

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 301 - 305

After a long time, I freed myself from his arms and exhaled sharply. Looking at him, I chuckled lightly and said, "You really don't know how to comfort others at all, Ashton."

He replicated my smile and gazed back at me warmly. "I'll try my best next time."

I giggled softly and had a few more bites of my food even though I had already lost my appetite. He was going on a business trip the next day, so we planned to go back to the villa later.

However, Sally kept calling him. There was even a plea in her voice when she asked the two of us to visit the White residence together. Ashton was reluctant at first, but she was practically begging him.

Hence, he had no choice but to agree.

At the White residence, Ashton had to attend a video conference, leaving me bored stiff on my own.

I looked out the window and saw that it was snowing outside, The scenery looked especially enchanting under the silvery moonlight.

Thus, I went downstairs with the intention of going outside for a stroll.

There were many winter roses and trees in the White residence's yard. The snow on the ground seemed to be blanketed by a layer of silver, glimmering exquisitely and giving the whole place a dreamy vibe.

I took a few steps into the yard and lifted my face to the sky to welcome the snowflakes. Looking over my shoulder, I noticed my uneven footprints in the snow and found it to be a rather pleasing sight, which greatly improved my mood.

It was a pity that Ashton was busy or I would've dragged him down for a snowball fight.

With that thought in mind, I started rolling snowballs. Due to the thick layer of snow, I managed to make a whole mountain of them.

Then, I found a spot and began throwing the snowballs to alleviate my boredom.

The thin layer of snow on the tree branches fell to the ground as I threw the snowballs, painting a rather bleak scene.

When Marcus came outside, I was having quite a lot of fun throwing snowballs at the trees so that the snow would fall off its branches.

I never expected him to come out from under the archway and right in front of the snowball that had just left my hand, which unsurprisingly hit him right in his face.

My heart missed a beat and I hurriedly apologized, "I'm sorry. I didn't do it on purpose."

"It's windy out here. You might catch a cold if you stay too long." His handsome face was cold and indifferent, so much so that I couldn't read his emotions as I looked at his stiff posture through the snowflakes that were caught in my lashes.

As he spoke, he draped a large coat over my shoulders. "Let's go in. It's cold outside."

I was stunned for a split second, but nodded blankly and turned to go back in.

Suddenly, he yanked my arm and asked in a low, restrained voice, "Are you and Ashton... back together?"

I stiffened momentarily before nodding. After giving it some thought, I decided to add, "Marcus, you're a good man. You'll definitely find happiness in the future."

He gazed at me and was silent for a while. "How do you know I'll be happy? Scarlett, do you know what happens when someone who has been living in the dark for many years suddenly sees the sun?"

I pursed my lips and met his gaze, allowing him to continue speaking. "If I'd never seen the sun, perhaps I wouldn't find living in the dark difficult, but reminiscing about the sun from within the darkness is probably something you will never be able to relate to."

His confession seemed to suck all the air out of my lungs, making me feel weak and powerless, but I couldn't seem to find the words that could bring him solace.

With my eyes still fixed on him, I parted my lips to speak, yet, no words came.

He grabbed my hand and forcefully interlocked our fingers before pulling me into his arms. He pressed me tightly against his body and patted my back. "Forget it. If Ashton cherishes you enough, you'll live happily for the rest of your life. But if he misses out on his chance with you-

"I won't," Ashton cut him off in a deep and assertive tone.

I broke free from Marcus' embrace and looked back to see Ashton coming out with a long coat in his hand. He walked to my side, took the coat off my shoulders, and handed it back to Marcus. He then placed the coat in his hand around me. "Thank you for the coat, Mr. White."

Marcus narrowed his eyes at him and pressed his lips into a thin line. With a stony expression, he replied in a clipped tone, "No thanks are needed."

Ashton hugged me to his side and led me straight into the living room. I struggled a little bit to keep up with his long strides and when we entered the bedroom, I noticed that the rage written on his face hadn't yet subsided. Initially, I expected him to vent his anger on me, but surprisingly, he only barked, "I'm going to take a shower!"

With that, he strode into the bathroom. I knew he was angry.

He came out dressed in a white bathrobe that covered over his broad shoulders and narrow hips, looking elegant and poised no matter how I looked at him. Seeing me sitting on the chaise lounge, he said with a stoic expression, "It's getting late. Go to bed earlier."

Faced with his lukewarm attitude, I was at a complete loss. I lowered my head slightly and simply turned around to go into the bathroom.

When I came out of the shower, he was already lying down on the bed and seemed to be asleep.

After blow-drying my hair, I slowly climbed into bed. His back was to me, so I reached out to wrap my arms around his waist and press my cheek against his back before calling out softly, "Ashton, I can't sleep if you don't hold me in your arms."

His body stiffened for a split second, then came his monotonous voice, "Go to sleep now."

I pursed my lips and hugged him for a while. Seeing that he was still reluctant to turn around, I got up and crawled to the opposite side before wriggling to get myself into his embrace.

After nestling against his chest and making sure his arms were around me, I looked up to study his face. His eyes were closed and he had a slightly wan complexion that was probably due to overworking these few days.

I lifted my hand to stroke the stubble on his chin before murmuring, "Ashton, if you don't talk to me, I'll assume that you're ignoring me. Let's sleep on separate beds from now on. I don't want to share a bed with such a cold husband."

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His eyes flew wide open to reveal his obsidian orbs that were particularly bright in the night. "Cold?"

I nodded. "Very cold. You're even colder than the snow outside!" There was a subtle whine in my voice.

He raised his hand to tuck my hair behind my ear and sighed softly, "I just don't want you to see him. Not even for one second!"

After a brief pause, he continued, "I know that Marcus was kind to you, but he has feelings for you and as a man, I see it clearer than you do. Scarlett, promise me that from now on, you'll stay away from him as much as possible, okay?"

I nodded and nuzzled his chest. "I know. It was just a coincidence just now. We're staying under one roof, so it's difficult to completely avoid each other. We'll go home once Benjamin's funeral is over and we won't have to see him anymore."

Pursing his lips, he tightened his arms around me and rolled over so that he was on top of me. "Then, make it up to me, hmm?"

A blush spread across my cheeks and I subconsciously tried to dodge, but I was imprisoned by his arms. Thereafter, he began savoring every inch of my body, from top to bottom.

...

As usual, Ashton was very busy managing the crisis that involved hundreds of hospitals. If it wasn't for his willpower and competence, Fuller Corporation would have been crushed by public opinion.

At the end of the day, there was nothing I could do. I didn't know if there was some kind of history between Jared and Ashton. Hence, it wasn't my place to comment.

The next day, after Ashton left, Sally came upstairs and insisted on taking me out with her.

Benjamin's funeral was in a few days and she wanted to find a new house.

The White residence was left to Marcus, so after the funeral, Sally had to move out.

Over the course of these few days, I felt like I was going to freeze to death while house-hunting with Sally. She wasn't satisfied with any of the houses, either saying that the natural lighting wasn't good or it wasn't close enough to the city center.

However, houses like the White residence that were of top-quality in all aspects from its environment to location were impossible to buy even if one had the money.

Sally had been living in the White residence for so many years. So naturally, she was reluctant to accept anything less than that. After all, she wasn't lacking in money.

Alas, it wasn't easy to find a suitable house on such short notice. When the day of Benjamin's funeral came, Sally had to put her house-hunting on hold to settle funeral matters.

On the day of the funeral at the White residence, Sally got up early to make the preparations for the funeral procession.

After the guests paid their homage to Benjamin, the funeral procession began at noon.

Sally, who had been nervous for several days, finally let out a sigh of relief after the burial ceremony was over.

Standing before Benjamin's tombstone, she bowed her head and said a prayer before she bid him farewell. She glanced at Marcus who was standing as still as a statue in front of the tombstone. Over this period of time, his demeanor had become crueler and colder.

His slender figure seemed to be shrouded in a layer of frost as he emanated a murderous intent.

After Sharon passed, the violence that lay dormant in him seemed to have awakened.

“Let’s go, Letty.” Sally tugged me away after one last glance at Marcus.

I opened my mouth in an attempt to comfort him, but the words died in my throat.

After getting into the car with Sally, she inhaled deeply before informing, “Ashton will come to pick you up later. I’ll get the driver to send you to the city center. He’ll be waiting for you there.”

I nodded without saying anything else. The image of Marcus’ lonely figure standing in front of his father’s tombstone kept replaying in my mind.

My heart felt oddly hollow. From now on, he would be on his own with no one to care or worry about him. Sometimes, freedom was only a nicer way to describe loneliness.

Sooner than expected, the car stopped in the city center. I got down and was surprised to see Sally getting down as well. Then, the driver headed straight for White Corporation.

My brows furrowed in confusion. “Aren’t you going to White Corporation?”

She hummed a response, then stared at the direction the car was going before sighing. “I’ll go in a bit-”

Before she could finish her sentence, a deafening sound shook the ground. I was slow to react, only turning toward the direction the car had driven off after a good few seconds.

A fuel tanker had run smack into the back of the White family’s black Bentley. The car was completely deformed. The chances that the driver survived the crash were slim to none.

Sally’s legs gave out beneath her and she slumped onto the ground. Her eyes widened in horror and her body trembled violently. Due to her shock, she spoke slowly, enunciating each word, “He wants to kill me. He really wants to kill me!”

I stopped breathing for a few seconds, then reached out to help her to her feet. She abruptly grabbed my arm and looked at me with disbelief in her eyes. "Letty, Marcus has gone crazy. He wants to kill me. He wants me dead!"

I found her speculation to be baffling. I patiently said, "Get up first. It was just an accident."

"No!" She kept shaking her head. "It wasn't an accident. It wasn't an accident at all. He planned this in advance. This is all a conspiracy. It's all a conspiracy."

I couldn't help but frown. Guiding her to sit on a bench by the side, I sighed and said, "Wait for me here, Aunt Sally. I'll go get you some water."

She's obviously in shock. That's why she's overthinking things.

Before I could take a step, she grabbed me and shook her head vehemently. "You can't go, Scarlett. Marcus wants to kill me. You can't leave me!"

With my brows still furrowed, I reasoned, "If Marcus really wanted to kill you, there are a million other ways to do it. Why would he choose this method? What happened just now was just an accident. Don't think too much. I'll go get you some water now."

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I pried her fingers off my arm and went to the supermarket. My chest tightened uncomfortably at Sally's claims. Indeed, there seemed to be a cloud hanging over Marcus lately, but this didn't mean that he hated Sally to the point of wanting to kill her.

After buying a bottle of water, I was about to go back when I spotted a black Maybach speeding toward the place where Sally was seated.

Everything happened so quickly that I couldn't react fast enough. All of a sudden, Ashton came out of nowhere to protect Sally.

My breath caught in my throat and I dropped the bottle of water before running toward Ashton, instinctively shielding him.

Glimpsing the person at the driver's seat, my eyes widened in terror. Marcus? Why is he...

Perhaps he didn't expect that I would rush over at the very last second, he abruptly spun the steering wheel and swerved sharply to avoid me, ramming his car directly into the traffic light at a junction.

Seeing the car coming to a halt, I released a sigh of relief and turned back to look at Sally who was paralyzed with fear.

"I told you he wants to kill me-"

Bang! A loud crash assaulted my ears, interrupting Sally's quaking voice.

My entire body froze and devastation tore through my chest.

Somehow, I managed to muster the courage to look back at Marcus who had supposedly stopped his car safely.

At that moment, he was lying on the ground drenched in blood that was quickly pooling all around him.

Why did he come out of the car?

My knees buckled and my body was drained of all strength. I fell to my knees and stared at him, I wanted to crawl over to him but I don't have the strength to do so.

How could this happen?

He was clearly safe just now. Why did he get down? Why did he cross the road? Why... Why is this happening?

"Ahhh..." With tears welling in her eyes, Sally shrieked in horror when she saw Marcus lying on the ground.

Ashton picked me up from the ground, but I tugged on his shirt, using every fiber in my body to force words through the lump in my throat. "Send him to the hospital!"

Ashton placed me on the bench while a crowd surrounded Marcus whose blood had already stained a large section of the ground.



