In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1201 - 1205

Letting out a sigh, Ashton wrapped his arm around me. "There's a long and painful process before justice is served. This is the same case for me, let alone the common folks. How many of them do you think can survive the ordeals? Compared to offending the Ziegler family and bringing troubles on themselves, they see hiding away and living a stable life as a blessing."

I said nothing as despondency crept in. In other words, John went to all the trouble to dig up dirt on the Ziegler family only to end up embarrassing them to a small degree.

As the intensive care unit was not open to visitors all the time, we could only stand outside and see Jackson through the window.

Lying on the bed, Jackson was covered in bandages. Only the ventilator could prove that he was still alive.

He could still scold me the day before, but he could not even open his eyes at this moment. The thought brought a lump to my throat and tears to my eyes. Not daring to cry, I covered my mouth and nose for fear of disturbing Jackson.

Ashton patted me on the shoulder to comfort me. "I've arranged for some people to renovate Jackson's clinic and to appease the patients who caused troubles. After he wakes up, he can start over. This is an unfortunate accident. Since you've had depression before and are now pregnant, you can't get too sad, or you may easily lose control of your emotions. How can you take care of your kids then?"

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Hearing this, I could only compose myself and try not to dwell in the frustration.

However, there was still a pressing matter to be dealt with. While keeping my eyes on Jackson, I asked Ashton in a hushed voice, "Are you going to attend the dinner tonight?"

"Yes," Ashton replied as he put more weight on my shoulder. "You'll use the identity as Mrs. Fuller for the last time to put on an act with me."

If we wanted the divorce agreement to be convincing later on, we did need to show some signs of discord prior to our so-called divorce. Hence, I responded in silent agreement.

After standing outside the ICU for one hour, Ashton got Stella to come over and asked her to give him a first-hand report on everything concerning Jackson. Then, he left with me as my legs were severely swollen due to the pregnancy.

After walking out of the elevator, we bumped into Lydia, who came with her kid. She merely took a glance at us and entered the elevator without even sparing us another glance.

The wait was torment. I had been waiting for the news of Jackson getting better the entire day, but I only received a text from Stella that read The doctor said that Mr. Kane still needs to be under observation.

Worried, I was out of spirits when we left for the dinner. As Ashton helped me walk outside, my mind was preoccupied, so I was stunned for a second when I saw John.

"Why are you here?" Judging from his formal attire, he seemed to be going with us.

"Why can't I be here?" John did an annoying shimmy and asserted proudly, "After all, I'm the only one who's embarrassed the Ziegler family big time in the past ten years. Besides, I'm representing Uncle Louis and the Stovall family today. Alright. Let's get in the car."

Then, he went up to me and helped me to get in the car of the Stovall family, whereas Ashton got in the Fullers' car that was parked behind us.

We soon departed.

Glancing at the car behind me from the rearview mirror, I tilted my head and asked John, "What are the two of you up to?"

I was there when Cameron and Zachary came the day before, but I did not hear them say that Ezra invited the Stovall family. Moreover, John had sent the internet into a frenzy with Mitchell's scandals in the morning and had become a thorn in the side of the Ziegler family. His presence at the dinner would only irk them.

Looking at me, John flashed me a fake grin. "Nothing. I just want to meet the Ziegler family, so Ashton brings me along. That's it."

The expression on his face sent chills down my spine. Knowing that I could not find out the truth from him, I stopped pressing him for an answer.

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The car drove for more than half an hour before it finally stopped.

Being a property magnate, the Ziegler family owned a villa that was located in a winery with the best scenery in the suburbs. It looked like a castle when looking from afar. It was not even seven in the evening, but the decorative lights were already switched on. The fountain danced among the beams of lights like the elves of night, adding a mysterious and solemn air to the castle.

The Fullers were the richest family in J City, and their villa was considered decent even when compared to those in K City. However, I only saw the gap between J City and K City after seeing how impressive the Ziegler family's villa was in person.

Meanwhile, John was accustomed to it as he walked inside with me arm in arm, whereas Ashton walked behind us.

When we entered the building, we saw Cameron and Zachary, who had long arrived, chatting.

Seeing us, Cameron rose to her feet and came over to greet us. "You're here."

