

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 595

I dozed off anyway. Suddenly, I felt Ashton stir next to me. When I opened my eyes, I saw him struggling to make his way off the bed.

I sprung out of my bed immediately and ran over to help him, as though in a trance.

He was sweating profusely again, probably because of the injury on his back. Seeing that I was up, he looked at me apologetically and said, "Did I wake you?"

I shook my head, feeling a little sorry for him. As I grabbed hold of his arm, I asked in concern, "Are you alright? The doctor said you aren't allowed to get off the bed yet."

He pursed his lips, his fingers tightening around the handrails of his bed. "I'm going to the toilet."

I froze for a moment before replying, "There's a bedpan!"

"Help me to the bathroom!" he ordered as though he hadn't heard me. His voice was low and full of authority, and for a moment I thought he was back to the cold, distant Ashton again.

He had his pride, I supposed. Knowing that I wouldn't win in an argument, I gave in and helped him off the bed.

He was 180cm tall and looked almost absurd next to me. For some reason, I had a distinct feeling that he was consciously not putting any of his weight on me.

We entered the toilet. Since his arm was still attached to the IV drip, I bent down without a second thought to help him unbuckle his belt.

However, he grabbed hold of my hand almost immediately. Looking a little helpless, he said, "Alright, I can do this myself. Go outside and wait for me."

I felt rather anxious. "How are you going to sit down on the toilet bowl?" The injury was on his back and didn't affect his walking but sitting down would cause his wound to start bleeding again.

He smiled weakly at me and shook his head. "I'll be fine. Be a good girl and wait for me outside."

I looked at him, feeling more worried than ever. Pushing his IV drip aside, I said, "I'll just help you unbuckle your belt. I won't look at you, I promise! I'll help you sit down on the toilet bowl."

"Just listen to me and wait for me outside!" he said, still smiling. A hint of desperation had crept into his voice. "You don't have to worry about me. I'm not a child, you know. I know what I'm capable of. I'll call you if anything happens."

He gazed into my eyes, trying to reassure me with an earnest look on his face. I couldn't help but wonder how there could be such a stubborn person on this planet!

Sighing slightly, I went out of the toilet. I heard the door slide shut behind me.

I pursed my lips in annoyance. Ashton was always so set in his ways.

Because I was so worried about him, I sat outside and waited for a while more. After a long time, I started panicking a little. Turning towards the toilet door, I called loudly, "Ashton, are you alright?"

"I'm fine!" he replied, sounding cool and unbothered.

Around ten minutes later, I heard the toilet flush. I got up and was about to go in to help him. Nonetheless, once I pushed the door open, he was already standing at the door.

Seeing that he was fine, I let out a sigh of relief and helped him back to the bed.

His bandages had to be changed every three hours. The nurse came in shortly afterward with fresh bandages in her hands. This time, she didn't try and hide the wound—instead, she peeled off the bandages and exposed his wound to the cold air.

Seeing the blistering skin on his back, my heart skipped a beat. An involuntary chill ran down my spine.

"We've gotten rid of most of the rotting flesh, and his skin will repair itself eventually. He will need to remain in the hospital for a while more so we can observe his condition. As far as possible, make sure he doesn't make any big movements that might aggravate his

condition. That could slow down the rate of his recovery.” After explaining this to us, the doctor removed the last bits of rotting flesh from Ashton’s back. He then packed his surgical knife away and let the nurse bandage up the wound.

Seeing the horrible wound on Ashton’s back, I shuddered in horror, hardly daring to breathe at all.

The nurse reattached the IV drip to his arm after bandaging his wound. Because of the medication, he fell asleep almost immediately again.

I sat by his bed, unable to fall asleep. His back was going to be scarred for the rest of his life.

After he found Summer, Ashton didn’t let her accompany him to the hospital. Instead, he told her to return to K City with John.

Initially, the plan was to take Ashton to a hospital in K City, too. However, after considering the rough journey and the state of his injuries, he decided to stay here and recuperate before returning home.

Zachary and Cameron dropped by practically every day to visit us. Although our interactions were rather awkward, they could be considered cordial.

