

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 599

“Summer will be twelve in seven years. These seven years will pass in the blink of an eye!” I said. I couldn’t help but feel mixed emotions about it.

Ashton smiled and reached out to take my hand. He patted the back of my hand and replied, “People have to pay for their mistakes.”

The driver then parked the car beside the road. The place was quite desolated so there were hardly any cars that passed by the place. We didn’t have to worry that there would be a lack of parking space too.

Ashton could basically walk on his own now and as long as there weren’t any large movements, there wouldn’t be any issues.

There was a rather small door at the side of the prison which was only allowed for the family members of the prisoners.

Since we had informed the people working there before we arrived, an officer was waiting for us by the door. At the sight of us, he stepped aside and greeted, “Mr. Fuller, Mrs. Fuller.”

Ashton nodded at him and held my hand as we followed the officer.

We immediately saw a rather miserable-looking path after we went through the door. A training field similar to a military training field was on both sides of the path, followed by a building where a police officer who guarded the prisoners was stationed there.

Before we even got to the visiting hall, the officer leading us seemed to know about Ashton’s injury as he started to slow down his pace.

After half an hour, we finally got to see Jared. He sat at the opposite of the thick glass partition. Both of his hands were cuffed, and he had a haggard look on his face.

However, his gaze was sharp and fierce as ever. He took his seat and stared at Ashton with pursed lips, but he didn't reach for the receiver.

Jared leaned against the back of his chair leisurely as he continued staring disdainfully at the latter.

Is he planning to cut ties with Ashton?

I suddenly pitied him as I looked at him.

Both men were once best friends who had gone through bumps and twists in life together, but their friendship ended up like this.

I couldn't help but sigh at that.

After a long time, Jared took the receiver and said while glaring at Ashton, "She's really lucky."

He was obviously talking about me.

I scowled at his words and couldn't stop myself from clenching my fists. Pain shot up my arm since I accidentally exerted force on them.

I quickly took in a deep breath and continued listening to their conversation.

Ashton raised his brows and replied coldly, "You know that she's innocent. She should never have gone through such a thing."

Jared shifted his gaze to me and furrowed his brows slightly. "The scar on her face will always be there, and it can never go away."

I subconsciously reached up to touch the scar on my face and felt an ache in my heart.

I was a normal human being after all. How could I not care about the scar on my face?

Ashton didn't even care about his words. Instead, he said, "Have you ever considered that you're the one who's actually at fault, Jared?"

"That's not possible!" the man suddenly shouted. His voice was heart-wrenching as he continued, "I can't be wrong. You're the ones who are wrong! Both of you!"

Instead of answering immediately, Ashton stared at him. But it was exactly this burning gaze on him that made his hand start to shake uncontrollably.

Jared started to become emotional, and he smashed the receiver in his hands. The former continued to keep silent as he stared at the prisoner.

A police officer walked over and immediately stopped Jared. He then gave Ashton a look that seemed to be asking him if he wanted to continue talking.

He shook his head and motioned for the officer to take Jared away. After that, he stared at them as they left with a grim look on his face.

About ten minutes later, the person in charge of the prison walked over to us and asked him, "Mr. Fuller, the prisoner has settled down. Is there anything you want me to do?"

Ashton handed him a letter he was holding and said, "Hand this over to him. Tell him that I will take good care of Summer."

The person in charge nodded and took the letter anxiously.

Once we left the prison and got into the car, I glanced at him in confusion. "Was that a letter from you?"

He shook his head and took a cigarette out. He was about to light it up, but quickly kept it when he noticed that I was staring at him.

"It's from Naomi," he said indifferently.

I shouldn't have asked about anything related to Naomi but I couldn't stop myself from doing so as I was curious.

"Can you tell me about Naomi, Ashton?"

He frowned and told the driver to drive before staring out the window.

A long while later, he finally looked at me and said, "Grandma always had a regret since she was young. She never got to return to her hometown and own a courtyard where she could plant all her favorite flowers and plants. She didn't get to live a happy life with Grandpa with a dog and a cat.

My Grandpa was a northerner who had served in the army for three generations. He could have stayed in K City and continued to rely on his ancestors' business to raise his family and descendants. But when Grandma's wish hadn't been fulfilled when she passed suddenly. So he brought his young children to J City and started a business for the sake of their future. That's why Fuller Corporation exists now."

I listened quietly as I rested my head on his shoulder. He seemed to have never told me about the history of the Fullers.

Ashton pulled me into his arms and continued, "After that, the Fuller Corporation's business improved but Grandpa hoped that his children would have their own careers. So, he sent Aunt Sally back to K City. Then, he sent Naomi and me there as well. It's all because he wanted us to have the chance to make a choice for ourselves.