Thinking that she could look after me, John let go of me and walked together with Ashton.

Afterward, the others also stood up and exchanged greetings. After a brief introduction, I finally got to know Ezra, whom Zachary and Louis dreaded.

Sitting across from me, he wore a plain outfit and held a folding fan in his hand. His hair was gray, and he looked amiable and all smiles, which was completely different from what I had imagined him to be. Yet, his disposition as a government official was discernible.

After chatting for a short while, we went to sit at the dining table. I did not know what was wrong with John as he insisted to sit next to me, so Ashton could only sat between Zayne and Zachary.

Where one sat at the table often determined one's status. The Ziegler family was obviously the host, but Ezra sat at the head of the table, which showed that the Ziegler family respected Ezra very much.

After wine was poured into glasses, Ezra clinked a spoon against the side of his wine glass, attracting everyone's attention.

"Let's toast for Mr. Fuller and Mr. Ziegler who have buried the hatchet."

It turned out that Ezra was playing the peacemaker, which surprised everyone.

As the Ziegler family sided with Ezra, Zayne and his wife immediately raised their glasses and looked at Ashton while saying humbly, "Mr. Fuller, both of us were at fault yesterday. I propose that we drink this to put it behind us and become friends from now on. We shall compete fairly in business. How about it?"

Before Ashton could speak, Ezra began to heap praises. "Fuller Corporation and Ziegler Corporation are both high-performing enterprises in K City. As a government official, I really don't know how I should express my gratitude to both of you for setting aside your personal grudges and working together to contribute to the economic development of K City."

Looking touched, Ezra picked up his wine glass and walked up to Zayne, adding respectfully, "Mr. Ziegler, here's to you. Thank you for your big heart!"

As he was standing, Zayne did not dare to remain seated, so he immediately rose to his feet and clinked glasses with Ezra at a lower angle than the latter. "Mr. Grant, you have flattered me. We're just giving back to the people. It's our responsibility."

The two men complimented each other so much that it was as though only they were present at the dinner and got to call the tune.

Just as they finished their wine to seal the deal, John said mockingly, "The one being injured is a member of the Stovall family, but you, Mr. Ziegler and Mr. Grant, seek to make peace with the Fullers instead. Do you think there's no one left in the Stovall family?"

Zayne and Ezra could initially take Ashton's silence as tacit agreement, and the issue would be put behind them. However, John's words instantly put them in an awkward position. Lowering his half-raised glass, Ashton sat back on his chair with a half-smile and rigidly placed his glass back on the table.

After being embarrassed, Ezra had on a grim expression, but Zayne spoke first probably because he was more hostile toward John following the Facebook incident. While remained standing, he said condescendingly, "Now that you mention it, Mr. Stovall, both Ziegler family and Stovall family are of respectable status, and yet you put our private grudges on the Internet and let everyone laugh at us. Although you were only brought back from the countryside when you were a teenager, you should know some manners and rules after so many years!"

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After speaking, he tossed the wine glass on the table and sat back on the chair. The wine glass wobbled and was about to topple on the table when

Zayne's wife reached out to catch it in time, preventing the situation from becoming tenser.

She noticed my gaze, and we nodded at each other in greeting.

Unexpectedly, Zayne, who can't tell right from wrong, has such a mild-mannered wife.

In the upper-class society, having the past of being adopted in the countryside was not something to be proud of. He clearly intended to embarrass John by bringing it up in front of people of this class.

With his head down, John sneered and shot Zayne a vicious look. "You're right, Mr. Ziegler. I dislike following the rules the most. I don't plan on following the rules today as well. Mitchell abducted Letty and almost killed her babies. I won't let him off the hook. It's either he stays abroad for the rest of his life and never comes back, or I'll sue him until he goes to jail!"

He was a little agitated, so things started to get out of hand. Having seen a great deal, Ezra no longer wore a displeased look on his face and placated, "Alright. Why make a fuss at a dinner? Do me a favor. Let's finish this meal happily, shall we?"

As his words were directed at John, the others did not dare to respond. John's attitude determined whether they could continue having the dinner in peace.

As everyone waited for his answer, his attention was on Ashton. He squinted at the latter with pursed lips and raised eyebrows, he was clearly suppressing his anger.

