

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 7

It was an hour's journey from the villa to the Fullers' family home. Throughout the entire hour, I felt like I was in a daze

My mind was flooded with thoughts about the child in Rebecca's belly and the look in Ashton's eyes before he left. I couldn't seem to draw enough air into my lungs.

My chest tightened, and just as the car pulled to a stop in front of the Fullers' family home, a wave of nausea washed over me. I rushed out of the car and retched on the flowerbed for a long time, unable to throw up.

"It seems like being Mrs. Fuller has made you fragile, seeing that you've almost

vomited after a short car ride." A sharp and distasteful voice sounded out from the front door of the house.

I didn't need to look to know who it was. George had two sons. The elder one was Christopher Fuller, who had died in a car accident along with his wife years ago, leaving his only son, Ashton, behind. George's second son was Charlie Fuller.

At that moment, the one mocking me outside the family home was Uncle Charlie's wife, Helen Clarke. There were many internal feuds within wealthy families, so I had already gotten used to this.

I suppressed the discomfort in my stomach as I stared at Helen, greeting her politely.
"Aunt Helen."

Helen had always disliked me. Perhaps she was jealous that I was favored by George despite coming from a poor background, or perhaps she was disgruntled because George had valued Ashton so much that he handed the reigns of this household to him. Given the context, she could have been venting out her anger on me.

She cast an icy glance at me before gazing behind me. Upon noticing there was no one else inside the car, her expression darkened.
"What? Ashton, the favorite grandson, didn't even show up for his grandfather's funeral?"

There would be many guests here today, so Ashton's absence was indeed unacceptable. I lifted my lips into a smile and gave her a perfunctory reply. "An important issue has arisen, so Ashton might run late."

"Haha!" Helen sneered. "This is the person whom my father-in-law has placed all his hope on. I wonder what he saw in him."

The Fullers were an influential family, so many people attended the funeral to pay their respects. Although Helen was repulsed by me, for the sake of appearances, she didn't make things too difficult for me.

We entered the family home together. George's casket was in the middle of the hall where some white flowers were arranged on top of it.

Many people entered, one after the other, all clad in black mourning attire. George was well-known, so those who came to offer their respects were all from outstanding backgrounds. Charlie and Helen greeted them outside, while I greeted them inside the hall.

"Ms. Stovall." Mrs. Eriksen strode toward me with a sandalwood box in hand.

"Mrs. Eriksen, what's wrong?" The Fuller family wasn't all that complicated despite being a wealthy family because there

weren't many descendants. George had always preferred a life of peace and solace and had only hired Mrs. Eriksen to take care of him.

Mrs. Eriksen placed the sandalwood box in my hands with a sympathetic expression on her face. "This was left to you by Mr. Fuller before he passed on. Keep it safe."

She paused briefly before continuing, "Mr. Fuller was aware that Mr. Ashton would possibly force you into a divorce upon his demise. If you don't want that to happen, give this box to him. Once he sees it, he'll think twice before divorcing you."

I dipped my head to look at the square-shaped box in my hand. It was secured with a hidden lock. Glancing at Mrs. Eriksen, I asked in puzzlement, "Where is the key?"

"Mr. Fuller already gave it to Mr. Ashton." Mrs. Eriksen studied me as she advised, "You've lost a lot of weight recently. You should take care of your health. Mr. Fuller has always hoped that you and Mr. Ashton would have a healthy son together so that there would be an heir to the family. Now that Mr. Fuller is gone, don't let the family bloodline end with the two of you."

At the mention of a child, I was taken aback for a while. Then, I offered Mrs. Eriksen a smile, deciding not to comment any further on it.

After the prayers, Grandpa's casket would be brought to the cemetery for burial. It was already noon when we arrived, but Ashton still hadn't shown up.

Ashton had yet to make an appearance even after the funeral was over. Charlie soon approached me with Helen on his arm as he urged to me, "Letty, your Grandpa George won't be coming back ever again. Go and tell Ashton to stop holding a grudge against his grandfather—the old man doesn't owe him anything."