

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 534

Ashton's cheeks plumped up when he saw me coming downstairs. He was in the middle of telling Flora the dos and don'ts around the house and with Summer.

"All set?" he asked. I nodded, and we headed out.

Once I got into the car parked in the yard, Ashton carefully placed a box in my hands and started the engine. "This is HiTech's latest model."

I staggered before lifting the cover. Inside lay a classy new phone with a diamonds cast gold rim. Quite fashionable, I'd say.

Right, he smashed my phone last night.

I then took it out from the box, gave it a rough scan, and slid it into my purse.

Our journey to Hannah's place was in absolute silence.

John bought Hannah a villa in South District. It was baroque-inspired, and the yard was a medley of flora. Unfortunately, the deep snow took center stage this season.

John hired two caregivers to take care of Hannah and the baby. He wasn't home when we got there.

Hannah was still in confinement. She came down to the living room when she heard our car's rumbling engine coming to a stop.

She was in her warm puffy pajamas and looked rather pale as if she was just done with the delivery.

It took her some effort to squeeze out a smile. "Hey, how's it going?"

"Not bad. But you lost so much weight!" I couldn't help but noticing how gauntly thin she had become.

“This is what happens once the baby’s out,” she chuckled.

She then gestured for us to take a seat and had the caregiver bring us water.

I looked around but saw no signs of the child. “Where’s the baby?”

“He’s sleeping upstairs.” She then passed me a glass of water. “You know, he’s premature and will need to lounge a bit longer in the incubator.”

Despite her light-hearted statement, I still felt sorry for her.

“Summer was like that too. But things got better as she grew up,” I sighed.

Ashton sat quietly like a totem pole. He would pick up his drink or hang up an incoming call once in a while.

Hannah started noticing it and decided to break that drill. “Ashton, I bet that you’ve never seen a one-month-old baby. Why don’t you go upstairs and check it out? At least you’ll know what it’s like when it’s you and Scarlett’s turn.”

He looked at me for a bit and nodded before being led up to the second floor by the caregiver.

Once he was out of sight, Hannah asked, “You had a fight, hadn’t you?”

“No, why?” I denied.

“Come on. It was as obvious as a garish billboard! What made the almighty Mr. Fuller reduced into a gawper, listening to our dull conversation and declining calls from the company? You guys must’ve been in a fight for him to tiptoe around you.”

Was that considered a fight?

I just tilted my head and smiled. Period. End of discussion.

We chattered on till it was time to go home. As Ashton and I left, I blurted, “Let’s go to the hospital.”

“What’s wrong?” His worried eyes swiveled towards me.

“Your vasclips.”

His mind went blank for a couple of seconds before turning the car around and drove to the hospital.

As I waited outside the operation room, his phone rang. It was from Joseph. I was fully aware that I shouldn’t be meddling with his calls, but it had been buzzing relentlessly. Thinking that it might be something urgent, I picked it up.

“Mr. Fuller, the Bureau of Industry and Commerce is running an investigation on White Corporation, meaning it would be closed for some time. Do you still want me to give the media the video clip of Mr. White’s mother?” Joseph spewed his updates the moment the line got through.

Sharon’s video?

“What video?” My fuddled mind demanded an answer.

"Mrs. Fuller?" Joseph was taken aback. Little did he know that I'd be on the other end.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Fuller."

"Joseph, Ashton is occupied at the moment. But let me tell you something. We need to know where to draw the line." I tried to sound less pushy. "I'm in no position to tell him how to run his business, but you, someone who's been working for him for so many years, should know what his rash decisions would lead to. To exterminate a fellow businessman is a big no-no. It wasn't only his capability that kept the ball rolling in K City for the past four years, but also the acceptance of the big shots he was dealing with."

It's a dog-eat-dog world out there. Yet, there's a limit to how vicious you can be to your opponent to ensure amity among allies. Who knows they might be next in line?

A pause ensued. "I understand, Mrs. Fuller."

After I hung up, I tried to get a grip on myself. It was since Emery's wedding that Ashton turned so irascible.

What did Marcus do to cause Ashton to brew such brutish intentions?