

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 870

Ashton and Abe had clearly planned for their meeting in advance. I didn't know the contents of their discussion, but by entrusting me to Holden, Ashton must have been confident that Holden would ultimately fail Abe.

Ashton gave me a sideways glance. "Are you afraid?"

I shook my head, then nodded, conflicted. Upon seeing my confused expression, Ashton broke out into a delighted laugh, shattering the tension that had hung delicately over the car.

"Are you afraid or not?" he repeated, teasing.

I thought for a while before answering him solemnly, "A little of both, I guess. I'm afraid because I don't know anything. If anything happens to you, I don't know what to do. I'm not that afraid yet because I know that you always have a firm grasp of the situation. Besides, you're responsible. You will never put me in danger."

Ashton drove on, looking straight ahead. His gaze was unfathomable. "What if I tell you that everything's out of my hands now?"

I stiffened, but Ashton continued while glancing at me, "Scarlett, no matter what happens, you must ensure your own safety first. Forget about me. No matter the situation... just look out for yourself."

Ashton's sudden announcement startled me. What exactly does he mean by that? I wondered, disconcerted as I watched him intently. "Ashton, is there something that you're not telling me?"

Yet the man merely drove the rest of the way to the hotel in silence.

I had intended to continue questioning Ashton, but weary from the entire day's proceedings, I fell asleep the moment my head hit the pillow.

When I next opened my eyes, it was already morning. Ashton was already up and on the phone out on the balcony.

When he noticed that I was awake, Ashton hung up the phone, then called out to me, "We're heading over to the Taylor residence in a while. We'll leave once you're done washing up."

I nodded. After all, I had been expecting this ever since we'd arrived at Moranta.

On our way to the Taylor residence, Ashton filled me in on them. The Taylors were a distinguished family dating back generations. They'd made a fortune producing arms during the war, and Ashton's grandfather had remained in the country, enjoying relative peace. On the other hand, Archie, Holden's father, had instead been conscripted. Both George and Archie met through a group of mutual wartime comrades, one that also included Channing. Having stood shoulder-to-shoulder in the face of death, the bond between this group of men remained unbroken even with the passage of time.

After the war, Archie had returned to Moranta to inherit his family business. The other Taylors had passed away due to illness or accident, leaving Archie the sole survivor.

Naturally, any contention that ensued in the Taylor household was in large part due to the struggle for a portion of the family's wealth.

As Ashton and I entered the sprawling villa that was the Taylor residence, the sight of elegant, antique structures greeted us. Resplendent with fastidiously pruned greenery, piping brooks, and flower-filled meadows, the Taylor residence was no mere mansion. It seemed more like a palace to my wonderstruck eyes.

We followed the maid into the living room, where quite a crowd was already gathered. I guessed that they must be members of the Taylor family. Archie was nowhere to be seen. From the ghastly looks on the faces of everyone present, Archie's condition did not seem optimistic.

"Mr. and Mrs. Fuller, Mr. Taylor's upstairs. May I invite you to follow me?" A voice courteously spoke from beside us. We turned to see the Taylor residence's housekeeper. He looked to be around fifty or sixty years of age and exuded a reassuring air of dependability.

Ashton and I followed him up to the second floor of the house. He led us outside a room thick with the smell of disinfectant and medicine. A doctor was hurrying around, scribbling notes in his pad while giving orders to the maid, probably instructions on how to care for the patient.

“Mr. and Mrs. Fuller, please,” the housekeeper said again, gesturing towards the open doorway of the bedroom.

The smell in the room was almost pungent. An old man lay on the bed connected to an IV drip that hung from a stand beside him. When Ashton and I entered, the housekeeper announced, “Mr. Taylor, Mr. Fuller is here.”

Upon hearing those words, Archie struggled to sit up. The maid dashed over to assist him. When he was comfortably resting against the bed frame, Archie focused his attention on us.

The extended period of sickness he’d endured had reduced Archie to skin and bone. His face was sunken and sallow and looked almost like a death mask.

Ashton and I drew closer to the side of his bed. Raising his voice slightly, Ashton said, enunciating, “Hello, Mr. Taylor. I’m Ashton. I’m sorry I’m only visiting you now as I’ve had pressing matters to deal with.”

Archie mustered a weak smile. He seemed breathless, and the maid carefully strapped an oxygen mask around him. After taking several slow breaths, she removed it. Archie then whispered, “I’m glad enough that you’re here now.”

Later on, Ashton and Archie chatted, their conversation mainly revolving around the past. After a while, however, Archie shut his eyes, obviously fatigued.

The housekeeper, who had retreated to the side, sidled up to Ashton. “Mr. Fuller, I think Mr. Taylor needs some rest for now. May I invite you and Mrs. Fuller to head downstairs for a while? We’ve prepared some light bites for your refreshment.”

Ashton nodded. We then followed the housekeeper back downstairs.

Not a single soul had left in the interval that Ashton and I had been upstairs. As we descended the stairs, a woman marched towards the housekeeper, demanding anxiously, "Neil, how's Father? Is he better? Did he ask for us?"