As I stared at him, I noticed he was looking at me while moving his mouth, but I didn't know what he was saying. All I could feel was the stabbing pain in my chest that was so palpable I could barely breathe through it.

Ashton approached him and reached out to check his breathing, then turned to look at me with a grave expression.

I got up and walked toward him with what remaining strength I possessed. Marcus lifted his hand weakly to grab mine. The moment he opened his mouth, blood poured out from the corners of his lips.

I shook my head and looked at him through my tears. "Don't talk, Marcus. You'll be fine. Help is on the way."

He struggled to force a smile onto his lips that had turned bloodless along with his face. "Scarlett, everything's over now. In our next lives, I'll meet you first, and you'll... fall in love with me first."

I couldn't seem to find my voice. My chest felt congested and there was a buzzing sound in my ears. I forced myself to choke out, "I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I shouldn't have been so selfish. I'm sorry. It's my fault. I shouldn't have..."

I shouldn't have set him aside when he lost both his parents almost at the same time. I shouldn't have disregarded his feelings and deliberately kept a distance from him. I shouldn't have ignored his emotions and the faith that kept him going. I was wrong.

He smiled again as more blood trickled down the sides of his mouth. "It's okay. I know things have been tough on you, so live... well."

Watching his eyes flutter shut, despair crashed into me. I had already lost count of how many times I watched my loved ones leave my side one by one.

And I was always the culprit who either directly or indirectly caused their deaths. I was clearly the one who deserved to get hurt, who deserved to be punished, and who deserved to die. But in the end, it was always someone else who took my place.

I stared at Marcus' lifeless body, then turned to see Ashton's impassive expression before glancing at Sally who had a disdainful look on her face. Lastly, I swept my gaze over the passersby that had gathered around and were engaged in heated discussions.

Never before had I felt that the world was such an unsympathetic and cruel place. My heart felt like it had been stabbed by a hundred knives and it hurt to even breathe.

Why do people die so quickly? I haven't even digested his last words or recalled what happened just before this, and he's already gone?

When the medical staff carried Marcus' body from the ground, I abruptly shoved Ashton away and held tightly onto Marcus' hand, preventing them from taking him away. However, Ashton easily overpowered me and enveloped me in his arms before saying in a crisp voice, "Calm down, Scarlett. He's already dead."

As I stared at the pool of blood on the ground, heavy resentment grew in my heart. I looked at an ashen-faced Sally and articulated my words, "The person who should've died is you, isn't it, Sally?"

She was so shocked she staggered backward. With a pale complexion, she looked at me in disbelief. "What did you say, Scarlett?"

"The person who should've died is you, isn't it? But why are you still alive? You're the one who pushed Sharon to her death. You're the one who used Benjamin and Sharon's deaths to kill Marcus. It's all you, from the beginning until the end. You're the real murderer and the one who deserves to die the most."

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"What nonsense are you spouting, Scarlett?" Sally widened her eyes and shot me an incredulous stare before exclaiming, "You're crazy. You're absolutely crazy!"

I felt rancor toward this woman and couldn't help but find her laughable. "You personally sent the White family to their death—three lives in total. Aren't you afraid of retribution? You were the one who forced them to their deaths!"

"I didn't!" Sally roared. "Scarlett, I won't pursue this matter since you're Ashton's wife, so you'd better stop running your mouth or I'll exercise my right to sue you for slander and false accusations."

My lips curled into a sneer. "Sure, go ahead. As long as you can sleep peacefully at night instead of being haunted by your conscience; as long as you can let go of those three lives, go ahead and sue me!"

Sally's chest heaved from so much anger that she couldn't speak for a long time as she glared at me. Finally, she sneered. "Why are you so sad that Marcus is dead, Scarlett? Are you in love with him? Are you heartbroken? Are you reluctant to part with him? Don't forget whose wife you are and what you should and should not say."

Hah!

It's so crazy how people can be so shameless.

It started snowing heavily just then. Large snowflakes fell from the gloomy sky and onto the glaring pool of crimson blood on the ground. Before long, it was covered with a layer of white snow so thick that I could barely make out the blood beneath it, as though everything that happened earlier was only a bad dream.

Ashton brought me back to the villa and never once spoke during the whole journey. Neither did I have the urge to talk as the image of the pool of blood Marcus left behind weighed on my heart and mind along with self-blame and guilt.

If only I had noticed the changes in him sooner and realized that he had lost faith, I could've ignored the gossips and Ashton's jealousy to accompany him through this period of time. If I did, perhaps things wouldn't have turned out this way for him.

It's because of me. I was selfish and too guarded. It's all my fault!

The night sky darkened to an inky black and the snow outside was getting heavier. My mind kept replaying the scene of Marcus closing his eyes for the last time.

It was so maddening that I went downstairs and out to the yard, wanting to use the cold winter to drive away the resentment and pain overwhelming my heart.

But there was no way to erase the guilt buried deep within me. The harder I tried, the more violently the memories of Marcus' kindness flooded my mind, like raging torrents threatening to pull me under.

The guilt in my heart grew as though in correspondence with the falling snow. Molly came out with an umbrella. Seeing me covered in so much snow, she persuaded in a gentle tone, "Madam, let's go inside. The weather's too cold. You might get frostbite like this."

I looked at her in a daze and broke into a peculiar smile. Shaking my head at her, I murmured feebly, "Molly, I'm so tired of living."

She was taken aback for a moment, then quickly draped a coat she had brought out for me over my shoulders before reaching out to tug on my hand. "Don't say such things, child!"

Upon coming in contact with my ice-cold hand, she gasped in shock. "Look at how cold your hands are! Quick! Let's go back inside. You'll get a frostbite if you stay here."

I remained motionless. The only way I could numb myself and have some semblance of relief was if I stayed in this kind of harsh environment. Molly tugged on my hand a few times, but for someone who was up in the years, she couldn't make me budge an inch. Hence, she had no choice but to relent. "Don't fall asleep. I'll go get Mr. Ashton. You're putting your life in danger, child!"

After Ashton brought me home, he immediately went into his study. Probably having heard Molly's voice, he came downstairs right then.

He strode out of the villa with pursed lips. When he saw me standing rigidly in the snow, his face darkened and he looked at Molly. "What's going on?"

Molly shook her head and sighed. "Madam is acting strange."

I raised my eyes to see Ashton who was clad in all-black. As I looked at him, a sense of detachment and unfamiliarity rose in me. I shook my head weakly and said, "I'm fine!"

Wriggling my stiff toes, I began walking toward the villa, making sure to skirt around Ashton. Just like my heart, my face had gone slightly numb from the cold.

Not knowing what happened, Molly asked with concern, "Mr. Ashton, Madam seems..."

Ashton replied in a low voice, "It's fine. Go in and rest first."

With that, he followed me into the living room and reached out to pull me. When he touched my frozen hands, his eyes turned terrifyingly cold. "Are you punishing yourself because of him, Scarlett?"

I shook his hand off. For some reason, the sight of him filled me with loath and animosity. "Let go of me!"

The sides of Ashton's mouth tightened and his expression hardened.

He blocked my path while staring at me with a frightening glint in his eyes. Suddenly, he scooped me into his arms and went directly to the bedroom on the second floor before placing me down in the bathroom.

The heater was turned on in the bathroom. Swaddled in warmth, my thoughts became slightly jumbled and hazy.

Seeing me staring blankly into space, Ashton stretched out his hands to undress me.

"Scarlett, everyone has their own lives to live. Don't torture yourself, okay?" he advised in a dispassionate tone.

Indignation swelled in my heart. What does he mean everyone has their own lives to live? I slapped his hands away and uttered in an eerily cold voice, "Get out."

My abrupt manifestation of anger took Ashton by surprise. After a brief moment, he narrowed his eyes dangerously at me and growled, "You are my wife, Scarlett!"

"So what if I am?" I yelled. "Yes, I'm your wife, but you failed to protect your own child; you failed to protect me. Marcus was the one who did all of this. Without him, do you think I'd be able to stand here in front of you, alive and breathing? To put it bluntly, I'd be dead if it wasn't for him."

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My chest heaved rapidly. "I shouldn't have come back with you. You Fullers are cold and heartless creatures. Sally killed the White family, while you killed your own child and broke your own wife's heart. You're all beasts in human skin who are capable of cruelty beyond comprehension. In fact, all of you are even worse than Cameron. Despicable and revolting!"

Ashton pressed his lips together as his gaze sharpened and a horrifying chill flashed in his eyes. Even with the heater switched on, a shiver still traveled through my body.

He clasped my wrist and gritted out, "So the Fullers are so worthless in your eyes, huh? Why? Are you feeling sorry for the White family and their tragic ending? You've turned me

into your punching bag because of Marcus' death. I have to admit, I'm impressed. He left this world with a bang, seeing as he's still influencing our lives beyond his death!"

I looked at him, but no longer had the strength to argue with him. Suppressing the pain in my heart, I said emotionlessly, "I don't want to see you."

When I recalled how Sally had been using me as her shield the days before Marcus' death, my guilt intensified all the more. She knew from the very start that Marcus hated her. Fearing that he might do something to her, she made sure I stayed in the White residence as an assurance for her own life.

She knew that she'd be safe with me around because Marcus would never hurt me, be it emotionally or physically. Hence, she kept me by her side. Even at the very last second, Marcus had swerved the car to protect me.

I never wanted to hurt anyone, but that seemed like the only thing I was good at.

Ashton peered at me with an unfathomable gaze. After a long time, he let out a soft sigh and said, "I know you feel guilty about Marcus' death, but Scarlett, no one killed him. He was the one who crashed the car."

Anger sparked in me. I removed my high heels and threw them at him. "Get out, Ashton! I don't want to see you!"

How can he say that no one killed him? It was obviously Sally! She forced Sharon to her death, then targeted Marcus next. It was clearly all her doing! She killed so many people without even batting an eyelid. How dare she pretend to be innocent in the end?

Surprisingly, Ashton had built up his patience. Even though I had just hurled my heels at him, besides his gaze darkening subtly, he showed no other reaction as he took me into his arms and soothed, "Are you done? Take a bath now before you fall sick."

I felt as if I was punching at cotton. Nothing I said or did manage to elicit a response out of him.

I, on the other hand, was filled with more anguish.

When his hand reached out to remove my clothes, I flinched and shoved him aside. "Leave!"

His expression turned sullen. "How long are you going to keep this up?" Everyone's patience had a limit.

But, so what?

Clenching my jaw, I stared fixedly at him and repeated, "Leave!"

With a glum expression, he extended his hand to press me against his chest, using his other to grasp my chin before forcibly kissing me.

His kiss was fierce, as though he wanted to swallow me whole.

Just when I thought he was going to take me right then and there, he released me and mumbled, "Are you done kicking up a fuss now? Hmm?"

I was already an emotional train wreck to begin with. Another wave of anger rose from deep inside me. "I told you to leave, Ashton. Leave! Can't you hear me? Are you deaf or dumb?"

Without waiting for a response, I climbed out of the bathtub and started throwing everything and anything I could at him.

He stared at me with knitted brows but didn't dodge the onslaught of flying objects. I grew tired after a while and seeing that there was nothing left for me to throw, he finally spoke, "Are you done?"

A sense of hopelessness washed over me as I gazed at him.

After I collapsed in a heap on the ground, he crouched down to peel off my soaked clothes, his temper as mellow as ever.

He carried me and placed me in the bathtub again. Heaving a sigh, he coaxed, "No more tantrums, okay?"

Seeing that I no longer had any emotional outbursts, he filled the tub with warm water, then searched through the mess on the floor. After finding the shower gel and bath towel, he placed them beside me.

Thereafter, he went out wordlessly.

As I lay in the bathtub, my mind whirred; everything was a blur. Marcus' death had pushed me into a bottomless abyss that I couldn't seem to climb out of, and the guilt that came with his death would haunt me for the rest of my life.

Ashton did nothing wrong. He was only protecting his family and guarding me, his wife.

The one in the wrong was me. I was cowardly and spineless. Ashton didn't know why Sharon died, so he couldn't understand why Marcus hated Sally, let alone why he wanted to kill her and chose to end his own life in the end.

I was wrong for not being there for Marcus during his darkest days; during the time he needed me the most. I didn't give him a reason to live, so he chose to leave.

