

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1739

## Chapter 1739 A Weight Lifted Off

I had no answer to that. While my brows uncontrollably knitted together, I knew deep within that it was a good thing Joseph's wife was even more resilient than I expected, no matter the reason.

Flashing her a gratified gaze in return, I stepped forward and hugged her. "Men are always so ambitious that they leave us waiting. How selfish of them! But everything will be fine. After this busy period, I'll give Joseph a long holiday so that he can spend more time with you and the children."

I patted her on her delicate back though I myself was uncertain whether I was consoling her or myself.

Savannah probably never expected someone she was meeting for the first time to act so intimately, for she reflexively stiffened. When she had ascertained that I had no malicious intentions, she again relaxed.

A hug was undoubtedly an incredible thing, for I felt much more at peace after smelling the faint scent of shampoo wafting off her.

Just when I was about to drop my hands, she hugged me back in return, reaching out to pat me on the back stiffly. "Well, there's no end to doing business. I appreciate your kindness, but there's no choice sometimes, Mrs. Fuller. His sense of responsibility is also his charm. I love him, so I naturally love everything about him. Don't worry. I won't drag him down, Mrs. Fuller. He said that he'd make it up to me. Thus, I'll continue to trust in him and wait. I'll take good care of this family and myself on his behalf."

After she had finished speaking, they dropped their hands from each other in unison.

With my eyes narrowed a fraction, I questioned tentatively, "Are you not worried?"

Hearing that, Savannah burst into laughter as though I had cracked a hilarious joke. "Why should I be worried?" she asked me in return.

Pausing for a moment, she continued, "I know the kind of person Joseph is, and I believe in him. Most importantly, I believe in my judgment. I wouldn't have chosen the wrong person."

She's right. What is there to be worried about? And what uncertainties are there? Ashton is a man I chose myself, so how could someone else know him better than I do?

"I should have come and visited you earlier." Enlightenment swept across me, banishing the uncertainties and doubts I had toward Ashton.

Ten years of loving each other are more than enough to defy human's innate apprehension. Ashton and Joseph are at the same hurdle in life. Maybe he needs a longer time to resolve the problem, but I must let him know that I'll be there no matter when he comes back.

"Not at all. It's neither early nor late. Everything is destined, so it's just the right time." Savannah wore a tender expression as though every problem would be resolved.

Pursing my lips, I nodded. After exchanging a few more pleasantries with her, I whirled around and entered the elevator with Emery.

Savannah saw me off from her door, her countenance only disappearing from my line of sight when the elevator doors closed.

As the elevator descended, I felt as though a weight was lifted off me as something within me received an attestation.

It was already one o'clock in the morning when I returned home. In order to stop dwelling upon things too much, I decided to sleep the moment my head hit the pillow. But when I walked past the corridor, I noticed that the light in the study was lit.

Could it be that Ashton came back?

I entered the study with questions lingering in my mind. Pushing open the door and sweeping a gaze around, I spotted Shaun in the room.

He was sitting in front of Ashton's computer, and I almost didn't see his petite body because of the angle.

When he heard the door opening, he immediately got down from the chair. Standing at the side, he greeted deferentially, "Mrs. Fuller."

Joseph previously found out that Nora had contact with him. Now that we're in a weak position, it's indeed the best time to steal information so as to curry favor with her. Everyone makes their own choices, so it doesn't really matter. A child who has been drifting about merely wants someone he can depend on for eternity.

"Why are you still not in bed at this hour?" I didn't ask about his motive directly. As I spoke, I walked over to the desk and picked up the open document on it, scanning it casually.

It was Fuller Corporation's list of projects in recent years. It was publicly available, so it was no big secret.

"I'm not sleepy yet. The faster I learn to do business, the sooner I can help Mr. Fuller out. Then Summer won't be sad that she can't see him every day."

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1740

### Chapter 1740 The World Of A Child

Shaun's answer wasn't what I expected. I shifted my gaze to him, but his face was solemn, and he didn't look as though he was lying.

