

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1383

There was nothing Ashton and I could say to justify ourselves, so I kept my peace.

The next day, the country's biggest financial news station reported that the Fuller Corporation's high-profile investment had incurred a loss of hundreds of millions due to a decisive managerial failure. The Ziegler Corporation, in defense of their own interests, had cut off all collaboration with Fuller Corporation. Stovall Corporation, on the other hand, had decided to merge with Fuller Corporation to bail the latter out.

This piece of earth-shattering news was immediately lit upon by netizens eager to devour the next piece of gossip. They immediately connected this event with Facebook's top search.

I'll be damned. Does this mean Mr. Fuller only reconciled with Ms. Stovall for money?

I told you all! Thora dumped that jerk because of Fuller Corporation's investment failure. His ex-wife had mercy on him and bailed him out despite everything that he did to her! Babes, what a tragedy this is for women everywhere!

Yes, I despise Mr. Fuller now! What a beastly man he is!

All I have to say is, poor Scarlett!

Mr. Fuller, if you already have a woman that loves you so much, please cherish her!

I've always known that what Thora and Mr. Fuller had was a marriage of convenience! There were never any true feelings involved. I predicted this!

Back in the Stovall residence, we were sitting in the living room when the news reports flowed in, thick and fast. Ashton and I were scrolling through our phones and scanning the news. The only noise interrupting the otherwise dead silence of the room came from the television.

Ashton sat on the sofa, staring ahead of him, his face devoid of any expression. Ever since he'd returned to K City, Ashton seemed to have lost all purpose.

Even though the latest news reports had thoroughly cast Ashton's name into disrepute, we had managed to resolve the matter with Thora. As for the Pitcoin projects, we'd managed to tie up all the stray ends during the day. Fuller Corporation had thus ceased all involvements in illegal activity that day.

Danger or trouble had always been of little concern to Ashton. Even though we had successfully concluded all of Fuller Corporation's pressing matters, Ashton did not look overjoyed at all.

I knew then that the Hall family was another burden weighing on Ashton's mind.

I was about to sit Ashton down for a talk when the maid suddenly dashed into the room. "Mr. Stovall, a guest is currently waiting outside. He gave his name as Bill Young," she announced.

Something seemed to reawaken within Ashton. His dark eyes smoldered as he glanced towards the doorway where the maid had just entered from.

The rest of us exchanged looks uneasily. Louis then instructed, "Bring him in."

The Stovall family had always been known for its openness. It wouldn't have been appropriate for us to have turned away a world-renowned philanthropist from our home.

Bill, the man waiting outside, soon hobbled in on crutches. He was accompanied by Tiffany, who had angered Ashton the day before. The woman leaned towards Bill as she helped him in. The closeness between the two of them suggested that they were on rather intimate terms.

Ashton was evidently incensed by Tiffany's arrival. His face darkened by a few shades, and his eyes flashed with fury.

Bill was getting on in years, but he was remarkably frank in his manner. The moment he'd settled down into his seat, he immediately declared, "I came here today to convey a message on behalf of a friend."

Bill paused and surveyed the room. He nodded, pleased that all eyes were fixed attentively on him. Bill then continued, addressing Ashton directly, "Mr. Hall has given the matter some thought. Your entire family can return to the Hall family and be reunited as one again. As long as you're willing, you'll be welcomed back anytime."

Did Christopher suddenly develop a conscience and decide to accept Ashton back into his fold? I mused.

Before anyone else could respond, however, Ashton had erupted in anger. He stood up vehemently and bellowed, "Keep your hypocritical pity to yourself! I don't need it!"

I had rarely seen Ashton lose control of his emotions. His abrupt, violent rage threw the room in disarray. We gawked at him, all equally aghast.

The tension in the room was so thick that one could cut it with a knife. Ashton took a deep breath, rearranging his features into their previous stoic expression before roughly shoving his way past Bill and storming upstairs.

"Ash-" Appalled, Tiffany turned on her heels to go after him, as if fearful of being discarded by the man a second time. "Ashton!" she called out, a desperate plea.

Ashton ignored her. He refused to dignify her with even a backward glance in her direction and hastened his footsteps.