After a long time, I emerged from the bathroom to see cigarette butts littering the balcony floor. It was obviously Ashton's doing.

I glanced around but didn't see him. Not bothering to wonder where he was, I put on some clothes and tied up my blow-dried hair before trudging downstairs.

Molly was slightly taken aback upon seeing me. "Madam, are you going out?"



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I nodded and hummed a response, then searched for a pair of shoes from the shoe rack.

Molly peered at me with hesitation stark in her eyes. "Madam, it's late now and it's still snowing outside. Why don't you wait for Mr. Ashton to finish his shower and go with him?"

"It's fine."

I walked out of the living room and noticed two bodyguards standing guard at the door. My face fell and I snapped, "Step aside."

Both of them remained silent.

Molly had already gone upstairs to call Ashton.

My brows drew together with rage, but I was aware that I was no match for the two burly men.

They blocked my path, remaining immovable like two stone statues.

Shortly after, Ashton came down in a bathrobe with water still dripping from his hair.

Seeing me all dressed up, he frowned. "Where are you going?"

"Out."

"To do what?"

Irritation clawed at me. "To see a doctor."

He pursed his lips in response. "I'll get Jared to come over in a bit. Go upstairs and rest now."

"That's not necessary!" I emphasized, "I'm going to the hospital." Marcus' body had been taken away. Without any family, the only one who could hold a funeral for him was Sally, but of course she wouldn't be willing to do it.

So, I had to do this for him.

Ashton's expression turned overcast and his mouth grew taut. "You're going to see a doctor at the hospital at a time like this? Are you using that as an excuse to settle Marcus' funeral?"

I glanced at him and sneered. "What does it matter to you?"

He seemed to be trying hard to maintain his cool as he rebuked, "What do you think? Scarlett, I know you're in a difficult place, but you should know when to stop. Aunt Sally will handle Marcus' funeral. There are others in the White family who can handle it too. Why should you go? Will you stop only after rumors about both you and Marcus spread through the entire K City?"

There was no way for me to refute him, so I could only shoot him a withering stare. In the end, I stormed back into the villa.

He trailed after me and softened his tone. "I'll send someone to deal with Marcus' funeral. You..."

I stopped abruptly in my tracks and whipped back to look at him, noticing the winding staircase behind him from the corner of my eyes.

With anger still coursing through my veins, I raised my hands and shoved him. Since the railing was completely within his reach, he could've held it to steady himself, but unexpectedly, he allowed himself to fall and roll down the stairs.

Even tumbling down the stairs, he miraculously managed to maintain his usual charming and suave appearance.

I cast a glance at him, then spun on my heels and returned to the bedroom.

He came in just after I changed into my pajamas and climbed into bed. His eyes were dim and there was blood on his forehead and the corner of his mouth. His legs and hands were also injured from the fall.

I gave him a fleeting glance before closing my eyes, planning to give him the cold shoulder and go to sleep.

Ashton didn't seem to be angry, but his eyes darkened a few shades as he stalked toward me. Lowering himself beside the bed, he ordered in a solemn tone, "Get up and apply the medicine for me."

Without saying a word, I opened my eyes to give him an indifferent look before closing my eyes again.

He lifted the blanket and pinned me down with his sturdy body, nuzzling my forehead with the tip of his nose as he asked in a low whisper, "Doesn't your heart ache for your injured husband?"

I pursed my lips, refusing to speak. Does my heart ache?

Yes!

But I knew that with his reflexes, falling down the stairs wouldn't pose that big of a problem. At most, he would only suffer some minor wounds.

When I remained tight-lipped, a mirthless smile formed on his lips. "You think this is nothing compared to Marcus' death and that it doesn't deserve your care, right?"

My heart squeezed in my chest, but I remained stubborn. "Get off me."

He didn't listen. Instead, he grabbed my hands and interlocked our fingers above my head before kissing me aggressively.

He bit into my bottom lip, causing me to frown from the pain, but I endured it without saying a word.

As though he wanted me to beg him, he started to attack my lips mercilessly.

"When you threw yourself in front of the car, you acted based on your true feelings, right?" His lips grazed mine as he panted slightly.

Our fingers were interlocked so tightly that I felt a little bit uncomfortable. "Is it guilt or love that you feel for Marcus? And what about me? Hmm?"

He narrowed his eyes at me a fraction, but his gaze was warm and expectant as he waited for my answer.

I pursed my lips, having no intention to answer him. I could no longer differentiate between love and guilt. Many a time, the lines between them seemed to be blurred.

Silence stretched between us and as the seconds ticked by, the temperature around us seemed to drop along with his increasingly indecipherable expression.

After a long time, he broke eye contact. The simmering anger swirling in his eyes subsided slightly as he said in a deep and magnetic voice, "How long has it been since we had sex, Scarlett?"

My brows instantly knitted together and I snapped, "I don't want to!"

My mind was still plagued with images of Marcus lying in a pool of his own blood. A pang of pain hit me and I shoved him away. "I said, I don't want to, Ashton. I don't want to! Can't you hear me?"

He frowned, his handsome features turning grim. Before I knew it, he pulled off the bathrobe covering his body and blocked my protests by smashing his mouth against mine.

When he moved to tug off my clothes, I instinctively scrambled away.

Bang! Due to my carelessness, I slammed into the bedside table, feeling a dull pain spread through me.

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 307

In a fit of anger, I raised my leg and kicked Ashton off the bed. Completely caught off guard, he rolled off and landed on the carpeted floor, which undoubtedly cushioned his fall.

He sat up almost instantly and looked at me with a mixture of exasperation and amusement, the blazing fire in him seemingly doused. With his gaze still fixed on me, he growled, "You've got guts, Scarlett!"

I clutched my head and ignored his remark. Glaring at him, I spat, "If you touch me again, it won't be so simple as getting kicked off the bed."

With that, I pulled the blanket over myself, making sure to wrap it firmly around me before closing my eyes to sleep.

I didn't expect that even without doing anything, Ashton would continue gazing at me with a sexually frustrated look on his face. After a long time, he finally went to the bathroom with a sulky expression.

With everything that happened, my head was hurting so badly I couldn't fall asleep at all.

I fumbled for my phone and went through my contacts for John's number.

The person who answered the call was a woman instead of John. Her voice sounded familiar, but I couldn't seem to recall who it was.

Hence, I merely said, "Hi, I'm looking for John."

The woman replied calmly, "He's in the shower. He'll probably be out in about five minutes. If you trust me enough, you can tell me and I'll relay your message to him. If you don't want to, you can call again after five minutes."

I paused briefly before explaining, "I need his help to keep an eye on Marcus' funeral matters as well as Sally. Thank you."

"You're welcome, Ms. Stovall," the woman responded in an amicable tone. After thanking her again, I hung up the call.

I still couldn't put my finger on the woman's identity, so I simply chose to set it aside.

Not long after I ended the call, Ashton came out of the bathroom with some vapor still clinging to his body. After wiping himself dry, he climbed into bed.

To avoid him, I deliberately turned so that my back was facing him. When he pulled me against his chest, I immediately tried to squirm out.

However, he caged me in with his arms and coaxed, "Behave. I won't touch you."

I pursed my lips and huffed, "Go away. I can't sleep with you so close to me."

"You have two choices. Either we sleep like this, or I'll pull you closer to me. Of course, if you wanna join bodies, I'm all for it too. So, what's it going to be, hmm?"

A\*\*hole...

...

News of Marcus' death blew up the next day. Many citizens pointed fingers at Sally, accusing her of plotting the death of the family of three so that she could have White Corporation all to herself.

Three consecutive deaths no doubt raised many suspicions. Except for Benjamin who died a natural death, both Sharon and Marcus had committed suicide. Hence, it was clear that there was more to the story than met the eye.

The Bauman elderly couple, Anthony and Sophia, were prominent figures in K City. The fact that both their daughter and grandson had committed suicide didn't add up. Hence, they ordered the police to conduct a thorough investigation for both deaths.

Something of this magnitude was breaking news. Even if Anthony and Sophia didn't bring it to attention, the police would've taken action.

Thus, Sally was brought in for interrogation and barred from participating in anything related to the White family and White Corporation's financial flow.

She wasn't even allowed to step into the White residence, the reason being that everything inside could be crucial to their investigation and that the place itself might be a crime scene.

In other words, Sally was basically banned from everything.

As a result, she was homeless and could only temporarily live in our villa since it was huge. The place that Ashton had previously arranged for Dr. Linnard was vacant ever since she left, so Sally moved in.

When Stacey called me, I was staring absent-mindedly at the show playing on TV.

Sally moved into the villa just then and I couldn't help but feel on edge since she had indirectly caused so many people's deaths.

Perhaps she was aware of my hostility toward her, she only squinted her eyes at me without saying anything else.

She was still Ashton's aunt after all. Even if I hated her, there was nothing I could do about it, so I stayed silent as well.

As soon as I answered my phone, Stacey's low voice drifted across. "Meet me at the café on the third floor of Fortuna Complex."

After leaving me with a simple sentence, she swiftly hung up the call.

Usually, this meant that she had discovered something major.

After getting ready, I was about to head out when I ran into Sally at the door. She was wearing a black coat with a dark green scarf around her neck. A faint smile formed on her ageless face as she looked at me. "Are you going out?"

I grunted in affirmation but wasn't inclined to continue the conversation.

She stood in my way with derision gleaming in her eyes. "Why are you in such a hurry? Who are you meeting?"

She was obviously looking to stir up trouble. "Ms. Fuller, do you need something?"

Raising her brows, she answered in a nonchalant tone, "No. I just wanted to have a nice chat with my niece-in-law. After all, we're still a family, so we have to get along well from here on out, don't you agree?"

I pursed my lips and said placidly, "So, what exactly do you want to chat about with me?"

"About your conflict with Cameron and Rebecca, of course. To be honest, Cameron is indeed a detestable woman. She may look gentle and graceful, but she is actually rotten on the inside. I don't like women like her either. Not to mention, she killed my grandnephew. Speaking of which, she and the Fullers are officially at loggerheads."

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 308

Folding her arms across her chest, she looked at me with her alluring eyes and continued, "It's a wonder how Cameron managed to climb to such a high position over the years, but of course, she has her fair share of dirty secrets. It just so happens that I'm in possession of

those secrets. Don't you think handing them over to the Moore family would be much faster than investigating on your own?"

A crease formed between my brows. "Why would you help me?"

She laughed as though I had just asked a stupid question. "The child in your belly was my grandnephew. Isn't that a good enough reason?"

I scoffed in response. "It's probably been at least three months since the incident, right? And you probably knew about it for quite some time already, yet, you're only telling me this now. Do you think I'd actually believe that you're doing all this just for your grandnephew?"

Her reason was blatantly implausible.

She let out a tinkling laugh and remarked, "I finally understand why my father allowed an ordinary woman like you to marry Ashton. Even though you're not that smart, at least you still have some brains."

I narrowed my eyes into slits. She's obviously mocking me!

"What do you want from me?" I asked and subconsciously glanced at my watch.

"I want you to tell your godfather, Louis, to get the police to stop investigating the White family!" She leaned against the wine cabinet beside her, taking up a casual posture.

Stop investigating the White family? Won't that mean that she can legally take over White Corporation and become the chairperson?

With Marcus gone, no one would be able to lay a hand on White Corporation except her.

I smiled politely and replied in a cool tone, "Ms. Fuller, I think it's best we find time to sit down and properly discuss this matter. This isn't something that should be hastily settled with a few casual words. Anyway, I'm meeting a friend soon, so let's talk some other time."

She frowned but didn't argue. Narrowing her eyes, she agreed, "Sure. We'll talk some other time."

After leaving the villa, I drove straight to the meeting place. When I arrived, Stacey was already waiting for me.



From her empty coffee cup, I could tell that she had been waiting here for quite some time.

Upon seeing me, she glanced at her watch and raised her brows. "You're half an hour late, Ms. Stovall."

I shrugged and sent her an apologetic look. "I'm very sorry. I got caught up in something."

She offered me a small smile but didn't comment otherwise. Then, she took out a document from her bag and handed it to me, saying, "This is the transaction history between Cameron and Savini Tuffin. Have a look."