Cameron set down a bowl of porridge on the table. Seeing how exhausted I looked, she asked hesitantly, “Why don’t you return to the hotel and have a good rest? Come back when you get your energy back. Your father and I c-can watch over him tonight.”

She sounded very cautious when she said this. I shook my head. “It’s alright. There’s a bed for me here, anyway. I can sleep here if I need to. The both of you still have other business to attend to in K City, so you should probably leave earlier and settle them.”

Cameron shook her head. “It’s alright. I’m getting on in age, so I’ve already assigned most of my work to Nick. No hurry.”

I didn’t try to argue with her again. After all, it was true that I hadn’t slept well last night. In fact, I was practically sleep-walking now.

Besides, I was in a food coma after lunch. Ashton nodded off slowly, while Zachary and Cameron sat quietly in a corner and watched over us.

It was way too quiet in the room. Slowly but surely, I drifted off to sleep.

Because I hadn't gotten much sleep the night before, I slept very soundly now. Halfway through my nap, I sensed a nurse walking into the room to change Ashton's bandages. I tried to open my eyes, but my eyelids were simply too heavy—I promptly fell asleep again.

I slept all the way till noon. When I woke up, Ashton was reading a book. Zachary had disappeared from the room, while Cameron was slumped over a table, sound asleep.

Seeing that I was awake, Ashton set down his book and stuffed some tissue into my hands.

I gaped at him, unable to understand what his gesture meant. He finally smiled and said warmly, "Wipe your saliva off your face!"

My face flushed with embarrassment.

I wrenched the tissues from him and hastily wiped my chin. Pursing my lips, I sat up straight and asked, "Is it noon already?"

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Ashton nodded. "Are you hungry?"

I suddenly felt as though he was the one taking care of me instead of the other way round.

I parroted his question back to him. "Are you hungry?"

Cameron stirred in her sleep and woke up. She stared at Ashton and I for a few seconds before looking at the time on her phone.

Seeing that it was already past noon, she got up and poured me a glass of water. "Here, drink something. Your father went home to make lunch. He should be back any minute."

I froze for a moment before taking the glass of water from her. I turned to Ashton and asked, "How are you feeling? Do you feel any better?"

He nodded. "It doesn't hurt as much anymore."

Cameron got up and headed to the toilet. When she came back out, she wiped her hands on a paper towel and asked, "What do the both of you fancy for lunch?"

Ashton shook his head, expressing his indifference. He turned to me and asked, "Do you have anything you want to eat?"

I thought for a while before shrugging. "Anything's fine!"

Off the top of my head, I couldn't think of anything I really wanted to eat.

Cameron picked up her bag and left the room. My phone, which I had neglected since coming into the hospital, rang loudly all of a sudden. Emery was calling me.

She sounded rather sharp over the phone. "How are you doing? Are you feeling alright? Which hospital did they send you to?"

Faced with her barrage of questions, I felt rather confused. After a short pause, I replied, "I'm fine. I'm at a hospital in W City right now. I'll only make my way back to K City in a few days."

Emery snorted loudly before saying, "I know you're in W City. I was asking which hospital you're in."

"I'm in Medwin Hospital. Is there something wrong?"

"I'll be coming to look for you in a short while. Have you eaten yet?"

I felt rather stunned. Shooting a glance out of the window, I stammered, "When did you arrive in W City?"

"I just got off the plane, as a matter of fact. Let's talk more later. Send me the hospital address via text, won't you? I'll be there very soon." She hung up the phone immediately.

Ashton looked at me and smiled. "Was that Emery?"

I nodded and put my phone away. "She's heavily pregnant now. I don't think we should let her run around the city in her condition—it won't be safe for her."

Agreeing with me, he nodded. "Go and pick her up, then. Be careful."

I nodded and called the nurse over to change his bandages. With that, I turned and left the hospital.

Emery insisted that she would be taking a cab to the hospital and told me not to go and pick her up. However, I still felt a little worried for her. I called a cab for her and personally told the driver where to drop her off, before making arrangements for a room at our hotel.

Thankfully, the hospital wasn't far from the airport. Emery arrived half an hour later and stowed her luggage away at the hotel first.

Although she was wearing maternity clothes that were loose and drab, it was quite obvious that her stomach had swollen alarmingly.