I lunged forward to restrain Tiffany. "Ms. Hall!"

My outburst got her to halt in her tracks but refused to turn back. Seeing her reluctance, I continued kindly, "Ashton doesn't want to meet anyone who has anything to do with Christopher. Please respect that."

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As I spoke, I strode over to the stairs. Shouldering Tiffany brusquely aside, I said as I ascended, "I need to discuss some urgent matters with Ashton. Please go ahead without us."

Tiffany had been raised in a life of luxury and pampering. She was thus unused to the subtle emotions that undergirded every social interaction. She was unable to recognize the extent of our loathing for her from my simple, placid expression.

It was undeniably rude of Ashton and I to evade our guests in this manner. However, I believed our behavior was not entirely unwarranted. The guests had to be deserving of our respect as well.

The bedroom door was left open, so I entered cautiously, hearing the sound of water running in the bathroom as I walked in.

I closed the door softly behind me as I entered, then tiptoed towards the bathroom. At the door, however, I found my eyes locked with Ashton's.

His eyes were wild and bloodshot, and his entire face was dripping with water. He looked both embarrassed and intimidating at the same time. Water was still gushing in torrents from the tap. I looked up to see that a huge crack had split the bathroom mirror. A few shards littered the floor.

I looked down and was horrified to see that Ashton's hand had suffered a few gashes that were bleeding profusely.

Ashton's forlorn figure tugged at my heartstrings. I whirled around and hurried to fetch the first aid kit to treat his wounds.

Neither of us spoke throughout the entire process. Ashton merely bowed his head. With his unfathomable dark eyes fixed upon me, he seemed oddly contented at last.

After a long while, when I finally lifted my head to dispose of the used cotton swabs, he said hoarsely, "Why do you care so much for a useless castoff like me?"

I froze upon hearing that, my hands arrested in the act of bandaging. I lowered them, then said slowly, "It doesn't matter to me whether you're a useless castoff or the epitome of perfection. You're Ashton. You're my husband and the father of my children. I chose you because you're the one I love most. It doesn't matter what other people think of you."

I could feel his hands tremble in mine. He suddenly seized me and dragged me into the bedroom.

He proceeded to sit me down on the bed, then walked over to the closet. He pulled out a small plastic bag, then stuffed the pill bottle that had been encapsulated within into my hands.

Vitamin A Supplement Lozenges, the label read. The package looked familiar. Ashton had been taking these since Summer fell ill. He'd reassured me that nothing was wrong with him, and they'd since been relegated to the back of my mind.

"Over the years, my doctor has been trying various methods to increase my intake of Vitamin A. There aren't many others with a similar condition, so no one, including me, really took it seriously. Recently, however, I compared my medical records to the Hall family's and realized that this is a hereditary chronic illness. There's a seventy percent chance that I'll go blind after the age of forty. That's also the reason why the Halls cast me out," Ashton said lightly.

He sounded matter-of-fact as if he had long since accepted the fact, but I could detect a hint of self-degradation in his tone.

He seemed understanding, but I felt a bitter wave of outrage rising within me nonetheless.

If his eyes were the problem, that would explain Ashton's unusual behavior over the video call. As long as he wasn't doing a drug trial of any sort on my behalf, I thought there was no need to further worry myself.

However, this hereditary blindness was no fault of his. It wasn't even a complete guarantee that he would lose his sight. Yet, the

Halls had thus decided to forsake their own son because of it. It was an utterly heartless move on their part.

Realization dawned upon me with a flash. The reason for Tiffany's arrogance was suddenly crystal-clear to me.

As Ashton's younger sister, she must have scorned what she perceived as her brother's inferior genes. The fact that Tiffany hadn't inherited the illness must have convinced her that she was clearly his superior.

What an utterly debased family! I fumed to myself. It was ridiculous that one could despise others for their genetic makeup in this day and age.

Ashton tilted his head and looked at me bemusedly. "What's wrong? Are you concerned for me?" he teased.

I remained silent. Ashton paused, then continued determinedly, "It's only a possibility, after all. I'm still holding out for that remaining thirty percent that everything will be fine. Besides, even if I can't see, Joe is back at the headquarters of the company, and Joseph is a capable, steadfast worker. He's worthy of the hopes I'm pinning on him. I'll only be losing my sight, not my mind. As long as I'm alive, I'll keep striving. I won't let you and the children down..."

