

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 475

Nodding, Summer passed the desserts she'd picked out to Ashton and said softly, "Mr. Fuller, let's go home. Mommy's upset."

Ashton's knowing gaze had never left me though he had yet to utter a single word.

Jared, on the other hand, appeared unconcerned over Kristina's feelings. His whole attention was on Summer. He had been trying to start a conversation with her even until we had already exited the restaurant.

Indifferently, we bid them farewell as we boarded the car. Summer fell asleep soon after.

When we stopped at a red light, Ashton reached out and held my hand. "Are you feeling better now?"

Slightly surprised, I shrugged. "I felt better a long time ago."

He smiled gently. "So, what did Kristina say to piss you off?"

He lowered his gaze and stared at my hand. He appeared to be suppressing his laughter as he asked, "Does it hurt?"

"I'm the one who slapped her. Why would I be hurt?" I removed my hand from his hold as I recalled Kristina's words. I couldn't help my gaze as it traveled towards Ashton's lower body.

Apparently, I wasn't as subtle as I thought. Ashton narrowed his eyes as he asked doubtfully, "What's going on?"

Aware that my staring was inappropriate, I quickly turned my gaze away. After some thought, I asked, "Did y-you take it out yet?"

He appeared shocked at the question, and it took him a moment before he was able to compose himself. The light turned green, and he began to drive forward. "Yes?" he answered confusedly.

Four years ago he had a vasectomy. I haven't been with him for four years; I wouldn't know if he'd reversed it or not.

Based on Kristina's words, maybe he hadn't reversed the vasectomy. This then became fodder for the rumors that were swirling around.

"Take what out again?" He looked at me out of the corner of his eye, a questioning gaze in his eyes.

Blushing, I said, "The vasectomy clips. Did y-you take them out?"

His shock soon morphed into laughter. He looked at me with his brows raised. "If you want to have kids, I'd be happy to remove them."

My brain stuttered as I pouted. So, did he take them out or not?

"You'll become infertile if you keep the clips on for too long!" Four years was a long time. I didn't know if his fertility was already affected.

He laughed lightly. "Don't worry. Your husband is a healthy man. If you really want to have kids, I'll be up for it too. Any number is good."

I didn't want to continue bantering with him over this. Adopting a serious tone, I said, "Let's make an appointment tomorrow and get the clips removed."

Even if we're destined to leave each other in the end, I don't want him to ruin his chances of ever having kids in the future.

He looked at me and laughed. "We're not in a rush to have kids."

In the end, we didn't manage to arrange for an appointment to reverse Ashton's vasectomy due to his busy schedule.

But little did I expect that I was the first person to be notified about Nancy's death.

It was the end of September when the autumn rains came frequently. I rarely left the house as I was busy preparing for my exams.

When I received the text, I was surprised. It was a short one: Turn on the TV. Wait for her death.

The message seemed like nothing more than a horrid prank.

I frowned and switched off my phone, turning my attention back to my revision.

Suddenly Stacey called, stumbling over her words. "Was it Mr. Fuller?"

I knitted my brows in confusion. What does she mean by that?

"What happened?"

As if sensing my confusion, she replied, "Nancy was apparently murdered in her own home. The police are investigating now. I heard that it was an ugly scene."

I was paralyzed with shock. My hands, however, seemed to move on their own accord as they closed my books and switched on the TV.

News of Nancy's death was being reported on every channel.

"Isn't Mr. Fuller with you?" Stacey asked.

I frowned and recalled the first thing she'd blurted to me when I answered her call. I answered coolly, "Ashton wouldn't stoop to such a level."

She probably heard the anger in my tone and quickly apologized.

People change. She'd spent so much time in the murky waters of the business world that she'd become a ruthless woman.

Now though, we no longer crossed paths. I hung up and looked at the text I'd received earlier.

The call didn't connect when I dialed the number listed as the sender of the text. I pondered for a moment and decided to call Ashton.

The call went through, and I heard some background noises. It sounded like he was in the middle of a meeting. "Scarlett, what's up?"

He didn't speak loudly, but the background noises disappeared once he spoke.

"What happened to Nancy?" I asked, not meaning to interrogate him. Realizing my tone was off, I composed myself before saying, "I received a suspicious text just now."

“You don’t have to worry about her since her contract with Fuller Corporation has already been dissolved. Her future actions have no bearing on our corporation. Don’t overthink things,” he said, sounding soft and a bit hoarse.

I paused for a moment and nodded to myself. There wasn’t anything else to say, so I hung up.

I was still weirded out by the text I’d received out of the blue, so I decided to try my luck and dial the number again.

The phone still appeared to be switched off.

The doorbell of the villa rang. I went downstairs and opened the door.

Sally was here.

I’d just opened the door and could barely react when she slapped me.

Slap! She’d landed a solid one on my face.

My head was stinging from the impact, and I had to take a moment to compose myself. Blood trickled out from the corner of my lip.

I looked down at her as I attempted to suppress my rage. “Ms. Fuller, have you always been this brash? Why are you slapping people for no reason?”

She let out a cold laugh and sneered, “Reason? Nancy’s death is reason enough. Scarlett, I thought you’d know your place by now after being gone for four years. Clearly, I’ve underestimated you. After all, how

good can a woman be if she can even destroy the reputation of her own birth mother? Nancy merely admired Ashton. If you weren't happy with that, you could hit and berate her. Why make her die such a painful death?"