

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 863

Sasha's mother fell silent for a while. "Okay."

Ending the call. I felt strained. Sometimes, it wasn't necessarily a good thing to be soft-hearted. Letting out a sigh, I dialed Joseph's number. The call got through in no time.

"Hello, Mrs. Fuller," Joseph greeted me politely as always.

I went straight to the point. "Mr. Campbell, has Sasha's autopsy report been released?"

"Yes, the report is ready. The police concluded it as a suicide case."

I hummed in response. "Is there any solid evidence?"

"Yes, the metal railing at the spot where she fell was broken by Sasha herself. She visited a psychiatrist and had been diagnosed as mentally ill. Perhaps the woman had been contemplating suicide for a long time, but she did nothing because she couldn't let go of her daughter and parents."

I frowned. "Why did she decide to commit suicide all of a sudden then?"

Joseph heaved a sigh. "She bought an accidental death insurance, which took effect last month. If she was determined to have died by accident, her parents and daughter would have been the beneficiaries. With the amount of compensation from our company, her family will live a comfortable life. At least, they won't need to work hard to make ends meet."

So in short, Sasha planned everything before she jumped off the building.

However, she never thought that the police would carry out such a thorough investigation of the incident.

No wonder her mother called me out of the blue to ask for my help. I bet she already knew about it before calling me.

I nodded and hung up the phone. Right away, I called Sasha's mother back. I could tell from her tone that she was anxious. Unable to discuss the matter over the phone, I told her that I would talk to her at the hospital tomorrow.

At night, Ashton came home.

At the dining table, I served him keenly and put a little of every dish onto his plate.

Putting down his fork and spoon, the man scrutinized me with narrowed eyes. "Tell me. Is there something you want to talk about?"

Feeling a twinge of guilt, I plastered on a smile while gazing at him. "No, nothing. Do eat more. You're quite busy with work recently..."

Under his steady gaze, my voice trailed off. Breathing a sigh, I said, "Fine, I want to talk to you about Sasha's case."

He raised a brow at me. "Sure, go ahead."

"Sasha's daughter has been diagnosed with leukemia and I want to help her," I said while gazing at him with guilt.

He nodded in acknowledgment. "What are you going to do?"

I hesitated briefly before answering him. "Sasha's autopsy report is out. It's concluded that she committed suicide. According to the company policy, how much compensation is her family going to get?"

His brows furrowed slightly. "The company will compensate her out of humanitarian considerations. In fact, the company doesn't need to take any responsibility for her case. As a result, the compensation won't be much."

His answer was within my expectation. After all, Sasha committed suicide. Her death was not an accident, so the company had every right to not compensate her, but...

Seeing right through my thoughts, Ashton remained silent for a short while. "Fuller Corporation has a foundation where you can apply for a sum of money for the child. But Scarlett, you'd better think it through. Make sure that the one you're trying to help won't get you into trouble."

I couldn't quite get what he was trying to say, but the moment I heard about the foundation, I breathed a sigh of relief. "I got it. I'll handle it carefully."

It felt like a weight off my chest to hear that there was a solution for Sasha's daughter.

On the next day, I headed to the hospital.

Perhaps it was because of the chemotherapy, the already haggard-looking child looked even frailer now. Most of her hair had dropped, and she appeared ashen-faced and sickly.

The second Sasha's mother saw me, she held my hand eagerly. "Mrs. Fuller, you're finally here. The doctor said that we need another five hundred thousand for Renee's chemotherapy, but Sasha's compensation is only two hundred thousand, and we're unable to scrape up the remaining three hundred thousand. Mrs. Fuller, I beg of you, please help us!"

I couldn't bear to see her plead this way, yet I couldn't let the matter go. "Mrs. Brooks, please don't do this. I'm trying to find ways to pay for the medical fees. Don't worry," I consoled her.

She nodded repeatedly at my words as tears kept rolling down her cheeks.

Just then, the child on the bed woke up and saw us. In a weak voice, she asked, "Grandma, I want some water..."

"Okay, okay," Sasha's mother answered. She then walked over to the water dispenser only to find that there was no water in it. Taking the empty blue container, the woman headed to the bathroom. The sound of water flowing could be heard shortly after.

"Ms. Stovall, did you come to visit me?" The child's voice echoed in the ward and broke me out of my reverie. Turning to look at the child, I was nonplussed for a second before nodding my head with a warm smile.

"Yes."

The little girl grinned, revealing her two cute snaggleteeth. "Will you visit me again?"

I nodded in response. "Yes, I will. Take good care of yourself. I'll come over when I'm free."

Beaming with joy, she asked, "Can you bring me sweets the next time you visit me? Grandma says that I can only eat sweets when I'm sick, but she hasn't given me any even though I've been sick for a long time. I'm really craving some sweets now."