

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 485

Ashton's eyebrows scrunched together, and his eyes were blazing scarlet. "How long has it been?"

How long? At this, I hesitated. Mulling it over, I realized that it'd been quite some time. Ever since I encountered Marcus, I've been seemingly nauseous out of the blue. Every time my mood takes a nosedive, the urge to vomit grips me.

"It's been a while." Perhaps I'm truly sick. Jared's recent visits to see Summer, in particular, has such an occurrence transpiring all the more frequently.

Upon hearing this, his brows furrowed. Although he concealed his emotions well and kept them from showing on his face, I could sense that he was in a foul mood.

"Let's make a trip to the hospital and have you checked out," he suggested in a deep and aloof voice. His emotions were indiscernible unless one listened closely.

Irritated, I shoved him away since I wasn't in the mood to bicker about this. My voice was a few decibels higher when I snapped, "I said I'm fine! I'm perfectly fine! Why can't you get that into your head?"

At this, he froze, and I likewise reacted similarly. After all, this was the first time I'd ever spoken to him in such a manner after returning to K City, and my voice was even threaded with a hint of abhorrence.

All at once, I didn't know what to do, so I opened my mouth to say something to salvage things. "I..."

However, I couldn't utter a single word after an eternity had passed. Worse still, my stomach was suddenly churning all the more.

At this exact moment, Joseph arrived. When he came in, he was greeted by the sight of me and Ashton in a stalemate. Ashton subsequently looked at him and ordered, "Call and ask the deputy director of Medwin Hospital whether he's free to attend to a patient now."

Joseph nodded. As he clocked the odd atmosphere between me and Ashton, he fished out his phone to make the call.

The reins on my emotions snapped right then. I didn't want to go to the hospital, so I snatched the phone from his hand at once.

Then, I roared uncontrollably, "I said I don't want to go to the hospital! What are you two doing?"

In the next moment, I swung my gaze at Ashton and howled at the top of my lungs, "Ashton Fuller, just tell me directly if you want to send Summer away! I'll leave with her, going to a faraway place instead of staying and being an eyesore to you! Why must you allow Jared to visit her every day? She's my daughter! It is I, who raised her from young to this very day, watching as she babbled when learning to speak and toddling when learning to walk. Why should I give her away? I'll never hand her to him even if it means my death!"

I was overly emotional, even a tad manic, but I didn't realize all this.

Watching as the look in Ashton's eyes turned painful from the initial surprise, followed by distress, my brows creased as understanding eluded me.

I then shifted my gaze to Joseph, but the look in his eyes was also different; it was stained with a hint of sympathy and anguish.

What's wrong with me?

I couldn't calm down at all as my emotions held me captive, giving me no way out. The only consciousness I had was to curl up on the floor and clutch my head tightly while yanking at my hair.

I'm not sick! I'm really not sick!

It was an hour later when I was again in possession of my mental faculties, and Ashton was keeping watch beside me. My eyes darted around as I searched for Summer, but I saw no sign of her.

Thus, I tugged at him and demanded, "Has Summer been taken by Jared?"

Pulling me to him, he shook his head, his gaze tender. "Nope. She's asleep in the bedroom." Then, he hugged me tightly, his voice deep and enticing. "Jared won't take her away. She's forever our daughter, and she'll always keep us company by our side. Don't worry, for she'll never leave."

With that promise, I calmed down and listened to his heartbeat while nestling in his embrace. At the same time, a long silence ensued.

Meanwhile, he patted my back as though in consolation. "I'm sorry. I've been too busy lately that I neglected you. This is all on me for having failed to take good care of you."

At this, I shook my head even as I pursed my lips, saying nary a word.

He then heaved a sigh before speaking in a soft voice as though discussing the matter with me. "Scarlett, let's make a trip to the hospital tomorrow, okay?"

I instantly stiffened in a seemingly instinctual reaction, but he sensed it and simultaneously hugged me all the tighter.

"Don't be afraid. We'll just go and see what the doctor says," he assured, his voice threaded with a hint of comfort.

I pursed my lips and remained silent. After a long while, I finally nodded in acquiescence.

Going to the hospital might make it clear that I'm sick. I thought I've shaken it off within the past four years and had let the past go, rendering myself fully cured. Yet, never had I imagined that the truth was the polar opposite.

That night, I didn't lose any sleep nor get irritable. Ashton, on the other hand, didn't go to the office and stayed by my side.

The next day, Joseph came early in the morning and took Summer away. I watched her leave, only snapping back to reality after a long time had passed.

Snagging his keys, Ashton took my hand and gripped it tightly. Then, he murmured, "Summer will be back at night, so don't worry."

I nodded and followed him into the car. As I sat in the car, I became restless and even felt inexplicably irritable.

Earlier, I thought that he would bring me to a public hospital, but unexpectedly, he brought me to a private one instead.

As soon as we arrived, we didn't choose a department or specify my illness. Rather, he pulled me all the way to an office before asking me to take a seat and wait.

He stayed and kept me company, but no one came. Looking at him, I inquired, "Why are we here?"