

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 408

When Ashton saw that she was alright, he said, "That's enough. Go home!"

"Hmph!" Rebecca sneered. "How long do you think you can continue to keep this from her?"

I looked to Ashton, confused. "Is there something I should know about?"

The man seemed distant when his gaze fell upon Rebecca. He then turned to Joseph who had just settled things on the other front. "Send Ms. Larson home."

The other man nodded, but Rebecca pushed him away when he tried to put a hand on her. "Do you think no one else is going to talk just because I won't?"

She turned to regard me scathingly. "You're a pathetic idiot—being happy and contented when everyone's taking you for a ride."

"Get her out of here!" Anger permeated Ashton's voice.

Joseph got a hold of Rebecca in an attempt to have her forcibly removed.

I looked into her wild eyes and asserted myself, "Let her speak."

I approached and pushed Joseph off her. "What was it you wanted to say?"

Rebecca replied with a smirk, "Ask your husband. You are going to love the surprise if you got it straight from him."

"What's going on here?" I asked Ashton.

"I'll tell you when we get back!" He rubbed his forehead in fluster.

The man pulled me into the elevator and prepared to take me away.

Hesitantly, I stood my ground.

He did not look pleased. "Let's go home first, alright?"

I paused momentarily before I followed him in.

I waited by the hospital's entrance while Ashton went to fetch the car from the parking lot, all the while preoccupied with thoughts about what I was being kept in the dark about.

My phone then chimed a couple of times in a row. Messages had come in, with attachments.

They were from an unknown number, and the first opened to reveal a photo of a baby.

The baby looked to be a newborn. It was tiny, with patches of red and green on its forehead. The eyes were closed.

The rest of the photos were, as far as I could tell, also of the same baby. There was also a video that featured it inside of an incubator.

My limbs went limp, as though struck by a ray of enfeeblement. The phone fell loose from my hands and onto the floor.

My mind droned on—filled with scenes of what I saw inside of the warehouse and my inability to deliver the baby before its fragile little life was snuffed out of existence.

I felt a moment of asphyxia. By my own admission, I was weak, or should I say, a coward.

I had not seen that child even once before Marcus buried him. I feared that if I did, I would be scarred for life.

Never had I thought that I would be able to see him under these circumstances. He had the same features as the child in my dreams.

Rebecca came down the steps shortly after. “What sort of face is this? Did Ash not tell you everything? Do you realize what a fool you’ve been, allowing yourself to be strung around in circles the way you did?”

My head throbbed as I looked at her. I was speechless.

She seemed to relish the expression on my face. “How does it feel to have your own mother kill off your offspring?”

I conjured the remnant of my strength. “What did you say?”

“So, he hasn’t told you yet, huh? You are Cameron Anderson’s real daughter. It was Ash who passed the sandalwood box your Grandma left for you to that woman. It was Ash who told her that it was mine, and also he who swapped our DNA samples.”

She continued, "Do you not see how far he went to get me into the Moore family so that I may enjoy the luxurious life of a wealthy young lady while you remained an impoverished nobody? This is proof that he doesn't love you, and never will."

My body felt like it was no longer anchored as I staggered backward and sat slumped on the floor.

The demise of my child, my own close brush with mortality, and Macy's death. Were all these of Ashton's machinations?

"Why?" I asked. From whom was I seeking the answer from, exactly?

Rebecca laughed coldly. "What do you think? Because he has never loved you. I'm the one that he wants to protect and provide the best for. What other evidence do you need of that?"

I was dumbstruck. Then I abruptly broke into hysteria. "So his affections were feigned, just like everything else."

She was conversely delighted. "Yes. All of it were lies."

The people who passed between the hospital doors cast looks of bafflement my way as I sat there.