After all, Ashton was the protagonist of the dinner, but he had never spoken a single word after he sat down and simply let Ezra and Zayne take the lead, looking like he was on the same team as them.

John had only one purpose, which was to seek justice for me and my babies. Seeing Ashton like this, he was displeased and began to mock, "Someone was making some grandiose statements previously, and yet now he doesn't even have the guts to say anything to the enemy who has harmed his own wife and kids. This is something totally new to me..."

John's remark made things even more awkward.

However, Ashton casually took the wine glass in front of him and slowly took a sip from it before placing it back down in an elegant manner, as though he had not heard what John had said.

Enraged, John abruptly got up and swept the tableware in front of him to the ground. "I'm talking about you, Ashton Fuller! You're not mute, are you? Didn't you say you want to seek revenge? What now? Did you get intimidated by them and decide to become a coward who doesn't even want to bring up the wrong your wife and kids have suffered?"

The sound of the tableware falling to the ground was loud and harsh. I looked up at him in shock.

Whereas Ashton remained calm with the same expression. Keeping his head down, he said through his gritted teeth after a long silence, "This is my family affair."

Ashton had always been arrogant, but he looked even more so at this moment as he called John nosy.

To be honest, the two of them are so annoying when they're mean.

As though he had heard a joke, John put his hands on his hip and announced coldly, "Are you saying that I'm an outsider? Very well, Ashton Fuller, I've underestimated you. It's settled, then. From now on, the Stovall family will cut ties with the Fullers. You don't need to see Letty anymore!"

"Letty!" He suddenly shouted my name furiously. I was taken aback, so I replied meekly, "Yeah?"

"Let's go." Staring at Ashton, John enunciated each word slowly, "Someone is scared of offending others, but I'm not. After we go back, I'll get the lawyer to draft a divorce agreement so that the two of you can make a clean break. From now on, you're only a member of the Stovall family. As your brother, I won't stand idly by and do nothing whenever you've been bullied!"

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After speaking, John helped me up and prepared to leave.

However, Ashton rose to his feet, looked straight ahead calmly, and said arrogantly, "I'm fine with divorce. I don't mind her leaving as well, but she's still carrying the descendants of the Fullers. I won't let the Stovall family take them away."

Why does this sound so weird? Didn't he want our kids to bear my name last night? Why is he trying to get their custody now?

While Ashton spoke, John, who had been furious, stopped in his tracks with his arm linked with mine. After he was stunned for a few seconds, he suddenly let go of me and turned to walk up to Ashton.

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"F*ck!" The unexpected punch made Ashton stagger backward, pushing the chair behind him away.

Zachary hurriedly stopped John. "What are you doing, John? We're all family!"

"We're not!" John broke free from him and lashed out at him, "You're just as horrible! You worked together to cause Letty to lose her first kid! You're the real family!"

After he was seemingly done venting his anger, he glanced at me and suppressed his rage before leaving with me.

As we left halfway through the meal, we did not know what happened later.

But after coming out of the castle, John had been in a good mood. Sitting on the leather seat with his legs crossed, he clasped his hands and tapped his fingers, looking particularly relaxed.

Seeing this, I understood everything, so I teased him with a smile, "Your acting was too exaggerated just now."

John was surprised. "You can tell?"

I gave him a tight-lipped smile. "Ashton won't say something like that. Besides, even if you're really not happy about him, you'll still put your prejudice aside and form a united front with him in front of outsiders. Judging from how strange the two of you were behaving, it only proves that you were just putting up an act for Zayne and Ezra."

I initially thought that Ashton would want me to play along when he asked me to attend the dinner. Unexpectedly, he thoughtfully made John speak up for

me to keep me out of the dispute and make the outsiders think that we were only together because of our kids.

What surprised me was that John was actually so good at acting. If Ashton had not hinted at me, I would have taken it seriously.

"Good job. You're very observant, as expected of my sister." Feeling smug, John gave me a compliment that sounded like he was praising himself.

But I still could not get my head around one thing. "Didn't you and Ashton have a falling-out? When did you reconcile?"

John pursed his lips and replied, "This is called the tacit understanding between men. Sometimes, we only need a look in the eyes to know what to do and what not to do."