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"I was thinking," I said, interrupting Ashton, "that even if Fuller Corporation goes bankrupt, we'll still have help from John and the Moore family. Besides, I think I'm capable of raising three children. All I'm worried about is letting you down. You can't enjoy the wealth and influence of being a president any longer. You'll have to make do with our uneventful, quiet happiness. I suppose I'll be your sugar mommy..."

I trailed off, noticing Ashton staring at me in bewilderment.

"Are you upset?" I asked timidly.

Any man who took pride in his masculinity usually recoiled at the idea of getting a sugar mommy.

Ashton wrinkled his brow for a moment, then abruptly chuckled. "Are you saying that you'll raise me as well?"

I hadn't expected him to respond so jovially. My tentative smile widened into a grin. "Sure, what's your price?"

At my joke, Ashton burst into peals of genuine laughter. In that instant, the dark shadows that had hung over him seemed to have fled. He finally looked rejuvenated.

I saw my chance. Gently stroking his injured hand, I declared, "You're mine now! I don't like people who are constantly putting themselves down. You have to stay positive, or I'll drop you off my list. There's a long line waiting after you."

A wicked gleam appeared in his eyes. He pinched my chin, compelling me to meet his eyes. "Then I'll have to be a good boy and work hard then, won't I?"

"You know it..." I nodded playfully.

Ashton dipped his head towards me, and before I realized what he was doing, he stole a kiss from me. "Is this what you're looking for?"

I felt my cheeks instantly burn crimson. Gritting my teeth, I countered cheekily, "It's a borderline pass. I'm sure you can do much better than that. I'll be looking forward to it."

Ashton's dark eyes seemed overwhelmed with emotion. He reached out and pulled me over, his arms encircling me in a tight hug. We were so close that I could hear the throb of his heartbeat and feel the rise and fall of his chest with every breath.

At that moment, the world and its worries seemed to fall away. All that remained was Ashton and me, wrapped in our mutual embrace. The two of us sat like this for what felt like an eternity. It was barely a few minutes later, however, when Ashton suddenly sprang up. He ran out of the room with me in tow, saying, "I've spent enough time feeling sorry for myself. It's time to deal with the obstacles getting in my way of being a sugar baby."

Seeing his renewed vigor, I merely smiled and allowed him to lead me down the stairs.

When we reentered the living room together, Bill and Tiffany were still seated inside.

Tiffany straightened up when she caught sight of Ashton, saying brightly, "Ashton, have you changed your mind? I knew it! I knew you wouldn't be able to walk away from our family just like that."

Ashton said nothing, silently leading me over to the sofa. We sat down facing Tiffany, and he took his time to settle down, crossing his legs before replying evenly, "I can rejoin the Hall family but on one condition. My children will remain with the Stovall family."

A look of disquiet crossed Tiffany's face. "You can't do that. The babies have the blood of the Hall family running through their veins! You can't leave them in the hands of outsiders."

"You're wrong," Emma finally spoke. There was a tremor in her voice from the state of agitation she was evidently under. Impassionately, she continued, "The Stovall family has always treated any children as their own. Now that Ashton and Scarlett have reconciled, how can you call the Stovalls outsiders? If we're talking about bringing up children, what do you have to say about a certain family that brutally abandoned its child for ten years, not caring whether it lived or died? What right do you have to decide for Ashton and Scarlett's children?"

Emma turned to look at John after speaking. There seemed to be a fleeting acknowledgment of mutual agreement between the two. However, it was only a brief flash that quickly faded back into their original stiffness.

Ashton paid no heed to John and Emma's marital rows. Carelessly, he answered Tiffany, "You're too late. I'm already part of the Stovall family, and so are my children. Scarlett is the only one who has any say over where we go."

Ashton paused to direct an intent look at me. "Isn't that right, Honey?"

Caught off guard, I scrambled to keep up with his theatrical performance. "That's right! Ashton's mine. Don't you use

Facebook. Ms. Hall? The entire Fuller family belongs to the Stovall family now.”