

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 939

“She had forgotten many things. She had even forgotten Justin. Sometimes, her memories are jumbled up.”

I raised my brows, “Justin?”

He nodded. “That guy who went along to the hospital.”

The lift arrived at the office. There were snacks on the coffee table—all my favorite snacks.

In no time, I focused on the snacks and stopped asking him questions.

Ashton started to contact people to help speed up finding a suitable donor. It was a difficult task. Even if a donor was found, that person had to be a match. We had to find a kidney donor as well. Furthermore, it had to be a child’s kidney.

I lost my appetite after those thoughts occurred to me, so I looked at Ashton, who was staring into blank space.

There was a knock on the door. “Come in.”

It was Stella. She brought some drinks for us. She placed a cup of green tea in front of Ashton and a cup of hot milk tea for me. “Mrs. Fuller, please try this. I made this using my special recipe.”

I smiled and thanked her. I took a sip, and it was not bad.

Slam. Ashton stood up while his face darkened. The green tea that Stella prepared dropped on the floor and shattered. He was holding his phone and exclaimed, “Bring him to the hospital immediately! I’ll be there.”

“What happened?” I shot up and asked, thinking that something bad happened to Summer.

He grabbed his jacket and told me, "Jared was almost killed in prison. I have to go now." He glanced at Stella and ordered, "Stella, please send Mrs. Fuller back later."

He rushed off right after.

I was lost in thought. He had been fine in there all this while. What exactly happened? Could it be that Zachary got someone to beat Jared up again for what happened to Summer?

However, according to his personality, he would have beaten him up brutally the first time. Why did he do it again?

Furthermore, that person tried to kill him.

Stella was taken aback and looked at me. "Mrs. Fuller, I'll send you back in a bit, but I don't know your address. I need you to tell me."

I gave a small smile and replied, "Thank you."

She shook her head while smiling. "No worries, it's my job."

Ashton took his car, so we walked to Stella's car. "Don't worry. Even though I had just gotten my driving license, I am a good driver."

I smiled and got on to the front seat. I wondered how she got promoted to a secretary. "It must've been tough for you. Ashton is very picky. Your job as a secretary must've been busier than the time you were working at the front desk."

She started the car and explained, "It's okay. Mr. Fuller had been kind to me. He would get others to teach me the things that I don't know."

I nodded and kept silent.

She stopped along the side of the road and took a grey bag out of the trunk.

She placed the bag on the back seat and explained, "I have to pass this to someone later. I brought it out in case I forget."

I nodded in response.

She was indeed a steady driver. As she drove to the villa, she looked around and commented, "Mrs. Fuller, your house is so big. I'm so envious of you!"

I chuckled. "If you have time, would you like to come in with me?"

She shook her head. "I don't think I can. I have plans already. Maybe next time. I believe that I'll have many chances to do so in the future."

I thanked her and got off the car. I stood there and watched as her car left.

It seemed that all the innocent things in this world either did not exist or were killed. The journey of growing up was indeed a long one.

Ashton was only back at night. He was worried that if anything bad happens to Jared, it might be difficult for him to donate his bone marrow to Summer.

I was waiting for Ashton in the living room. When he returned and was changing his shoes in the hallway, I asked, "How's he? Is he badly injured?"

"He's still in critical condition. Joe is there. Why are you still up?"

I walked over and replied, "I was waiting for you because I'm worried." While I spoke, he placed a grey bag at the side.

I furrowed my brows. That bag looked similar to the one Stella had in her car. Why did he have it?