As she put her clothes away in the drawers, she turned to me and asked, "It's going to be new year's eve soon, and it has started to snow heavily in K City. Are the both of you going to celebrate the new year in W City?"

I sighed gently. "We haven't actually decided yet. Ashton is heavily injured, so he might have to stay here and recuperate for some time."

Emery finished putting her clothes away and shot me a side glance, looking rather solemn. "The Crest family has been throwing their weight around for years. It's time somebody put them in their place."

"The Crest family didn't hire a man to do it—it was Jared Crest himself. He never really got over the incident with the Fullers' youngest daughter, and Macy leaving him proved to be the last straw for him. He was very mentally unstable."

Emery sat down on the sofa and sighed heavily. "Gosh, that guy is a mess. What else does he have to live for? Most grudges are best left in the past or resolved—otherwise, you start going crazy and harming everyone around you."

I bowed my head and mulled over her words. Life was full of twists and turns. How could Emery be so sure in her judgment that Jared's actions were wrong?

Seeing me remain silent, she asked, "What did the Crest family say about this matter?"

I shook my head despondently. "I'm not sure, actually. Ashton seems to have no intention of investigating the situation further. Instead, he passed on the case to the police—Jared will probably be rotting in prison for the next few years."

Emery frowned and said rather sadly, "If I remember correctly, he should be about thirty-five or six now. He'll be in his forties by the time he's released from prison. Since he's a member of the Crest family, there will be a great deal of talk about him."

I pressed my lips together tightly, unsure of how to reply.

We chatted for a while longer. Since it was rather late at night, I thought Emery might want to rest in her hotel room first. However, she insisted on following me back to the hospital to take a look at Ashton.

Truthfully, I wasn't so sure about leaving her alone in the hotel. I agreed to her request immediately.

We arrived in the hospital, where Zachary and Cameron had already laid out dinner for us. It was still the same old soup, but they had made other dishes as well.

Seeing Emery and me, Zachary turned to Emery and scolded, "Why are you running around the city when you're so heavily pregnant? Are you trying to make all of us worried about you?"

In a rather mischievous tone, Emery replied, "I'm only a few months into my pregnancy! I can still walk around outside if I feel like it, you know. When my stomach gets too big, I'll make sure to sit quietly at home and mind my own business."

Zachary shot her a look and didn't say anything else.

Cameron laid out the plates and looked at me. "Come and sit down. Let's have dinner first—we can talk about other matters later."

Zachary pursed his lips. He turned to Emery again—instead of yelling at her, he told her to finish her food and return to the hotel immediately.

A few moments later, Hunter arrived, claiming that he was too worried to let her run wild around the city by herself.

The two of them seemed to be fighting. Like a couple who was having a lover's quarrel, they made snide remarks to each other throughout dinner and left quickly.

Cameron and Zachary refused to let me watch over Ashton by myself anymore and insisted on staying behind with me.

Left with no other choice, I agreed reluctantly. They could do whatever they pleased.

Thankfully, the hospital room was large enough, and there were even a few sofas in addition to the bed. However, with so many people around, I didn't feel as comfortable as I would be at home.

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Since Zachary and Cameron were around, flipping Ashton around and bringing him to the toilet in the middle of the night proved much easier. If I happened to be asleep, one of them would rouse themselves and help him to the toilet silently.

I only found out about this when I woke up. I slept through the night, and when I woke up the next morning, Zachary and Cameron had already returned to the hotel.

I had slept very well that night, and it showed on my face. After the doctor cleaned off the rotting flesh, the skin on Ashton's back had nearly healed completely.

Emery dropped by early in the morning again, but Hunter felt too worried to let her come by herself. Besides, it was nearly new year's eve, and he didn't want to deal with the airport crowd that always swelled during this time of the year.

After cajoling her for a while, we all managed to get Emery to return to K City with Hunter.

For the next few days, Zachary and Cameron remained in W City. With them around, I was relieved of much of my caregiving duties and felt much more relaxed.

It was only a few days later that we heard about Old Mr. Crest's death. Apparently, an investigation into the Crest family's business activities in W City revealed all sorts of



business malpractices they had been involved in. As a result, their factories had been forced to halt production.