"Savini Tuffin?" I froze for a good few seconds before recalling who this person was.

He was the one who knocked me unconscious back then when we were dealing with Felix.

Stacey nodded. After the waiter refilled her cup, she continued, "Savini is the middleman between Cameron and Hector. He's the project director at AC Credit and he handles the quarterly audits of several companies under Cameron, so the transactions between them are within reason. Even if someone investigates it, they wouldn't find anything unusual."

My brows pulled into a frown. "So, the money transactions between Cameron and Hector are basically done through Savini?"

She nodded, but I was still slightly confused. "Savini and Cameron are both entrepreneurs, so it's normal for them to have transactions with each other, but what you're telling me is that Cameron wires money to Hector through Savini. Savini is an entrepreneur, while Hector is a politician. So, if the transaction between them is too large, it would no doubt arouse suspicion."

Stacey hummed in affirmation. "My thoughts as well, so I continued looking into the exchange between Hector and Savini. I found out that Hector's wife owns a livestock company. It's quite a large-scale production and has been operating for nearly a few decades."

"So, you're saying that Hector collects money through his wife?"

She nodded and went on, "Also, I found someone to look into Hector's wife. She's been a housewife in the past few years, so she basically won't have the time nor energy to run such a large-scale livestock farm. In fact, Hector spent a few hundred thousand to buy a piece of

land in a remote village for the livestock farm. He simply threw in some chickens and hired a local villager to keep an eye on the place, so it's basically been left unattended to all these years."

I could somewhat catch her drift. This livestock production company, to put it bluntly, was nothing but a front for money laundering. In fact, it probably didn't even bring in any profits. The accounts registered by this company were used to facilitate money transactions between Hector and other businessmen.

It was no wonder that Louis couldn't find anything even after investigating for such a long time. Hector was too cunning for his own good.

After a short pause, I looked at Stacey and asked, "Are there any transfers from Cameron in the livestock company's account records?"

She shook her head. "No, Cameron has been very cautious. The companies under her have no reason to collaborate with the livestock company, so her transactions are all done through Savini."

"Then, what about Savini? On what basis can he transfer money to Hector?" Savini was from an audit company. Even though audit companies often conducted business with all types of companies, money should be credited, not debited, from their accounts. Hence, an audit company wiring money to a livestock company wouldn't make sense at all.

She smiled and explained, "I wondered about that as well. It wasn't until later on that I found out that Savini owns a frozen meat market. This way, no matter how large their transactions are, it would still be considered reasonable and legitimate as it's completely normal based on market demand standards."

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 309

They're good, I'll give them that!

Without obtaining the inside story, it was impossible to find out the truth. Even after knowing the inside story, it was difficult to convict Hector. After all, all of this looked to be reasonable transactions.

My head spun slightly. Even if I relayed this information to Louis, there was no way to directly identify Cameron's involvement in this.

Seeing the conflict lining my features, Stacey suggested after some hesitation, "You can try starting with Savini. He's not as loyal to Cameron as he seems. Besides, there seems to be a third-party intervention in this matter. If I'm not wrong, someone wants to take Cameron down."

"A third party?" My curiosity was piqued. "Who else did Cameron offend?"

She shrugged and replied, "I'm not too sure, but I recently discovered that someone dug up videos of Cameron rising to her position when she was young. In fact, there were quite a number of people involved. By the way, Hector's wife should be a good approach in this matter. Even though we can't trace any money transactions, you may be able to discover sexual transactions."

I nodded and kept all the documents she handed to me. "Thank you for doing this," I expressed my gratitude.

She smiled and took a sip of her coffee. "Don't mention it. You helped me deal with Felix, so this is the least I could do."

Since she put it that way, there was no reason for me to contradict. After exchanging some simple pleasantries, she excused herself.

It was quite late by the time I returned to the villa. Hence, I was surprised to see an unwanted guest.

Rebecca and Sally were seated in the living room, engaged in a friendly conversation.

Upon spotting me, Sally smiled and waved to me. "Letty, you're back. Ms. Larson and I were just talking about you!"

I frowned. Her words sounded so pretentious they raked on my insides.

Rebecca was in a white cotton dress with her hair pulled up into a ponytail, looking every bit like a youthful and sultry woman.

Catching sight of me, she smirked lightly. "Scarlett, you're back. It's cold outside. Come on over and have some tea with us."

I remained expressionless with only my slightly pursed lips as an indication of my displeasure. "No, thanks. You two don't mind me. I'm going up to rest now."

"Letty, don't go just yet. Come here and sit with us for a while. I've been so busy with the White family matters all these years that I didn't have the time to sit down and have a nice chat with anyone. Since everyone's here today, you should join in too!" Sometimes, I really envied Sally's ability to put up such a flawless and natural act.

Unable to refute her indisputable reasoning, I went to the living room and took a seat.

Sally brew some tea while Rebecca had a faint smile on her face. At a glance, we portrayed an uncannily harmonious scene.

The three of us looked like we had always been close friends, but of course, we knew better.

After Sally was done brewing the tea, she said gently, "The most classic step in tea brewing is to get a whiff of its fragrance, but people often skip this step. Since we're not in a hurry today, let's enjoy the fragrance of this tea."

I wasn't a tea lover, but I raised the cup and took a whiff of it anyway. Indeed, the smell was very fragrant, but I found it inappropriate to be drinking tea so late at night.

Rebecca lifted the teacup to her nose in an elegant manner before breaking into a smile. "This tea is of excellent quality. I'm already intoxicated with its fragrance. I'm starting to look forward to tasting it."

Sally returned her smile, then poured the brewed tea into separate teacups and gracefully said, "Try it."

I only took a sip, whereas Rebecca smiled and remarked enthusiastically, "This is really good tea!"

The two of them earned my utmost admiration for being able to act so relaxed and poised while drinking tea in the middle of the night.

Noticing that I only had a small sip, Sally queried, "Is the tea not to your liking, Letty?"

I shook my head and simply replied, "No. I just don't have the habit of drinking tea at night. I'm prone to insomnia, so drinking too much isn't good for me."

She nodded with a smile. "Then, why don't you drink something else?"

I shook my head and declined, "There's no need for that. It's getting late now. Both of you enjoy the tea. I'm going to head upstairs and call it a night."

Just then, the sound of a car engine came from outside. Sally smiled when the noise ceased abruptly. "It sounds like Ashton's back."

Soon, Ashton came in. He placed the car keys on the shoe cabinet, then looked over at us.

Upon seeing Rebecca, his brows drew together, but he turned his gaze to me and asked, "Have you had your dinner?"

I nodded and was about to go upstairs.

He took long strides and I had barely made it a few steps when he caught up to me and wrap an arm around my waist. "What did you do today? Did anything interesting happen that you wanna share with me?"

I shook my head, having the blues.

"Ash!" Rebecca's gentle voice rang just then.

Ashton glanced at her with an impassive expression. "It's late. Aren't you going home yet, Ms. Larson?"

Evidently, he was telling her that it was time for her to leave.

Rebecca turned ashen-faced and she parted her lips to say in a meek voice, "I didn't bring..."

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 310

She sounded like she was too embarrassed to continue, so Sally spoke for her, "Rebecca didn't bring her driver along. She came here with me. It's already very late now and it's not safe for a girl to go home alone at this hour. The villa's big, so let her stay here for the night."

Sally's words were meant for Ashton.

The latter narrowed his eyes and looked to me instead. "What do you think about having a guest over for the night?"

I frowned, feeling slightly peeved. "What does it have to do with me?"

With that, I moved to head upstairs, but he grabbed my arm and ordered in a deep voice, "I'll get a driver to send Ms. Larson home."

Unhappy with her nephew's command, Sally's expression hardened. "Is this how you treat your guests? Since when have you become so inhospitable? Don't you know how cold it is outside? It's not appropriate to allow a girl to go home on her own. The house is so big and isn't lacking in rooms. Besides, my place is so empty, so I'd like her to keep me company. I don't like being alone at night."

Noticing Ashton's darkening expression, Rebecca timidly chipped in, "Ash, your aunt has gone through a lot lately. I was also thinking of staying back to keep her company. Don't worry, I won't disturb you and Scarlett. I only want to accompany your aunt, so that she won't feel so lonely."

Tsk, tsk!

How kind and considerate of her!

Ashton furrowed his brows in discontent, but since Sally put it that way, it would be unwise for him to reject her request.

With his arm still around me, he barked, "Do as you please."

Then, he tugged me upstairs and studied my face. "Are you mad?"

I was stunned, but I quickly shook my head in response. Without speaking, I trudged into the bathroom, feeling slightly exhausted.

Sally was obviously threatening me by flagrantly bringing Rebecca here.

She probably knew a little bit about Ashton and Rebecca. A married woman's biggest fear was having to witness her husband being intimate with his mistress.

Sally was really an expert at emotional manipulation, seeing as she came up with such a trick.

However, she seemed to have overestimated Ashton's place in my heart. If Ashton still regarded Rebecca as a friend, I wouldn't mind giving him up. This way, it would be easier to deal with Cameron.

I stayed in the bathroom for so long that Ashton thought I had fallen asleep, so he knocked on the door a few times to urge me.

As I towel-dried my hair after coming out, Ashton looked at me with his brows pinched together. "Were you hiding in the bathroom to avoid seeing me?"

My lips curved into a cool smile. "You have a very active imagination, Mr. Fuller."

He pressed his lips together and squinted at me. "Make sure you dry your hair completely, lest you catch a cold."

He went into the bathroom after that.

My phone rang with an incoming call from John just then. I answered the call, but he spoke before I could, "I've sent someone to keep an eye on things, but isn't Sally staying right under your roof? Wouldn't it be better for you to keep an eye on her instead of having me send someone else to do it?"

I grunted out a response and replied in a weary voice, "She only just moved in. I emailed you some information just a while ago. Take a look at it and see if it's of any use to Uncle Louis."

"There shouldn't be a problem." Then, he clucked his tongue, as though impressed. "You've been busy gathering information in secret, huh? Not bad. Did Ashton help you?"

"No." I wasn't in the mood to explain further. Plus, it was already late, so I said in a tired voice, "It's getting late. Say hi to Uncle Louis for me. Let's talk soon."

Before I ended the call, he blurted out, "Letty, have you been feeling off lately?"

I stiffened a little bit. "No. Why?"

He hummed in relief and continued, "I received a medical record stating that you have depression, and by the looks of it, it seems kind of serious. How are you coping with Marcus' death?"

Frowning, I shook my head. "I'm coping just fine. I'll survive."

"Why don't we spare some time to meet tomorrow? I'll take you to see a doctor."

"That's not necessary." My frustration was apparent in my tone. "John, I'll tell you if there's anything wrong. Alright, I'm going to bed now. You should rest too."

I hung up the call immediately.

Perhaps seeing Rebecca made me feel irritated, so I chucked my phone aside.

Sensing someone behind me, I looked back to see Ashton staring coldly at me. Only God knows how long he had been standing there.

My forehead creased. How much of my conversation with John did he hear?

I opened my mouth to ask him, but he abruptly placed his hands on my waist and lowered his head to kiss me.

Not expecting him to do this, I simply stood there, feeling slightly disorientated.

But I came back to my senses after a few seconds and shoved him away irritably. "Let go of me, Ashton!"

He froze for a moment, frowned, then pulled me into his arms again. In a hoarse voice, he grumbled, "Isn't it supposed to be like this between husband and wife?"

"What's wrong with you?" A hint of anger streaked through me and I shot him a dirty look. "Your lover is still downstairs. Aren't you afraid that she'd be heartbroken if she sees you behaving so uninhibited?"

A chuckle escaped his lips and he pressed me against him. "Lover? What an interesting choice of word, Scarlett. Why? Are you jealous?"



# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 311

I pushed against him, but he didn't budge an inch. A frown appeared on my face as I evaded his kiss. "Ashton, where did you get all this confidence? Why would I be jealous?"

He smirked devilishly. "I know you're jealous." He trapped me in his embrace and purred in a baritone voice, "You love me, don't you, Scarlett?"

Momentarily losing control over my mind and body, I subconsciously grabbed onto his arms, looking a little flustered.

Noticing my subtle action, he lowered his voice and whispered into my ear, "Finally responding, hmm?"