A wealth of warmth suffused me, and a smile blossomed on my face out of the blue. I was happy on Summer's behalf that she had such a thoughtful and considerate brother.

Good things really do come at a turning point in time. Does this also mean that everything about Ashton will also soon usher in a change?

"That's a matter for the adults. You're still young, so you merely need to study hard and grow up healthily. Audrey has feelings of sorrow, and you can have your own feelings as well. You don't need to live for any of us. Do you understand me?"

I then patted him on the shoulder in gratification. Although I was moved, I still had to guide him on the right path.

Shaun pursed his lips tightly without saying anything in response, so I wasn't sure whether I got through to him.

Ah, it doesn't matter. There's still plenty of time, so there'll certainly be time to teach him slowly in the future. He's a boy, so I'll wait for Ashton to come back and call the shots. "Anyway, just do whatever you want to do in the future. You don't need to deliberately please anyone. Most importantly, make sure that you're happy. Got it?"

"But I want to do this. I want to make Summer happy. Can I not do that, Mrs. Fuller?" Shaun gazed at me stubbornly.

Faced with such an innocent question, I couldn't help but feel ashamed.

Perhaps I'm really too sensitive. He's just a child who knows how to be grateful, so I truly shouldn't use the yardstick of the adult world to evaluate his every action. A child's world is pure and without ulterior motives. They don't know what it means to pander to someone. They only know who is good to them, repaying the person in the same manner. He only wants the girl who gave him a family to be happy. There's nothing wrong with that.

"Of course you can." Smiling, I shook my head and put the document in my hand back on the desk. Then I ruffled his hair. "You can continue reading if you want to do so, but promise me that you'll go to bed right away if you feel sleepy. Also, you can't stay up later than three o'clock in the morning. Can you do that?"

In a rare moment, a trace of delight crept onto his features. He nodded firmly. "Yes."

After saying that, he sat back down and continued reading the documents. His serious mien rendered him very much like an adult.

I silently walked over to the door. Glancing back over my shoulder, I sighed helplessly.

He's still a kid at the end of the day. Not only are the few documents inadequate in explaining the intricacies of business, but it's even uncertain whether he can make sense of all the figures at such a young age. It's futile that he wants to delve into the adult world.

Clocking his enthusiasm, I couldn't bear to rain on his parade.

I only hope that he'll learn his limits and back down later. It's too tiring for someone of his age to study all that. Not everyone is as talented as Gregory and finds it effortless.

That night, I finally had a good night's sleep and only woke up at half-past eight in the morning. After preparing breakfast in a hurry, I rushed over to the hospital.

It was already ten o'clock when I arrived at the ward. John was so hungry that he wailed as soon as he caught sight of me, "Ah, I'm dying! Letty, you actually want to starve me to death, don't you?"

Good Lord! He's really blasé that he's still in the mood to tease me when his right hand is already in such a condition. Oh well, what can I do? No matter what, he has all the power since he's the patient here. Hence, I had no choice but to mollify him, saying, "Sorry, my bad! I overslept. Here, I brought your favorite chicken soup. Besides, there are tacos, pancakes, and also super delicious casserole. Hurry up and eat!"

Narrowing his eyes, John swept his gaze over the spread. He then arched an eyebrow and regarded me shrewdly. "You cooked all this?"

I bit my lower lip and nodded guiltily. "Yup. You're picky about food, so you would've long since gone on a hunger strike if I were to cook the same thing every day."

For some inexplicable reason, John snickered. Then he picked up the fork and took a forkful of casserole, bringing it up close and scrutinizing it. "This dish needs to bake for a long time. Considering its golden color, it must have baked for at least twenty minutes, no?"

Without even thinking about it, I nodded in agreement. "Yup! I baked it for almost half an hour."

Shaking his head, John put down the fork. The smile playing on his lips was peculiar, making me feel awkward for some unknown reason.