

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1345

“What’s wrong?” Ashton sounded husky, but also gentle.

“Nothing.” I tightened my hug. “What did you guys do in the hospital after I left?” I grumbled. “Are you doing something dangerous behind my back, Ashton?”

Before he could say anything, I continued, “I don’t care what the answer is, but remember to live. Survive. I won’t allow you to die before your time.” I almost screamed that out loud, praying that the Gods could grant my wish.

Ashton said nothing. He held the back of my head and pulled me closer so I could take in everything about him.

We quickly separated in case we were seen. Then he took me to the safety exit’s staircase. I gazed at him as I talked about the events the night ago. All I wanted was an explanation from him. A reasonable one, at least.

Instead of answering my question, he gazed at me for a few moments. “I don’t keep secrets from you. I’ll let you know about it as soon as I could.”

I did not expect him to agree so quickly, so I froze up for a second before nodding. “Thank you.”

Ashton kept to his promise. He picked me up in secret at the Stovall residence and drove around the urban area a few times before going into a biotech company.

Joseph was already waiting when we arrived. He didn’t seem surprised to see me. “Hello, Mr. Fuller, Mrs. Fuller.” He bowed at us as usual.

“Hey,” Ashton answered curtly, but I pulled a long face. Yes, I was still salty about the chop. I could still feel the pain on my neck even then. That was a constant reminder of what Joseph did.

Ashton went in easily, and I followed. The place wasn’t as mysterious as the hospital’s basement. Once I got out of the elevator, I was greeted with a high-tech office.

The office looked cold, and glass canisters lined the whole place. A human-sized glass container stood in the middle of the office. It was filled with a clear liquid, while a green test tube was fixed in the middle. There seemed to be air going in from both ends, since the liquid was bubbling.

I fell into a trance looking at the container.

“You’re here, Mr. Fuller.” A familiar voice snapped me out of it. When I looked in its direction, I saw a gray-haired, elderly man shaking hands with Ashton. He was probably the guy who reminded Ashton about the time that night.

“I’ll need you to explain it to my wife,” he commanded calmly.

“Yes.” The old man smiled and came to me. “I’m the project manager, George Sanchez. I’m a certified microbiology professor, and the suppressants you have been taking are made by my team.”

“Hello, Professor Sanchez.” I forced a smile, though I felt more at ease than when I first came in.

“Look, Mrs. Fuller.” George pointed at the green test tube smugly. “This is the antidote we just made last night. We’ll switch locations every time one antidote is made for safety purposes. In case the enemies find out about it. We were doing inventory last night and getting ready for the transfer. You know, when your condition acted up.”

“My condition?” I didn’t remember that happening. “Impossible.” I was confused. “I took my suppressants before coming out last night.” I looked at Ashton subconsciously. Are they trying to gloss this over with that cheap trick?

“That’s what suppressants do. They suppress. The toxins have mutated,” Ashton said. “You can’t stay out of contact for more than three hours from now on.”

I pursed my lips and thought about the veracity of his reply. Ashton seemed to see through what I was thinking, so he asked, “What? Do you really think Joseph was the one who knocked you out?”