My cheeks heated up all of a sudden. Suppressing my anger, I glared daggers at him and gritted out, "Are you done yet? Get out."

He tightened his arms around me, as though unfazed by my show of anger. "Where do you want me to go?"

"Wherever you want. I don't care!" I pursed my lips and shoved him hard. Then, I crawled into bed and closed my eyes in exhaustion.

He climbed into bed after me and circled me in his arms. My phone, which I had set aside, rang again out of the blue.

I flicked my eyes toward it and saw that it was John. Thus, I answered it without hesitation.

"Wait for me tomorrow. I'll take you to see a doctor," was what he said the moment the call was connected.

Upset, I was about to refuse when Ashton beat me to it with a gloomy expression. "Mr. Stovall, by calling so late at night, I don't suppose you want to listen in on my private conversation with my wife?"

Probably not expecting Ashton to be around, John fell silent for a moment before scoffing derisively. "Private conversation? You really do have a knack for blowing your own trumpet, Mr. Fuller. Though, I've never heard of a wife answering a call in the midst of having a private conversation with her husband." This undoubtedly struck a nerve in Ashton.

Ashton's arms tightened around my waist, completely holding me down as he spoke meaningfully into the phone, "Sometimes, husband and wife tend to spice things up between each other. Don't you know that, Mr. Stovall?"

"Oh? Is that so? What an eye-opener. Why? Did you use to call Letty like this too when you were with Ms. Larson?"

Ashton's face clouded over and he looked terrifyingly cold.

"Don't sound so spiteful, Mr. Stovall. At least the woman in my arms is mine to take, whereas she's someone you can never dream of touching. So, I'd say that my situation is much more practical compared to your wishful thinking."

Ashton's words were indeed cruel. After ending the call, he tucked my hair behind my ear without demonstrating any signs of anger. "I'll take you to the hospital tomorrow," was all he said.

I pursed my lips, but merely shut my eyes and let sleep take over me.

That night, I had quite a good sleep.

The next day, I woke up to see that Ashton had already changed his clothes.

He was sitting on the chaise lounge by the side with a laptop propped on his thighs, either working or looking up some information.

Seeing that I was awake, he placed his laptop down before coming over and bending down to peck me on the forehead. "Do you wanna lie down for a while longer?"

I creased my brows. "What's up?"

He cocked a brow. "I said that I'd take you to see the doctor today."

"I'm not going!" Although Marcus was gone, I was still an employee at White Corporation. I was the one in charge of the OrbitTech project, so there was no reason for me to give up halfway.

He frowned and pulled me into his arms, kissing me softly before saying, "Why don't you go and wash up first?"

After a good night's sleep, I felt more clear-headed. I squirmed out of his embrace and got out of bed to head straight into the bathroom.

When I was brushing my teeth, I could vaguely hear someone knocking on the bedroom door and automatically assumed that it was Mrs. Eriksen calling us down for breakfast.

After washing up, I went out to see Rebecca and Ashton locked in an embrace. I didn't know what came over Rebecca, but she was crying pitifully at that moment.

What the hell?

Staring at the pair of lovers, I inadvertently pursed my lips. I was in no hurry, so I merely folded my arms over my chest and watched as the two of them express their affection for each other.

Ashton seemed to be slightly tensed, but because he had his back to me, he didn't notice me standing there. He pushed Rebecca away and said indifferently, "You've been with the Moore family for at least half a year now. They're a prominent household, so you need to act the part. Why are you behaving like this now, without self-respect?"

Having been pushed away by Ashton, Rebecca naturally noticed that I had come out of the bathroom. She squinted slightly before directing her gaze back to Ashton.

With tears in her eyes, she said, "Ash, you've always known how I felt about you. You didn't promise my brother to take care of me out of responsibility. You did it because you fell for me. And the only reason you can't leave Scarlett now is because you feel responsible and indebted to her. You don't love her at all, do you?"

My brows shot toward my hairline. Tsk, tsk. Is she trying to provoke Ashton into saying something that would hurt me?

Ashton's voice was chilly when he grunted, "This has nothing to do with you. Don't come here again from now on."

"The fact that you're not giving me a straight answer means that you don't love Scarlett at all, right?" Rebecca gazed at him and continued, "On the night of my birthday, you clearly knew that it was also her birthday, but you still chose to come to the Moore Residence because, in your heart, I'm more important than her, right?"

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 312

Infuriated, Ashton warned, "Enough."

But Rebecca prattled on, unafraid of his warning. "My mother wouldn't have had any chance to attack Scarlett if you had gone to celebrate her birthday. When all is said and done, you only let her go out alone when it's near her delivery because you don't love her enough. And that's why my mother had the chance to attack her. My mother might have been the culprit behind the baby's death, but you're her accomplice."

Rebecca was getting agitated, and she peered at Ashton. "Ash, if you're staying with Scarlett just because you feel guilty, that'll just end up hurting her. You know you shouldn't force relationships. If you're going to stay together despite the lack of love, both of you are just going to end up hurt."

Ashton had his back against me, so I couldn't see his face, but I sneered. "He can and he will. It doesn't really matter if he and I will be happy together. The most important part here is that you're not happy, Ms. Larson. That's all I care about because that makes me happy."

Hearing my voice, he turned and narrowed his eyes. "You're done washing up?"

I nodded at him before smirking at Rebecca. "I know people can be rambunctious in the morning. Do you need to release the stress? Should I give you two some space?"

Ashton frowned and his face fell. "Scarlett!" I could hear the warning in his voice.

I shrugged, not angered in the slightest. "Have fun, you two. I'm going now."

But before I could go far, Ashton grabbed my hand. "Calm down, okay?"

I pursed my lips in displeasure and was about to retort when he told Rebecca coldly, "Do I need to send you off personally, Ms. Larson?" He was obviously upset.

Rebecca looked pale, and she was tearing up. She opened her mouth to say something, but she shut up after seeing how angry Ashton was. All she did was glare at me and left, holding down her anger.

With that, only Ashton and I were left in the big room. I could see the resignation in his eyes as he looked at me. "How long have you been listening?"

I shrugged. "No idea."

He smiled. "Alright, what are you angry about?"

I replied calmly, "It's a regret that my birthday is also my child's death anniversary."

Perhaps caught by surprise or heartbreak, he hugged me tightly, almost melding me with his chest. "She won't get away with this."

She? She who? Rebecca? Or Cameron? I didn't ask. All I did was let him keep hugging me. "I'm hungry, Ashton. Can you let me go now?" I blurted, feeling stuffy from the hug.

He froze for a moment before letting me go and taking me downstairs. I thought Rebecca had gone home, but she was still there.

She was talking to Sally in the dining room, and when Sally saw us coming down, she came up to us, smiling. "I thought you have a meeting today, Ashton. Why did you sleep in? Mrs. Eriksen made your favorite pumpkin soup for you. Have it while it's hot. Rebecca and I will go with you to Fuller Corporation later."

As she spoke, Sally had squeezed herself in between Ashton and me, separating us. I slowed down and followed behind them. A moment later, Sally pushed him down on the seat beside Rebecca and told Mrs. Eriksen, "Mrs. Eriksen, get Mr. Ashton a bowl of pumpkin soup right away."

She grinned at Rebecca. "Rebecca, you'd love to know this. There was one time when Ashton came back from school, and he saw Mrs. Eriksen making pumpkin soup in the

kitchen. Guess what he did? He finished the whole thing himself. Mrs. Eriksen thought she overcooked it when she came back.”

Rebecca nudged closer to Ashton and smiled. “Is that true, Ash?”

Goddamn. I sat down and put my chin on my hand. Bored, I asked, “When did you leave your home, Sally?”

Sally didn’t answer, but Ashton did. “Fifteen.”

I arched my eyebrow. “But your grandpa said he sent you to M Country after your parents’ death when you were five. And you only came back to J City when you’re twenty. Hmm, does that mean you managed to down a whole cauldron of soup when you were only five years old? Whoa, either that cauldron is too small, or you have a big appetite.”

Ashton squinted at me. “I hate pumpkin soup the most.”

What Ashton was implying was that Sally was simply talking nonsense. I shrugged before glancing at Sally, who was going white with the awkwardness. Then I took the food Mrs. Eriksen gave me and handed it to Ashton. “Finish your breakfast fast. We have some business to settle.”

Annoyed and unwilling to see me gloat, Sally looked at Ashton. “Ashton, Rebecca and I will be going to the Fuller Corporation later. Give us a ride, okay?”

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 313

Ashton took a spoonful of soup and looked at Sally calmly. “It’s going to be a hassle.”

“No, it’s not. We’re all going to the Fuller Corporation, anyway.” Sally was getting more and more upset.

Just then, Rebecca, who had been silent for the most part, uttered softly, “Ash, you don’t want to see me, do you?”

He looked at her, nodding solemnly. “Yes.”

Oh my.

Rebecca was hurt by that remark, and I could see her on the verge of tears. She stood up, answering quietly, "I won't be disturbing you then."

She was going to go out, but Sally stopped her. "Oh, you child. He's just joking with you. Don't leave." Then, she pulled her back to the table. Sally was the elder in the house, so she glared at Ashton. "Where are you going anyway? Why is it going to be a hassle?"

Annoyed by his aunt's constant nagging, he put his fork down. "I have some business to attend to." When he noticed I wasn't eating much, he frowned. "You don't like the food?"

I shook my head. "Nope. The taste is fine, it's just a bit noisy."

Hearing that, Sally, who was already irked to begin with, blurted, "Scarlett, you're a part of the Fullers. What did you mean by that? Can't I stay over for a few days? I'm in my nadir here. Are you going to chase me away? I'm Ashton's aunt!"

My appetite was instantly gone. Feeling amused, I said, "Oh, so you know you're the elder here, Ms. Fuller? It's the twenty-first century now, but you're still trying to get another wife for Ashton, huh?"

"Get him another wife?" Sally frowned. "What are you talking about, Scarlett?"

I arched my eyebrow. "Ah, so you're trying to break us up, then."

Her face fell after hearing my caustic remark. "What nonsense are you spouting, Scarlett?"

I laughed. "Is it really nonsense though? Since you're his aunt, I'm sure you know Rebecca likes Ashton. I'm sure you know she wants to marry him. But who is she to you, and why did you bring her here? Are you trying to give her a chance to seduce Ashton and make him divorce me?"

I was getting agitated, and I looked into Sally's eyes as I continued, "You can tell it straight to my face if you dislike me. I can get a divorce at any time. There's no need to take her here, you know?" I stormed out of the dining room after that, not giving her any chance to retort.

Behind me, I could hear Ashton growl out, "Aunt Sally, you know she's not in the best of health. You didn't have to keep going against her. Come at me if you want to vent, not her."

I didn't listen to the ensuing conversation since I had gotten into the car outside the villa by then. Ashton followed me out not long after, and he smiled when he saw me sitting leisurely in the car. "You done venting?"

I rolled my eyes and said nothing more. Then, I started the car so I could go to White Corporation. He quickly got into the passenger seat. "Where are you going?"

"White Corporation."

He frowned. "No. You're going to see a doctor first."

I pursed my lips and stopped the car. "Get out. I have some business to attend to." I stared at him calmly.

He leaned back against the seat. "Fine. Get your business done with and then we'll go for the checkup."

"Don't you have better things to do? You're being annoying, Ashton." He was following me around the whole day like I was a criminal.

"My to-do list today only has one thing on it—stay with you."

I tapped the steering wheel, feeling frustrated. With no other choice, I tamped down my anger and looked at him calmly. "Fine, but you're driving. I don't know the directions."

He arched his eyebrow and sat up before giving me a peck on my cheek. "You can go to the company after the checkup. It's still the same thing."

I frowned, but I waited for him to get out of the car patiently. He went around the car, and when he was about to open the door, I finally let loose. I squinted at him and locked the door. "Have fun strolling, Mr. Fuller."

With that, I floored the accelerator, leaving him behind. I could see his expression darkening from my rear-view mirror. Then, I drove to White Corporation without sparing him another glance.

There wasn't much to do, but there were still things that needed my attention. Even though Marcus was gone, the company was still running as usual. I talked about work with Richard



for a while before coming out. Just then, I received a call from John. "Where are you?" he asked coldly.