The Crest family's business dealt with the production and distribution of daily items. Although it wasn't a high-end sort of enterprise, their products faced huge demand because everyone needed those products. The Crest family had established a monopoly in the industry in the past ten years, and almost all the daily items lining the shelves of supermarkets were produced in their factories.

Hence, the Crest family enjoyed a never-ending stream of demand for their goods. This was where most of their immense wealth came from.

However, because daily items proved so vital in people's lives, every small problem in the products attracted the attention of the Bureau of Industry and Commerce immediately. Once that happened, the entire supply chain collapsed in a domino effect, causing a barrage of problems to descend upon the company.

In addition, the Quest family from W City had been looking to break into supply production for the military. The moment the Crest family's business ran into problems, the Quest family swooped in like vultures and finished up what was left of the Crest family.

Because of this, Old Mr. Crest had died of rage.

Their son had just been sentenced to prison, and now their patriarch was dead. In a span of a few days, the Crest family was thrown into utter chaos.

"The Crest family has maintained its hold over W City for too long. It's time to change masters," Cameron mused. She walked over to me and handed me a glass of water.

I kept my phone away and sighed. I had to admit that Cameron had a pretty good eye for these things.

She walked over to me and asked with trepidation, "What plans do you and Ashton have for the future?"

I felt a little startled. Honestly, I was rather confused as well—weren't Ashton and I doing very well right now?

Seeing the look of confusion in my eyes, she continued, “Both of you are in your thirties, and you are no longer young. As much as you love Summer, she isn’t your biological daughter. Haven’t you considered having one of your own?”

I was zoning out a little. She had said something to this effect to me before.

She ignored my silence and plodded on. “I know you younger people have your own ideas, but everyone wants to live out their golden years in peace no matter how much they’ve struggled in the first part of their life. The older you get, the more you enjoy the company of others, and the more you want to be surrounded by children and grandchildren. Scarlett, Summer was raised by you, and there’s nothing wrong with lavishing your love on her. However, a woman needs to have a child of her own. This isn’t some silly old-fashioned idea I’m spouting—it’s just a life experience you should have.”

I mulled over her words and felt that she was right. “We can talk about this again when Ashton recovers from his injury.”

Cameron smiled, looking more cheerful. “Good! In the future, your father and I can look after the child for the both of you.”

My fingers tightened around the glass as I felt a rush of warmth in my heart. Honestly, this felt rather nice.

In the future, Ashton and I would raise Summer and our child together and lead out the rest of our lives peacefully. Lady Luck was finally starting to shine on me.

A cold gust of air blew down the corridor and into the room. Cameron got up and said, “You can return to the hospital room first. I’m going to ask the doctor if they can discharge Ashton earlier or transfer him to a hospital in K City. Since it’s the festive season soon, let’s try and get the whole family back in K City so we can celebrate it together.”

I nodded and watched as she left for the doctor’s office. I returned to the room, only to find Zachary and Ashton locked in a heated argument.

I wasn’t planning to eavesdrop, but the door was ajar, and I could hear Ashton’s voice clearly from outside the door. He sounded very serious. “There’s no real need for you to kill off the entire Crest family, you know.”

Evidently, this was directed at Zachary.

Zachary's voice was thick but indifferent. "You might have ties to the Crest family, but what's that to me? All I know is that they've caused much suffering to my daughter."

"It's unlikely that the Crest family will return to their previous glory after this." Ashton was probably speaking up on Jared's behalf.

Zachary laughed coldly. "I don't care about what happened between you and the Crest family. Back when you joined forces with Jared to take down the Moore family, the war had already begun."

I felt a little stunned. Had Ashton really tried to do something to the Moore family?

Ashton spoke again. "That's all in the past. If you're going to bring that up again, I have nothing more to say to you."

Zachary sounded cold and cruel in his reply. "When you swapped Scarlett's DNA back then, you were already planning on taking down the Moore family, weren't you? You got Jared to strike up a fake alliance with my wife, pretending that they would work together to defeat you. However, Jared betrayed my wife and stole the Moore family's information from her. You were so against Scarlett becoming a member of the Moore family then because you didn't want to implicate her when you took down our family, right? If that happened, the two of you could never be together."