# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1137

"Almost forgot about this, Mrs. Fuller. The purpose of my visit this time is actually to make this recommendation. It's a pregnancy care center based in M Country, one of many businesses under GW Group. Its security and the quality of its medical staff are guaranteed to offer conceiving women the finest care available."

I took a look at the name-card before passing it along to Emery. "May I know what's this for, Mr. Blondell?"

Nobody would give something for nothing. After getting blown off in the morning by Ashton, Sean was probably itching to reveal the true purpose of his visit this afternoon by now.

"Well..." The man shrugged before he crossed his right leg over his left and assumed a more comfortable seating posture on the couch. "Since your last two pregnancies did not go too well, I thought that entrusting your preparations for this upcoming one to one of our care centers might ensure that things would go smoothly this time."

I wanted to ask why he was being so kind to us when Emery next to me interjected with a straight face.

She returned the name-card and stated flatly. "Get to the point, Mister... Blondell?"

Emery's spoken Ustranasion was certified, and she was confident with it even in the presence of professional translators. It came in handy this time as she could very well hold herself against Sean, a man from the upper echelons of the corporate world.

Perhaps Emery's assertiveness gave Sean cause for pause. It took some time before he reverted to his smiling demeanor. "I've learned just this morning that Ms. Moore of the famed Moore family in K City was articulate and keen of wit. I must say that it's quite a privilege to be able to see you in action for myself."

"You have flattered me." Emery remained unperturbed. "I've nothing on GW Group in terms of reputation, so we could dispense with the pleasantries. Let me guess. You want Scarlett to advise Ashton to reconsider the financing project in exchange for a stay at your company's pregnancy care center. Isn't that right, Mr. Blondell?"

The previously laid back atmosphere suddenly took a frosty turn.

I pursed my lips and did not interject. Emery was like a heroine who dared to do as she willed.

At this point, Sean stopped beating about the bush. He collected himself and regarded me intently. "Take it that what Ms. Moore said is what I have in mind. I wonder what your thoughts about that are, Mrs. Fuller?"

"Me?" I pointed to myself before I laughed heartily. "What more could I say? Emery knows me best. I'm a little fussy and am not fond of life abroad. As such, I'm only likely to remain here. So there's no need for us to discuss this."

It would appear that Sean had no idea that I was the one who suggested for Ashton to cull the project.

Regardless, I was no fool. When I am overseas and out of Ashton's line of sight, he would be surrounded by enemies from all sides. Under those circumstances, it might be possible that I might be turned into a bargaining chip for GW to hold hostage against him.

Sean was a smart man and immediately caught on. The smile froze upon his face, and he did not look any more pleased than he did back at Fuller Corporation.

There were no permanent allies or enemies in business. Who knew when Ashton and Sean's paths might cross again, so there was no need to go to the extremes. Thus, I accepted the name-card on the table. "It's our pleasure and good fortune to be able to befriend someone like you, Mr. Blondell. Chanaeans don't have the habit of checking into care centers as we are more used to preparing for birth at home, but we would surely pay a visit to your facility if need be. We appreciate your thoughtfulness and will remember it well."

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With that said, I looked up at Mrs. Eriksen who was serving us and said to her, "Have the chef prepare a few western dishes. Mr. Blondell is about to return to his country soon so we should see him off properly."

"Understood," she replied with a smile and made her way into the kitchen.

She had just reached the door when Sean's voice stopped her, "Please don't trouble yourself."

He stood up abruptly and buttoned up the last button of his suit. Then, he said as he smoothened out his suit, "Your kindness has been delivered. I won't be eating as I have no appetite. Besides, it's time for my flight soon. Goodbye."

"Take care." He was still the representative of a large consortium after all. Even though our conversation earlier wasn't quite pleasant, Emery and I still sent him off out of decorum.

We watched as he got into his car and his driver drove away. Emery stared into the distance and it was obvious that she was worried when she said, "You and your husband have completely offended Sean and the people behind him."

I disagreed. "Is that so? I wouldn't have known that I have such great capability if you hadn't pointed out."

"Stop being so sarcastic. I gathered some information and found that GW has never failed to get their hands on a project they have their eyes on. This could be a bad thing so both of you have to be careful."

As she spoke, Emery took my arm and dragged me inside before changing the topic, "How's the IVF going?"

"It'll happen soon," I answered. "I'll be able to get the transplant the day after tomorrow. Then, I need to rest at home for half a month. We'll be able to know if I can get pregnant after that."

"Let's hope that there will be good news," she said with a sigh. "It was hard for you to get here. Let's hope there won't be any future trouble."

I couldn't help but laugh at her precocious manner. "Do you know that you sound like a grandma when you nag me like that?"

"Tsk. How heartless of you." She stopped walking and reached out to slap my arm. "If only I was a grandma. At least you'd listen to what I say. Never mind not listening to what I said about Stella's matter but you must never underestimate GW. None of those bank investors would've gotten to where they are now without being ruthless." Perhaps it was because Emery's face was especially eerie, or because Sean was being so adamant earlier, but I had a nightmare while waiting for Ashton to come home.

In the nightmare, I was crucified and the church was filled with men with blond hair and blue eyes. They pointed at me as they said that I was sinful and that they wanted to cut me up into a thousand pieces. I wanted to struggle and escape, but my limbs were nailed into the wood with nails as thick as a finger. It hurt so much even when I was just breathing in.

Suddenly, the men rushed towards me like they had gone crazy. They started to drink my blood and eat my flesh. I was in so much pain but I couldn't scream.

"Letty? Letty ... "

A familiar, low voice sounded by my ear and I opened my eyes abruptly. I saw Ashton's worried face and I reached out to hug him instantly.

The scenes in the nightmare were so realistic and I could still feel the pain as my flesh was torn off my bones. I was still breathing heavily even when I buried my face in his chest.

"Did you have a nightmare?" he asked softly as he patted my back to calm me down.

After a long time, I finally relaxed a little and I let go of Ashton to look at him.

"What was it about?" he asked.

"It's nothing." I let out a long breath and I could still feel my heart racing with fear. However, I didn't want to think of the dream again.

I turned towards the window and saw that dawn had come. Ashton must've just returned.