"I'm at White Corporation. What's up?" I wasn't in a hurry to leave after getting out of the office. Instead, I took the call as I stood beside the elevator. The signal was bad inside.

Sounding like he hadn't slept, John's voice was hoarse when he said, "Give me a few minutes. I'm taking you to the hospital to see a doctor."

Feeling slightly irritated, I spat, "I'm not going."

My refusal angered him. "And why is that? You're going to kill yourself if you leave your illness untreated."

D\*mn this guy!

"I'm perfectly healthy, John. Depression is just an emotional issue. It'll be fine if I keep it in check. Don't make a mountain out of a molehill. I don't have time for this. Now tell me, how's your investigation on the Moores?" I shifted the topic since I didn't want to talk about my checkup.

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 314

John was angered by my remark. "I'm making a mountain out of a molehill? You tried to kill yourself for God's sake! Are you going to keep saying that it's nothing until you're dead?"

Feeling helpless, I kept trying to change the topic. "I gave you the documents yesterday. Is the Moore family making any move now?"

I could vaguely hear him sigh. "Uncle Louis looked into Hector and Savini just like you asked. He found something and has gone to J City today."

I nodded. "Oh, by the way, Cameron might look like she's not involved in this. Since their relationship is purely professional, it'd make investigations hard, as everything will look normal. Tell Uncle Louis to look into Hector's wife. He'll probably find out the deal between Hector and Cameron then."

"Got it. Wait for me at the company. I'll pick you up in a jiffy." I had thought that I managed to distract him, but he just wouldn't let the matter slide. He must be an idiot.

Taking a deep breath, I said calmly, "Don't come. I'm leaving the company now."

The elevator was here, so I hung up. It wouldn't take a few minutes for me to leave, so it was impossible for him to pick me up. Unless he could fly.

I thought I could leave right away, but unfortunately, life had to throw a wrench in my plans. Ashton came for me when I arrived at the first floor. He was in a black bespoke suit, looking dashing and handsome with his extraordinary height and attractive looks.

I subconsciously tried to evade him, but before I could, he was already walking over to me. Before I knew it, he was hugging me without a care in the world. "When are you going to stop throwing a tantrum?"

I pursed my lips, but I didn't resist since everyone was looking at us. "I'm not throwing a tantrum." I forced out a smile.

Just when he was dragging me out of the company, a conspicuous sports car skidded to a halt, attracting everyone's attention. The door spun up in style, and out came John. He was wearing sunglasses, and he radiated a thuggish air.

John took off his sunglasses when he saw me in Ashton's arms, and he squinted at Ashton. "Mr. Fuller, can't you see she doesn't want this?"

Ashton threw him a look of disdain before turning to me. "So this is why you don't want me around, huh?"

What the hell? This is slander! "No." I said calmly, "I have no idea why he's here."

Handling Ashton alone was problematic enough. Adding John into the mix would be a recipe for disaster. I looked at both men before caving in. "Fine, I'll go for the checkup." Then, I went into Ashton's car.

At the psychology department within Top Three Hospital, only I and the psychologist were in the ward. The psychologist, Dr. Davidson, was an elderly man.

"Dr. Davidson, Mr. Fuller has asked me to give you this." The nurse came in and gave a document to Dr. Davidson. Before she left, she glanced at me with a serious look.

After Dr. Davidson was done reading through the document, he adjusted his glasses and looked at me. "Are you frequently bugged by insomnia, Scarlett?"

I thought about it before answering, "Yeah, whenever I lose control of my emotions, I'll lose sleep. Does that count?"

"Yes. Your emotions got the better of you, but you have to learn how to vent them out. Come to me whenever possible, and don't bottle your feelings up. Life goes by us fast, and before you know it, you're already an old geezer like me."

Dr. Davidson seemed to be having a casual chat with me, and I nodded in agreement. He wrote something to me and smiled. "Do whatever you want. Don't hold back too much."

I took the prescription and was stupefied after seeing it. Most of them were just calming pills. "This is the same prescription."

"Yes. You've been haunted by your depression for years. At this point, a full recovery is impossible unless you yourself want to heal. All I can do is tell you to keep moving forward no matter what," he said calmly.

I nodded in silence. When I came out of the consultation room, Ashton and John looked at me. "How was it?"

I paused for a moment and smiled at their reaction. Then I handed the prescription to Ashton. "He told me to make sure I take enough water every day."

"What?" John was mystified. "Dr. Davidson said so?"

I nodded and tilted my head. "Even the doctor says I'm fine. You guys should stop asking me to consult a doctor."

John frowned. "But that's just..." He glanced at Ashton, who was looking upset, and he stopped talking. After a moment, he said, "Uncle Louis wants you to come with me to the Stovall residence next week for dinner and a chat. He wants you to get to know the family." John looked at me.

I froze for a moment before I nodded. Then, I yawned. "I didn't sleep well last night. So I'll be going back now. See you."

He was going to say something, but seeing that I was sleepy, he stopped in his tracks and nodded. "See you. Rest well, Scarlett."

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 315

John then turned to glare at Ashton. "Shouldn't you be getting a rest too, Mr. Fuller?" he mocked.

Ashton smiled. "I've always been healthy, you know."

John stormed off, infuriated. The moment he left, Ashton squinted at me. "Where's the prescription?"

I pursed my lips and gripped the prescription tighter. "There is none," I replied calmly. "The doctor told me to have a lot of rest and drink plenty of water."

"Scarlett," he emphasized.

Annoyed, I left the hospital without saying a thing. He followed me into the car and put the matter of the prescription aside. "Joe invited you to South Metro for a meal. Are you going?"

I was going to say no, but I paused. "Why did he invite me?"

Ashton started the car. "For the thing we discussed over the call last time."

I was surprised to hear that. So he's going to apologize?

There was a saying that a man's love could be measured by how his friends treat you. I considered it for a moment and nodded. "Sure, I'll go."

It was still early when we came to South Metro. I thought we had come too early, so I asked, "Don't you think it's a bit early?"

He nodded. "Yeah. The sooner we get this over with, the sooner you get to rest."

Right...

When I saw the trio in the room, I felt like laughing. I looked at Ashton. "I thought this is supposed to be an apology. Didn't think it'd be a trap."

A frown creased Ashton's forehead, and he narrowed his eyes at Joe. "What is the meaning of this?"

Joe stood up and fidgeted. "Ashton, it's been a while since Rebecca could go around since her hospitalization. She's just here with us. I'm sorry for not telling you about this, but I promise it'll be fine."

Jared sipped his tea, pulling himself away from the drama. Ashton glanced at Rebecca calmly. He didn't care if she was putting up a pitiable front, and he looked at me. "You still want to do this?"

Joe looked at me apologetically. "I'm sorry, Scarlett. I—"

Rebecca interrupted. "What am I, a chopped liver?" She looked as arrogant as usual with a hint of grievance. "Since I'm obviously unwanted, I'll leave then. Bye." She took her bag and tried to leave.

Joe gave me another apologetic look. "Sorry, Scarlett. I'll send her off."

"It's fine. Everyone's already here whether we like it or not. Let's get on with it." I gazed at Rebecca mockingly. "You don't mind sharing a table with me, do you, Ms. Larson?"

Joe took the chance to invite Rebecca back and happily made the orders. Ashton had always been a man of few words. So he simply sat beside me and chatted with Jared, looking cool as a cucumber.

Once everything was served, Joe stood up and gave me a toast. "A toast for you, Scarlett. I apologize for my rude behavior. Now that you're Ashton's wife, you're a part of the family." He gulped the wine down graciously.

I peeped at Ashton again and found that he was still as inscrutable as ever.

Jared looked at me and paused for a moment. "There's a rule in our group. You have to down ten shots for it to be an effective apology."

I looked at the ten glasses of wine before Joe, and I was taken back to the time when I was the one who had to drink. They're really something, aren't they? Ten shots would be fine for a good drinker, but someone with a problem could end up injured or dead.

When Joe was going for the second shot, I shot up and looked at him calmly. "I'll be leaving if we aren't eating anytime soon."

"What is the meaning of this, Scarlett? Haven't your parents taught you about manners?" Rebecca shot up and barked. She was already angry enough with me, and my obviously rude behavior lit the flame within her.

Her face darkened. "Joe went out of his way to apologize, and this is how you treat him? Are you trying to ruin their friendship?"

Frowning, I answered calmly, "Ms. Larson, are you standing up for them? Because it sounds like you're venting to me."

"Why you little..."

I cut her off. "I have no parents, so I'm not sure what they would have taught me. You, on the other hand, have parents, don't you, Ms. Larson? They should have taught you to mind your own business and that sticking your nose where it doesn't belong is rude."

"Who are you calling rude, Scarlett?" Seeing that she couldn't win against me in a banter, she gave Ashton a puppy-eye look. "Ash, are you going to just let your wife insult me like that?"

My, my, this woman is shameless.

Ashton frowned at her in cold silence. Obviously, he thought she saw everyone else as an idiot.

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 316

Joe stopped smiling and turned to Rebecca. "Stay out of this, Rebecca."

"Why should I? Everyone agreed to this rule when Parker was here. I was there too. Why should I stay out of this?"

"But the rule didn't say anything about sticking your nose into this. Don't you know that, Rebecca?" Jared finally spoke. His gaze was cold and also impatient. Rebecca was stunned before tears started to stream down her face.

I was starting to get impatient. "I don't know how you guys agreed to the rule, but I accept your apology. Thanks for the treat, and there's no need for the wine. You've apologized, and that's good enough." I paused for a moment. "Everyone settles their matter differently. You have your way, and I have mine. Do away with the wine."

Joe was flabbergasted, and he cast a confused look at Ashton.

Ashton, who had kept quiet all the while, finally stood up and looked at Joe. "We'll go with Scarlett's way. It's getting late, and she's exhausted. We'll be leaving now."

He was going to take me away when Rebecca stopped us and glared at us with tear-filled eyes. To be precise, she was looking at Ashton. "You can't just break the rule Parker made whenever you want. Do you think this woman is more important than our decades of friendship?"

An angry frown creased Ashton's forehead. "This woman is my wife."

Rebecca sneered. "So what? That doesn't give her a free pass to break every rule."

Hearing that, I felt the urge to laugh. "Ms. Larson, I've heard of how you used your own brother for your own gains. Frankly, if you were to write it all down, you could probably start an online novel filled with drama. I don't care what the reasons were behind this inhumane rule, but Ms. Larson, let's stop for a moment and think. You guys were just twenty-year-old kids back then. I can understand why this rule was made in a fit of impulse, but for Pete's sake, do you think it's still relevant now?"

I took a deep breath. "Everyone's in their thirties now, for god's sake. Doesn't matter how healthy they are, ten glasses of alcohol is going to hurt. Not to mention they've been pulling all-nighters lately for the company. Their bodies are at their limits. If you're going to force them into drinking all ten glasses, Joe might just end up dead like your brother. Is that how much you value your friendship?"

Rebecca paled, then her face turned red with anger. Her chest heaved, and she glowered. "That's sophism! You're leaving because you're too arrogant to accept his apology!"

There were times when I thought Rebecca might be a five-year-old. Every word she uttered and the way her thought worked was like a child's.

I looked at her for a moment before turning to Joe. "Honestly, you're a good guy, Joe. You know right from wrong. Ashton's my husband, and since he sees you as his brother, then by extension, you're my brother too. I won't argue with you just because of some childish insults. Naturally, I won't get between you and Ashton. I accept your apology, and you don't have to drink the wine. It's precisely because you're family that I don't want you to kill yourself over some stupid rule."

Then, I took Ashton's hand and left the room. The moment I got into the car, I flung his hand away and glared at him. "Did you bring me here just to annoy me?" I wouldn't have come if I had known Rebecca was present.

He pursed his lips in resignation. "I was with you the whole time. I couldn't have known about this."

Even so, I was still irked. "Go back on your own." With that, I went into the car and left without him. I looked at the rear-view mirror and saw him slapping his forehead lightly.

...

The moment I stopped my car at the villa, I saw Sally standing at the doorstep. She was wearing a jacket. When she looked behind me and didn't see Ashton, Sally looked at me. "Got some time? Let's talk."

