

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 372

I brooded for a good long while. "Isn't Nick Cameron's biological son?" I asked Ashton, breaking the silence.

It was obvious how much Cameron loves Rebecca. But she treated Nick completely differently. She was negligent and dismissive of him.

Ashton started the engine. With his eyes on the road, he grunted in acknowledgment. "When Nick's father married Cameron, his birth mother had already passed away from an accident. He was in his early teens when Cameron became his stepmother."

Early teens. He was old enough by then. Nick did not feel much affection towards Cameron as well.

"Why did Cameron invite all of us for a meal?" Logically, I would be the last person she wants to meet.

At a red light, Ashton pulled the handbrake and turned to me. "Are you still feeling a grudge?"

"What grudge?" I was startled.

"Towards Cameron and Rebecca?"

I bit my lip and glanced towards Summer, who was fast asleep. "Life is long, we have to move forward one way or another," I answered evasively.

It wasn't possible for me to stay where I was. The matter with Macy and the child was out of my control. What was within my control was the ability to make my peace with it.

Furthermore, Rebecca and Cameron weren't doing so well themselves.

The process of registering for Summer was surprisingly easy. It was credited to Ashton's influence within J City. He had good relations and decent financial capabilities. He must have pulled some strings to get the matter resolved for us without them asking us too many questions.

Ashton glanced over at my household register and smiled. "There's a third member of our little family."

"Has your Household Register always been at R Province?" He suddenly frowned.

I nodded. "When we got married, Grandpa told me to move it over here. But I was thinking of Grandma. She would be left alone if I did that."

Ashton raised an eyebrow. "Didn't you and John create your accounts together?"

I shook my head. "When his father sent him to us, he was almost a grown man. The Stovalls found him at Grandma's and took him away. I think his registration was created by his father under the Stovall name."

Ashton narrowed his eyes. "The Stovall family is influential in K City. Have you ever thought about why John's father chose your grandmother out of all the other families?"

"It could be due to the circumstances at that time," I replied, nonplussed. It was twenty years ago, who could remember?

He frowned and carried Summer to the car. "A lonely old lady in a forlorn county town was somehow acquainted with the heir apparent of the Stovall family from K City, and a famous merchant in J City. Scarlett, don't you think that this is an astonishing coincidence?"

I thought hard about Grandma knowing old Mr. Fuller in the past. I did think that it was a coincidence. When she brought me out of R Province, she told me that old Mr. Fuller was an old friend of hers.

I did not think much of it at the time. Looking back at it now, however, it did seem strange. Grandma spent her entire life in a tiny county within R Province. How on earth did she come to befriend a man from a powerful family in another city?

The more I thought about it, the more it gnawed at me. Now that Grandma was gone, I couldn't find out about their connection.

"There's no use in investigating about the past. Forget about it. It's cold outside, let's hurry up and bring Summer home," Ashton said.

I directed my thoughts towards the plan of moving with Summer to Peakville Estate. She may not like the sudden change, so Jackson and I agreed to have her at Peakville Estate by day and at Glenwood at night.

After a hectic day, we got home late to Peakville Estate.

I was rather tired. When the car pulled up and I threw open the door, Ashton appeared to lift me up in his arms before I had the chance to react. He carried me all the way into the villa.

After several moments of startled silence, I said, "Ashton, let me down. I can walk on my own."

I was dreadfully thin after giving birth. Ashton didn't seem to exert himself overly much when he carried me.

At the door, he shot me a sly look that plainly said he had no intention of letting me down. "Open the door!" he commanded.

I reached out and scanned my thumb. The front door swung open. He carried me past the living room and straight into the bedroom on the second floor.

He dropped me on the bed and climbed on top of me. It was intimate being in his arms.

We were all adults. Naturally, I knew what was coming up next, but I felt a little awkward all the same.

“Ashton...”

At the sound of his name, he looked at me with his dark eyes. “Never leave me again for any reason,” he said hoarsely, his Adam’s apple shifted seductively. “You must know that you’re my wife. You can depend on me for any problems you have. Please think of me whenever you run into any difficulties. Only me!”

I felt my eyes shift dreamily. “Thank you, Ashton.”

He nuzzled his face close to my ear and chuckled. “No need to thank me. Let’s get practical.”

He laughed again at the surprised expression on my face and pulled me into his arms. “You’re too thin. We’ll get you started on a nutritious diet tomorrow onwards, or people will start talking about how I’m starving my wife.”

I bit my trembling lip. I had in my heart appreciation for that man which I did not truly know how to express.