As it was November, Fuller Corporation had to prepare a quarterly business report and plan for next year's developments. Resultantly, he left early for work and returned home late almost every day.

Although I no longer worked at Murphy Corporation, the resignation procedure still had to be handled accordingly. I had originally wanted to have dinner with Nora, but when I was finally done with my work and gave her a call, she said that she had already gone to A City.

I could tell that Nora had something she wanted to say, but she did not want to talk about it over the phone. As for Louis, since nothing was found, they had let him go.

As Louis was getting old, he liked to be in lively atmospheres. Thus, after he came out, he kept calling us over for a meal.

Soon, it was Friday afternoon.

John and I had agreed to go to Stovall Residence for a meal. I had originally wanted to ask him about the situation with Hannah, but since he seemed reluctant to talk about it, I did not probe any further.

I got myself ready and changed into some warm clothes at home. I then headed over to Fuller Corporation, planning to go to Stovall Residence with Ashton.

After I parked in the underground parking lot, I gave Ashton a call. However, even after a few calls, he still did not answer any of them. Since he was probably busy, I stopped calling after that and flipped through my phone while waiting in the car.

Just then, my phone vibrated and a notification popped up about a new message on WhatsApp. I was stunned as I looked at the message. It was from Hailey.

For a moment, I could not remember who she was. Then, when I eventually remembered her, I clicked open the message. It read: Hi Scar, I'm Hailey.

Scar? I was taken aback. No one had ever called me that before, so I was not used to it.

I texted back: Hello, nice to meet you.

She seemed to be just as bad at socializing as I was because she immediately got to the point and replied: When will you come over to A City? I want to have a chat with you.

I hesitated for a while as I pondered. I had no time to go to A City recently. I replied: I don't know yet. What's up? Did something happen?

She only gave a one-word reply before she stopped responding to me. She texted: No!

Although Hailey and I had only met once, fate was a difficult thing to predict. The impression she had given me back then was that of a gloomy, cold person. However, it was weird because I was neither scared of her nor did I dislike her. To some extent, at least she was quite a truthful person.

Bam! As soon as I heard the sound of a car door closing, I put away my phone and looked out the car. Ashton was helping a young girl out of his car.

They both looked injured. The girl seemed to have passed out, and her condition looked quite serious. Meanwhile, Ashton was covered with dust, and there was a scratch on one side of his face.

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I hurriedly alighted and ran over to his car. "What happened?" I asked.

Ashton turned around upon hearing my voice. "I have encountered a trouble maker. Why are you here?" He was surprised to see me.

"Uncle Louis is back, so John invited us over for dinner." I had a better look at the girl he was supporting. She was Stella, the reception at Fuller Corporation. Ashton helped her into the car and remarked, "Okay, but we have to send her to the hospital first."

I nodded in agreement. From a distance, a man came running. It was the guy who proposed to Stella in the lobby.

"Let me go with you, Mr. Fuller," he requested. His worried gaze never left Stella, who was lying unconscious in the backseat.

Ashton nodded and signaled him to get into the car.

I noticed Ashton was injured, so I stopped him from getting into the driver's seat. He looked at me, baffled.

"You are injured. Let me drive." I got into the driver's seat and started the car, not giving him any chance to object.

Ashton sat in the passenger seat and kept silent throughout the journey. I had many questions in mind but keep quiet as well since he was not ready to talk about it. Much to the distress of her friend, Stella remained unconscious.

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At the hospital, Stella's friend went off to make payment after checking her in. Ashton and I were standing in the corridor, watching the sky as it darkened. He was engrossed in thought.

I approached a nurse and arranged for him to get his wounds cleaned up. Next, I went to a nearby mall to get him a new jacket. Ashton was only wearing a black sweater as he had removed his jacket to keep Stella warm.

On my way back, Stella's friend called out to me in the lobby of the hospital. "Mrs. Fuller, thank you for sending Stella here."

He must have been extremely anxious over Stella's injury, as he looked disheveled and his face beaded with sweat. "Don't mention it. It was no big deal," I assured him

I paused, then queried, "Can you tell me what happened earlier today?"

He was momentarily taken aback by my question. "It was Sasha's brother. He wanted to attack Mr. Fuller, but Stella blocked him. He behaved like a crazy man. Mr. Fuller was worried Sasha's brother would get more agitated upon seeing him, so he left the building via the underground garage. The lobby at Fuller Corporation must still be in chaos now," he reported.

He did not go into many details, but I could imagine the scene. What puzzled me was that Shane had always been based in Moranta. Why did he come back?

"We should thank you and Stella instead," I nodded and thanked him.

After we ended our conversation, I went up to the ward, shopping bag in hand. Ashton's wounds were dressed. The doctor had attended to Stella and found she had suffered head trauma. There were various abrasion wounds on her body too. "Why is she still unconscious, doctor?" I queried.

"She was injured on the head, and was also traumatized, so it may take a few hours before she regains consciousness." The doctor advised as he gave instructions for her to be warded.

"Will she suffer from any long-term side effects?" Her friend was concerned.

"We can't tell for now. With head injuries, we cannot rule out a concussion. We will find out when she wakes up."

I handed the newly bought jacket to Ashton. He looked sullen. "Can we still make it to meet Uncle Louis tonight? If not, I will give him a call so they won't expect us." I asked.

Ashton's expression softened as he turned his gaze on me. He took the jacket from me and put it on. "It's alright. We can head over in a while," he responded.

Thereafter, he turned to Stella's friend and asked, "You are Justin, right?"

"Yes, I am, Mr. Fuller," Justin replied.

"You stay and take care of Stella. Should anything happen, call the number on this name card. You can contact me anytime if you need anything, be it money or other things." Ashton handed a name card to Justin.

I grimaced. Ashton had an unusual way of dealing with people and situations.

"Thank you." Justin's expression changed, but he still took the name card.

Ashton was about to lead me away when I stopped and took a bank card from my bag. I handed over the card to Justin and said, "Please help us take good care of Stella. Use this card to pay for her medical fees and any other expenses. Feel free to contact us if you need other assistance. When Stella wakes up, kindly let her know that she should rest well and not worry about anything else. We will handle the other matters."

Justin hesitated for a moment before accepting the bank card and nodded in appreciation.

After that, Ashton and I left the hospital.

He made a few calls while I was driving to Stovall residence. He called to remind Joseph, who was in Moranta, to be careful. A few calls were made to give instructions to look into the incident that happened earlier in the day. He heard that Shane was taken away by the police.

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I drove in silence while he was busy, not wanting to interrupt him. After a while, I broke the silence. "Why did Shane try to attack you? You did not harass his woman, and you have no monetary conflict with him either. Why is a gambler after you?"