I shrugged. "About what?"

"Us."



I laughed. "Haven't you had enough fun bringing Rebecca in?"

She frowned. "I just want to do something that can benefit both of us. If we can live in harmony, I won't do anything to your marriage and family."

"Ah, so in other words, if I refuse to work with you, you'd ruin my marriage and family, is that it?" I went past her and entered the living room. Molly and Mrs. Eriksen weren't there. She must have made sure they aren't in.

She flicked her hair and drawled, "Let's get back to the matter at hand. I don't really like Rebecca, to tell you the truth. Honestly, I'd like to be your friend, not your enemy."

I smiled. "Let's not get ahead of ourselves, Ms. Fuller. You're a visionary, so to speak. I don't think someone like me can be your friend." One of the most terrifying things in the world was to be friends with someone who only cared about profit.

She arched her eyebrow. "That's just how human nature works. You'll get it once you're my age."

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 317

So I would have to wait for a decade before I can understand where she was coming from? I smiled. "I can't do anything about the White family's matter if that's your goal. Louis might be my godfather, but I can't call any shots, since Mr. Bauman's the one who came up with the idea. You don't have to panic if the death of the White family has nothing to do with you. Just lay low for the time being, and you can go back to being the chairperson of White corporation."

She narrowed her eyes, and her face fell. "So that's a no then?"

I shrugged. "I have my own way of dealing with Cameron, but thanks for the offer, Ms. Fuller."

With that, I went to the bedroom. Sally followed after me. "Don't be in a hurry to refuse, Scarlett. I know you have your ways, and my info on Cameron won't be of use to you. But think about this, if Rebecca keeps getting in between you and Ashton, what will happen to your marriage?"

I stopped in my tracks and turned my head. "So, I take it that you're going to ruin my marriage using Rebecca?"

She pursed her lips, looking upset. "There's no need for us to be enemies. You're underestimating the help that I can give you."

I felt like laughing, but I held it in. "Ms. Fuller, the most I can do is stay out of your way, and I ask you to stay out of mine. I can't help you, and I know I can handle my own business well. Let's just keep this up."

My belly throbbed when I came into the bedroom. It was making me uncomfortable, so I went into the bathroom and found out that it was the special time of the month. Ever since the miscarriage, there would be lochia and black blood. It hadn't been normal for months, but that finally ended.

Finally, something good. I was sitting on the bedroom's sofa watching TV when Ashton came back. Feeling cold, I wrapped myself with a blanket.

His hair was wet, and he was holding a bunch of flowers. When he saw me on the sofa scrolling my phone, Ashton came over to adjust my blanket. "Why are you still up? Were you waiting for me?"

I sat up. The lethargy was catching up to me, and my waist was sore. "Yep," I said calmly.

He placed the flowers in the vase and caressed my face. Since I've been feeling toasty for a while, his hands felt cool to me.

"Why were you waiting for me?" He pulled me into his embrace and smiled. I could feel his stubble rubbing against me, and it was prickly.

I looked at the flowers he bought. The packaging and the state of the flowers alone were enough to tell me it screamed of money. He handed the flowers to me and smiled. "See if it smells nice."

"Is this for me?" I took it and had a whiff. Indeed, they smelled nice.

He hugged me, whispering, "Who else if not you?"

I lowered my gaze and said flatly, "Aunt Sally said Ms. Larson is going to stay over for a few more days."

He frowned, looking upset. "So?"

I loosened my grip on the flowers. "Put these in the living room."

He frowned, anger welling up in his eyes. "So this is how you're treating my gift?"

I pulled away from him and looked at him calmly. "What should I do then? Hug them while I sleep?"

He pursed his lips but said nothing more. Then, he tossed the flowers onto the TV cabinet before taking off his jacket and entering the bathroom.

Sounds of him taking a shower came from the bathroom a short while later. I looked at the flowers before going to bed, feeling despondent.

My belly was acting up, and every time I took a step, I felt myself bleeding. Since I wasn't in my best mood, I was easily infuriated.

Ashton was still dripping with water when he came out, and his hair wasn't fully dried. He frowned when he saw me lying on the bed. He then tossed his towel to me. "Dry me off."

I frowned, but I kept quiet and ignored him.

Seeing that I was not budging, his face darkened. "Talk to me, Scarlett. There's no need to throw a tantrum. I know I've handled things poorly, but you've vented enough. What else do you want? Please stop sulking, okay?"

I wasn't in my best condition, and I was getting sleepy. I nudged myself and tried to push myself up. I gave him a kiss and said, "Thank you. I really like the flowers you gave me. Good night." Then I went back to bed.

Ashton's gaze never left me. Once I was done speaking to him, he squinted. "Well, that was a half-\*ss effort. He then leaned over and kissed me, supporting his body with his elbow. It was a deep kiss, and I didn't fight back. Instead, I responded to his kiss, prolonging it for quite a while before he let me go.

He stared into my eyes. "Can we do it tonight?"

I fell into a trance for a moment, then the pain from my belly shot up into my head. "I'm exhausted, Ashton."

He got what I was saying and didn't force me. He nodded. "Sleep tight then."

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 318

Even so, when Ashton was lying beside me and hugging me, I could feel his kiss getting more passionate. Obviously, he had been holding it in for a while.

I tried to back off, but I was already on the edge of the bed. Moving more would make me fall, so I pushed him, but he held my hand. I frowned when I noticed his hand was coming up my shoulder. "Ashton..."

"Be good. Don't be scared."

I held his hand down. "Sorry, but I can't."

He smiled and kissed me more before trying to lure me into it. "It'll be fine. We can take it slow."

Realizing that he must have misunderstood me, I was speechless for a moment. Nonetheless, he noticed it a short while later. He looked at me, surprised. "When did this happen?"

"Tonight." It took all I had to say that.

He went out of the bedroom, leaving me alone in the bed, not knowing what to do. Before I realized it, he had come back with a bowl of ginger carrot soup and a bowl of chicken soup. That surprised me.

"Mrs. Eriksen made some chicken soup for you. Have it before you sleep," he cooed as he tried to feed me.

I didn't like sweet stuff, so two mouthfuls were all I could handle. He then said, "Finish the chicken."

I frowned. "I brushed my teeth, so no."

"I'll just take you to the bathroom later. Finish this and go to sleep." He pressed on, allowing no refusals. We had been living together for years, and I knew I would be on the losing side if I kept it up. In the end, I resolved myself to finish it.

My whole body felt heavy, for I hadn't recovered from the miscarriage, and it was my special day of the month. I had a good night's sleep the first night, but because of the lack of blood, I felt dizzy.

Ashton had a lot of business to settle, and the annual general meeting was coming up, so he told Mrs. Eriksen to take care of me. I tried to sleep, but I couldn't, so I scrolled through my phone. A moment later, it rang.

I took the call. "Hello, Mr. Tuffin."

Savini was a shrewd man. The moment I talked to him, he laughed. "Did you sleep well last night, Ms. Stovall? Do I have the honor to treat you to lunch?"

"Sure, Mr. Tuffin."

"Thank you for giving me the honor, Ms. Stovall."

After I hung up, Stacey called me before I could get out of bed. "So? Did Savini set up a meeting with you?" She cut to the chase as expected.

I nodded. "Yep, news does travels fast to you, huh?"

She smiled. "I just overheard something this morning. Hector's been detained, and they have evidence of his illegal earning of hundreds of millions. This is a serious crime. I reckoned he's going to stay behind bars for a long, long time.

"But Savini seems to have disappeared. He probably caught wind of the news. He's already gone when the police went to his house, so I thought he might have contacted you."

Her deduction piqued my curiosity. "How are you so sure he'd contact me?"

She found my question amusing. "After the incident with Felix, he should have guessed that you were behind it, but he hesitated for too long, and this is what happened. If he contacted you earlier, maybe Cameron would have been the wanted one here, not him."

That was true. Louis was in charge of the political side of things. Even if Savini were to be convicted, he would not have it worse than Hector. If he had come to me earlier, he might have had the chance to redeem himself.

"What about the Moores then?" I asked.

She answered, "Rumors have it that Emery, the youngest daughter of the Moores, have returned. Jonathan is blessed with her when he was sixty. He spoils her, and she's one little devil. She's hotheaded, stubborn, and hard to handle. She seems to dislike Cameron and Rebecca, so she kept tripping them up ever since she came back."

I smiled and got out of bed. "Sounds like Cameron's getting busy."

Stacey smiled. "Now that Hector's arrested, she'd probably get caught if she so much as to make a slight misstep. So, what's your plan in dealing with Hector's wife? Should be easy to get something from her."

"I haven't thought about that for now." I looked at the time. "But since Savini came to me, that makes things easier. Hector's wife should be no problem to handle."

"I see. I'll let you handle it then." I nodded. When I was about to hang up, she added, "Oh, right. I almost forgot to tell you this."

"What is it?"

"It's about Jared. There's nothing going on with the Fullers now, right?" she asked. "The matter with the hospital hasn't been settled yet, but something else broke out in J City and is making the rounds. It's about a land Fuller Corporation is developing. It's only two months since then, and they found the bodies of the residents' children buried there. Not just one too. At this rate, the whole corporation's going to be forced to a halt."

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Stacey's words caught me by surprise, and I was shocked for a few moments. "When did this happen?"

"Two or three days ago, but it's under wraps for now. Ashton probably had a hand in it, though I doubt he can settle it easily. After all, it's human's lives we're talking about here. Fuller Corporation is going to suffer."

"Alright, I got it." The news was quite shocking for me. How did this happen?

Ashton had been managing the corporation well. The hospital's incident was already unbelievable enough. It was almost ludicrous that deaths would be involved. If the incident made its way to mainstream news channels, that would undoubtedly ruin the corporation.

"There's something else. It's about another rumor I heard. Macy went to see Jared during your recovery period. Something could have happened between them, but I'm not sure. Then I heard she delivered prematurely.

Premature birth? I gasped. "Are you saying that Jared could be involved in the hospital's incident, the children's deaths, and even Macy's premature delivery?"

Stacey wasn't too sure about that either. She paused for a moment. "I'm not too sure about that, since I don't know the full story either. Finding Macy is the best way for you to go about this. Get some answers out of her. Maybe she knows more about Jared."

After Stacey hung up, I called Jackson, but nobody picked up.

For three months, I wondered why Macy never spoke to me directly on the phone. I had a feeling that they were avoiding me but I couldn't figure out why. Did something happen?

I didn't want to involve myself with Ashton and Jared's matter. Jared was unlikely to force Ashton into a corner even if they had a grudge. After all, they were already friends for years.

I was more worried about Macy. I could see no love between her and Jared. It was obvious she wanted to tell him about her pregnancy when she went to see him. I knew she was trying to help me, but Jared didn't seem to care about the child.

Otherwise, there was no way he would let her deliver prematurely and leave K City right after that. Since I couldn't get through to Jackson, I could only infer the events that had transpired.

Savini sent me the location, and I dressed myself up simply before going out.

Thanks to the traffic, I was slightly late when I came to the private room. Savini seemed to have been waiting for a while when I went in. He shot up hastily the moment he saw me. "Glad you could come, Ms. Stovall."

I nodded before walking over to the table and sitting down. He smiled and said cautiously, "I've made the orders. Are they to your liking, Ms. Stovall?"

I simply grunted and said nothing. I looked toward the window, and it reflected Savini, who was fidgeting. A long while later, he couldn't hold back any longer. "I'm sorry for disturbing your peace on this fine morning, Ms. Stovall."

I nodded at him, waiting for him to continue, though my silence wracked his nerves even more. He asked, "Have you heard about Hector's arrest, Ms. Stovall?"

I paused for a moment, pretending to be surprised. "Mr. Clinton is arrested? Why?"

He seemed to calm down after noticing my reaction. "Let's put that aside for now. Ms. Stovall, there's a reason why I invited you here today. Let's strike a deal."

I sipped from my glass and arched my eyebrow before nodding. "What's the deal about?"

He stopped talking for a moment since the waiter was serving the food. Once we were alone again, he said, "I'll tell you the details of Ms. Anderson's trades and how she manages to elude all the detectives. Not to mention I have the evidence that can seal the nail in the coffin."



