

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 323

I racked my brains and mentioned a few dishes.

“I’ll be home in fifteen minutes!”

After hanging up, Mrs. Eriksen giggled. “What a loving couple. Letty, why don’t you plan for another child in spring? I can’t wait to see that.”

I was taken aback. Another child?

I’ve never thought of having another child after the miscarriage. I couldn’t even protect my first child, so I dared not dream of having another.

“Scarlett, you’re far more ruthless than I imagine!” Out of nowhere, Sally rushed in and smashed my bowl onto the ground. “Did I ever offend you? Why are you forcing me into a corner?” she pointed at me and demanded angrily.

Huh?

I frowned in confusion. “What did I do?”

“The incident from ten years ago is all over the news. Besides the three dead Whites, you and I are the only ones in the know. Tell me. Why would I ruin my own reputation? That leaves only you, Scarlett. There’s no one else!”

As fury overcame her, she picked up a shard of broken glass on the ground and came for my face.

I couldn’t well dodge her attack as I hadn’t expected it. The glass shard was about to slit my cheek when someone suddenly grabbed the glass shard in Sally’s hand.

Stunned, I looked up and saw Ashton. Blood had started to trickle down from his palm.

Immediately, I shoved Sally away and gazed at Ashton with concern. "Are you alright?"

I squeezed his hand and forced him to open his palm. The glass shard had pierced his skin, creating a deep slash. "Does it hurt?"

He combed my hair with his other hand. "No. What happened?"

Sally regained her composure on the ground. Instead of getting to her feet, she told Ashton, "You should ask her. She's cruel enough to scheme against her own relative!"

Ashton's lips thinned. With his brows knitted up, he returned, "Even if she's cruel, she'd never try to slash another woman's face with a sharp object."

A hint of anger crept into his voice.

Sally paled visibly. "I could ruin her looks, but she had ruined the rest of my life! Ashton, don't be fooled by her!"

Ashton's gaze landed on me. "What exactly happened?"

I shook my head. At the sight of the blood pooling in his palm, I told Mrs. Eriksen to get the first aid kit. "I don't know. Aunt Sally, what is going on?"

Sally sneered. "You don't know? Scarlett, you're good at putting up an act, huh?" She yelled, "Weren't you the one who told the reporter why I married Benjamin ten years ago? You even exposed Sharon's scandal and how I forced Sharon to her death by using the scandal to threaten her!"

I frowned at her words. Indeed, I knew everything. After Benjamin's passing, Sally revealed this piece of news to Sharon, causing her to go crazy and jump off a building in guilt.

However, I've never told anyone about it.

Ashton stared at me as his brows snapped together. "Was it you?"

Shaking my head, I denied. "No!"

Nodding, Ashton's voice turned icy. "She said it wasn't her," he told Sally coolly. "I trust her. You'd better have evidence before touching her. Otherwise, I'll make you pay for your actions."

Sally's eyes widened incredulously. "Ashton, you're a fool! The Whites are dead, and she's the only person alive who knows the truth. Why would I ruin my reputation right now?"

Ashton was unfazed. "Then you can punish her when you find the evidence."

With that, he tugged me out of the kitchen and headed for our bedroom.

I took the first aid kit from Mrs. Eriksen and trailed after him obediently.

In our bedroom, I cleaned his wound carefully. Some of the blood had dried up over his wound.

"Does it hurt?" It was a deep cut, so I couldn't help but wince as I dabbed the cotton on it.

Shaking his head, he chuckled lightly. "Are you feeling sorry for me?"

I pursed my lips and sighed. "Don't act on impulse next time."

“What a fool,” he uttered and caressed my cheek. “You’re precious to me. Next time, remember to avoid her attacks swiftly, hmm?”

Nodding, I resumed bandaging his wound. “I think someone else is involved in Aunt Sally’s scandal,” I told him and exhaled sharply.

His gaze darkened. “Stay out of this. The White family’s matter has nothing to do with us. I’ll deal with Aunt Sally.”

My mouth set in a hard line. Marcus’ death had left a void in my heart. I couldn’t well forget him. Right now, I couldn’t bring myself to pity Sally as she had brought this upon herself.