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## 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.

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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 sent 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.

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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?

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Ashton was tired. He rubbed his temples and rested on the sofa. I pursed my lips and stared at the grey bag. I walked over to him and massaged his shoulders. "I see that you've brought a grey bag. What's that?"

"That was a jacket that I lent Stella. She sent it for wash and returned it. Could you help me to get the helper to have it when she's here tomorrow?"

I recalled as I continued staring at the bag. That day, Ashton had indeed passed a jacket to Stella. I remember buying him a new set of clothes.

"You're so wasteful! These clothes were expensive."

He opened his eyes slightly and smiled. "Since when were you so materialistic? Are you feeling the pinch over a set of clothes?"

I leaned on his shoulder and replied, "Well, we're going to spend a lot on Summer's surgery. Furthermore, all that money is from your hard work. I don't wish to waste it like that."

He lifted his head and kissed my cheek. "Don't worry. Even if your husband is dead, he would make sure you live a good life."

I used my head to bump into his. "Don't curse yourself. Do you really wish for me to remarry with two kids?"

He pulled me onto his lap. "I'm still alive, and yet you're thinking of remarrying already? You'd better erase that thought, or I'll punish you tonight."

I rolled my eyes at him as I leaned against his shoulder, and said, "Both of us have to take care of ourselves and stay well. Let's head back to J City when our kids are grown up. I'd

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love to open a small flower shop, and you'll be my employee. We'd get to celebrate all the festive seasons with our parents."

I smiled and looked at him. "I realize I have no ambitions. I'm already thinking of retirement. Do you disdain me for it?"

He smiled and pecked on my cheek while holding my tummy. "Your dream is my dream. We'll do what you want when we get old."

It seemed like after we reach a certain age, humans tend to crave peace and stability.

As I thought of Jared, I asked, "How did Jared get injured in prison? Was it my Dad?"

He shook his head. "No. If Uncle Zachery wanted to make a move, he would do it only once. He would not have done it twice. It was caused by a drug addict that had a dispute with others, went mad and attacked Jared."

I nodded my head. "Is the Crest family still trying to bail him out of jail?" Since the first day of Jared's admission to the prison, the Crest family had been channeling money there in hopes of getting him out early.

He did not answer my question and asked me one instead. "What if he makes it out?"

I raised my brows to his reaction. "Are you trying to get him out too?" I used to be afraid of Jared, and I understood his hatred for Ashton too. However, I started to hate him after what he did to Summer.

He had used his own child. No matter if it was intentional or accidental, I could never erase that cruel image of him from my mind.

Ashton avoided the question and said, "We need him to do a test to see if he's a matching donor for Summer."

I frowned. "I agree for him to do the test, but I do not agree for him to be released from prison."

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The conversation ended, and he carried me up to the bedroom. I had been feeling sleepy very often, probably due to the pregnancy.

I fell asleep almost immediately after I went to bed.

The next day before sunrise, Cameron called. She informed me that Summer had been coughing blood after her therapy session.

Ashton and I rushed to the hospital while Summer was transferred to the ER. "The cancer cells are spreading fast. Despite using the best treatment, the effect was too small. We'd have to hurry and find suitable bone marrow and kidney, or it might spread to the other organs soon," the doctor explained.

Ashton nodded. Cameron was unsure of what to do, so she called Zachary.

In the hallway, everyone was silent but feeling anxious inside. We have all the resources, but the most critical was still the bone marrow and kidney. We could get the bone marrow from Jared, but what about the kidney? It was near impossible to find a child's kidney in such a short time.

Ashton thought for a moment and said, "Y'all should stay here. I'll go and get Jared." He was worried about me, so he repeated, "Don't go anywhere. If you're feeling unwell, please let me know. If you'd like to eat something, let me know too. Also, don't stand for too long."

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