It was unexpected to me that the tacit understanding between men could be more profound than that of a ten-year couple.

However, I did not continue the conversation as I turned to glance at the castle in the rearview mirror. Under the illumination of the lights, the castle, which was increasingly farther away, appeared even more mysterious and remote as it gradually devoured the darkness of night.

I hope that Ashton will be safe.

It was still early by the time we reached Stovall residence. Hearing the noise, Summer ran downstairs in her pajamas and ran to me, so I spent some time playing with her.

After about thirty minutes, John came downstairs with a document in his hand. As he walked over, he said mysteriously, "Guess what this is."

"Nope." I held Summer in my arms and brushed her hair using my fingers absentmindedly. At this moment, all I cared about was whether Ashton was safe among the ravening wolves.

"You're no fun." Sitting down across from me, John crossed his legs and put one arm on the armrest of the sofa, looking relaxed in his gray pajamas. He added annoyingly, "You don't even have a sense of humor. Sooner or later, you'll be loathed by other men."

Looking up, I rolled my eyes at him. "Didn't you say you'll support me for the rest of my life? Are you going back on your word in just less than an hour?"

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Shrugging, John placed the document on the table and changed the subject. "Look at this. Your man is so quick to take action that the divorce agreement has been faxed over."

I froze for a moment, but I did not feel like looking at it.

John was surprised. "Aren't you going to take a look?"

"What's there to look at?" I was busy playing with Summer. "It's nothing but some scrap paper."

Seeing too much of something would no longer stir up any emotions.

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Moreover, Ashton and I had long reached an agreement, and I had even seen the agreement with my signature on it, so the copy of it could not shake me up.

John took the agreement and flicked his fingers at it. "Anyway, putting aside the children's custody, Ashton is quite a generous man."

Looking at him smiling and nodding approvingly, I teased him, "You previously thought that Ashton was using me and despised him. So now your opinion of him changes just after putting on an act with him?"

Still smiling, John looked at me in amusement. "Do you think I did it for him? If he had not been willing to save you and your kids from possible danger, I would have ignored him."

Pausing for a moment, he threw away the document and went on with an even serious look on his face, "Letty, you must know that only the Stovall family and I are truly good to you. I don't care what you think about Ashton and the Moores couple, but I advise you against trusting them completely. They all have their own agenda, while I only have you as my sister. You're the one closest to me, so I won't harm you."

Feeling touched, I was at a loss for words. Thus, I hurriedly looked away and replied, "Alright. Enough sappy talk."

Spreading his hands, John leaned back on the sofa. "It's up to you whether you wanna believe me. I'm honest with you and hide nothing from you anyway."

It was a simple statement, but it somehow weighed on me. Over the past decade or so, the relationship between Ashton and I had been rocky because each of us had kept too many of our own secrets. I hope that we can be frank and open with each other from now on.

After going through the agreement, John took it back to his study. As I expected, there was rumors of Ashton's divorce with me on Facebook. Later, the divorce agreement with our signatures was posted on the official Facebook account of Fuller Corporation, confirming that the rumors were true.

When I saw the Facebook post, Ashton sent a voice message to me on WhatsApp.

"You do know why I do this, right?"

He sounded cautious, as though he was afraid that I would overthink it.

Smiling, I replied in text: A diversion.

Ashton texted back quickly with a one-word reply: Smart girl.

Then, the typing status disappeared probably because he was needed elsewhere.

I thought I could have some peaceful time afterward, but Emery came over as soon as I sat down for breakfast.

She walked to the living room in a huff and looked around before she saw me at the dining table. Frowning, she strode over and threw her bag on the table. "What's going on? Is it because of Stella? Or is there another woman? Didn't I tell you to be more careful? Those women out there are crazy and immoral. They'll throw themselves at any men who are successful and good-looking. Why didn't you work on your relationship when the two of you are finally together..."

"Stop right there!" I gestured for her to stop as she seemed to be a little too emotional. Pulling a chair next to mine, I asked her to take a seat. "You haven't taken your breakfast, have you? Have a seat. Let's chat while we eat."

Looking down at the table, Emery heaved a sigh and sat on the chair, but she still shot me a peevish look. "I don't want your food! Tell me now!"