I put my chin on my hand and looked at him calmly. "How should I trust you when you've sold out your employer?"

"I know you're the one behind the whole thing here, Ms. Stovall. You looked like you did nothing, and yet, you're the one who is controlling everything. You've started your plan the moment Felix was set up. Felix was just a catalyst, while Cameron's your real target. All you need now is the evidence for her crimes, and I have that evidence."

I looked at him languidly. "I know, but you haven't answered my question. How should I trust you?"

He pondered for a few moments before placing a document before me. He looked at me. "This document here contains the trades between Cameron and Hector which are done through me. The transactions are all here. This alone is enough to deal a heavy blow to her."

I looked at the document, but I wasn't in a hurry to take it. Instead, I peered at Savini. "What are your terms?"

"Freedom." He looked haggard. "The police are already here for me. I know I can't escape it, so all I ask for is my freedom."

I sighed, but I had to give a cold answer. "Honestly, I could get the same document you're giving me if I spend some time on it, and I don't have to bear the risk. Working with you is the riskiest choice here. You're a businessman, so you should know that better than me."

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Clearly, he never expected that I would reject him. With a scowl, he asked, "What if I tell you I can defeat Cameron entirely?"

I shrugged indifferently. "Well, Cameron had it coming. I didn't take action as I thought seeing her being tortured was far more interesting."

As I wasn't going to cave in, his scowl deepened. "Ms. Stovall, since you've made up your mind, why did you agree to meet me?"

I rested my chin on my hand and replied nonchalantly, "I want to know why you kidnapped me back then."

Surprised at the mention of the kidnapping incident, he paused before answering. "I thought you've asked me about it before? What else do you want to know?"

My eyes crinkled up in amusement. "Do you think I'll believe that? AC was part of the reason, but only a few people know about my pregnancy. Care to share where you found out about it? Also, remember the recording you shared with me? I'm curious as to who acted alongside Rebecca. Let's talk about it, Mr. Tuffin!"

It had happened six months ago, but ever since Stacey mentioned it to me, I felt a niggling feeling in my chest telling me something was amiss. Back then, when I struck a deal with Caleb, I didn't tell him the reason for my fake abortion. However, when Savini kidnapped me, he obviously knew why.

I already had a suspect, but I needed something more to confirm my suspicions.

Seeing my narrowed gaze, he let out a light chuckle. "Ms. Stovall, will you work with me after finding out the reason?"

I arched a brow. "I can consider that."

He took a sip of his tea calmly. After a pause, he uttered, "Ms. Stovall, do you know Dr. Crest well?"

"Jared Crest?" I returned, preparing myself for his answer.

He shrugged. "Well, I wasn't planning on kidnapping you at first as the risk was too high. Besides, AC's president could've talked to you about the bid instead of planning the kidnapping."

I nodded and beckoned for him to go on.

"Jared Crest came to us and offered to work with us. He actually wanted to partner up with Cameron. I've been working for Cameron for years, but he offered ten years of the Crest family's audit in return. That means I'll be in charge of part of Fuller Corporation's audit and work with the Crest family for ten years. Hence, I agreed to his plan."

It was within my expectation, so I continued calmly, "Why did Jared do that?"

Savini thought about it and shook his head. "I don't know. He only told me to not harm you. After the bidding, he carried out the rest of the plan. I wasn't really involved."

I pursed my lips after hearing his explanation. Why did Jared arrange for me to overhear that scene between Rebecca and Ashton? What was his purpose? To force me to leave Ashton?

But what will he gain?

As everything was clear now, I gazed at him coolly. "Mr. Tuffin, thank you for your explanation. But I need to consider working together with you. After all, I'm someone who holds grudges."

The man furrowed his brows in displeasure and gazed at me sharply. "Ms. Stovall, what do you mean?"

I looked out of our private room and leaned back into the sofa. "You kidnapped me previously. Do you think I'll forget it and pretend as if nothing had happened?"

Throwing daggers at me, he demanded, "But you weren't injured!"

"Yes, I wasn't physically hurt. But you forgot about my mental health." After hearing that disgusting recording that Rebecca faked, I lost interest in having sex with Ashton. It was a great loss.

Savini parted his lips to say something when the door was pushed open. A team of police officers rushed in and arrested him. "Savini Tuffin, you're being arrested for illegal trade and kidnapping. Please come with us."

Realizing what was going on, Savini glared at me and heaved. "Scarlett, you set up a trap!"

My lips thinned. "This isn't part of my plan."

He continued glowering at me. "Scarlett, you'd better make sure I get the death sentence just like Felix. Otherwise, I'll take revenge after they release me."

After the police brought him away, I remained in my seat and glanced at the untouched food.

Slowly, I began eating the food elegantly. After all, it wasn't good to waste them.

"You're too calm. Didn't you hear what he said earlier?" John came in and looked at me in exasperation. "After he serves his sentence, he'll take revenge."

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I took a few bites of the delicious food. "Won't you have some?" I offered.

He harrumphed and took a seat across from me. After getting a new set of utensils from the server, he started eating. "Are you seriously not afraid of him?"

I placed my spoon down and sipped on my tea. "Will you give him a chance to hurt me?" I returned.

Stunned, he broke into laughter. "Scarlett, why would you think I'll protect you?"

"You're the one who called the police. Why would he take revenge on me?" Hmm, it's upsetting not being able to finish the food.

He was rendered speechless. "You were involved, too!"

"Am I the mastermind?"

John shook his head.

Shrugging nonchalantly, I replied, "Well, that has nothing to do with me then."

I stopped eating after a while. "It's getting late. I should go home now. Let me know when the results are out."

"Tsk," came his exasperated reply. "Why? Are you asking me to clean up the mess after you?"

I met his gaze. "What else do you expect?"

He faked a smile. "I see. Turns out women indeed hold grudges and remain mad longer than men do. Scarlett, I can't believe you're this petty."

I didn't bother to refute his words. Rising to my feet, I prepared to leave.

John followed me out of the restaurant. "Won't you tell Ashton about Savini?"

I shook my head while fishing for the car keys in my bag. "No need. It's already settled. Find a way to dig Cameron's dirt from Savini as soon as possible."

My original plan was to drag Cameron down slowly, but that obviously wouldn't work anymore.

Both me and Macy had been implicated in Jared and Ashton's affairs. I didn't even know how Macy was coping with things, so I wanted to end this swiftly and investigate the relationship between Macy and Jared thoroughly.

John nodded and folded his arms. "That's easy. But you've set up an elaborate trap. Isn't it disappointing to discard it just like that?"

Disappointing?

"I have other things to do." It was useless to waste time on Cameron as she must be extremely anxious now.

Finally, I found my car keys and unlocked my car. "Well, let's meet up another day. Bye!"

John stood in my way. "When will you stop getting back at Cameron?"

“When she’s in a living hell?” All I wanted was for her to get a taste of her own medicine—the pain of losing her child.

Frowning, he told me, “One day, if you regret your decision, don’t blame me for going all out.”

I rolled my eyes. “If that happens, it means she’ll be full of regrets too. Don’t be such a fool. See you around!”

We went on our separate ways and I drove back to the villa.

I was on my period, so I fell asleep not long after I returned home.

Soon, a commotion woke me up. My belly was throbbing dully by now. My irritation crackled when the noise continued downstairs.

Five minutes later, the noise showed no signs of stopping. I rose to my feet in annoyance and went downstairs.

At the top of the stairway, I saw Rebecca. Her camel-colored coat was drenched with rainwater. She seemed like a damsel in distress, with her hair lying in damp curls and her makeup all gone. She looked haggard.

When she spotted me, she pushed Mrs. Eriksen aside and dashed up the stairs. Tugging at my sleeves, she demanded viciously, “Scarlett, it was you, right?”

I was still in a daze. It took me a moment to formulate a reply. “Ms. Larson, could you perhaps provide an explanation on your question?”

Her eyes were bloodshot as she gripped my sleeves. Clearly, she was forcing herself to calm down. “Scarlett, stop putting up an act. You were the one who framed my mother, right?”

Oh, that. I flashed a smile and replied, “Set up a trap?” My stomach was aching badly. “Ms. Larson, have you graduated from primary school? Do you need me to explain what ‘frame’ means? Don’t tell me you really think your mother has been framed?”

“Why won’t you stop targeting me? You’ve taken Ash away from me.” Her voice was desperate. “I was reunited with my parents and family, but you destroyed my family in a blink of an eye. Scarlett, why do you hate me so much? What did I do to you?”

She seemed to be on a verge on an emotional breakdown.

My reply was cold. “Ms. Larson, you should stop questioning me and reflect on your own actions.”

Well, well. It seems like Cameron is currently under investigation. John is fast!

She sneered. “You deserve it for taking Ash away from me. That baby came at the wrong time. He didn’t want to be born, so I merely gave him what he wanted—death.”



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I pursed my lips as a fresh swell of rage rose in me. Scanning her venomous being, I let out an abrupt laugh. "That means your mother shouldn't exist in this world too. Do you know what will happen to her next? Come, let me explain everything."

Seeing how furious she was, my voice grew increasingly cold. "Next, she'll be charged for bribery, theft, murder, and illegal trading. Then, her assets would be seized and auctioned off. Even if you and Zachary could get her out of jail, she'll be left with nothing."

I paused and let out a sinister chuckle. "She used to be a wealthy and powerful woman. Now, she'd returned to square one, broke and left with nothing. Do you think she can handle the pain? By the way, I heard that the youngest daughter of the Moore family, Emery Moore, is back. You must be in a tight spot now. If she loses everything, I wonder how you'll survive in the Moore family."

As the color drained out of Rebecca's face, I shrugged casually. "Well, I can't wait for that to happen."

"Scarlett, you b\*tch!" She raised her hand to give me a slap, but I gripped her wrist before she could do that.

Her gaze was ablaze with fury and killing intent.

I released her and chuckled lightly. "Don't stare at me. I know you hate me, but I can't help it. I'm sorry, Rebecca."

Utterly furious, her lips curled into a smirk. "Do you really think I care? Yes, I can't be with Ashton anymore. But he'll never forget about me. After knowing that my mother is in trouble, he has arranged everything nicely for me. Even without the Moore family's help, I can survive abroad with his arrangements." She sneered, "Scarlet, you'll live under my shadows forever. I might be suffering, but so are you!"

I was overwhelmed momentarily by her words. Ashton has thought of everything.

When I snapped back to reality, Rebecca was gazing at me smugly. “He might be your husband, but he’ll grow sick of you one day. Time will tell everything. By then, no matter what has become of me, he’ll still take care of me. Scarlett, you might think you’ve won, but the truth is, you’ve lost miserably.”

Shrugging casually, I pretended as if I wasn’t bothered. “Congratulations in advance, then. Regardless of how he’ll treat me in the future, it doesn’t matter to me now. No one knows what will happen in the future, right?”

Her breathing got heavier, as though she couldn’t understand why I was still calm. She raised her hand to try to hit me again, but thought the better of it.

“Tell me what you’re going to do next. Scarlett, since things have gotten ugly now, you don’t have to keep it a secret anymore.”

I smiled faintly. “Why would I do so? I’ve always been a bad b\*tch. When I take revenge, I like to torture my enemy. An instant kill is not fun at all. Torturing her is far more interesting. I’ll watch as everything slips out of her reach slowly while she has a mental breakdown. Just thinking about it sends a thrill of anticipation through me. It won’t be fun if I reveal everything to you now.”

“You must be crazy!” Rebecca’s face contorted with anger. “Scarlett, if you insist on making me suffer, I’ll make your life a living hell, too!”

She might be enraged, but this was my house. In the end, she spun on her heels and left in a huff.

Before she left, she hissed, “Scarlett, if I can’t have it, nobody else will!”

She was so overwhelmed with hatred. My drowsiness faded away as I stood at the door blankly.

“You’re good at pissing people off.” Sally’s voice sounded from behind.

I glanced at her coolly and said nothing.

Even though I ignored her, she continued, “Cameron is particularly vengeful. You should either defeat her entirely or make sure she ends up in jail forever. Otherwise, if she comes back later, you’ll be in trouble.”

I stared at her calmly. “Are you saying I should kill her once and for all?”

After all, only the dead wouldn’t be able to make a comeback.

She snickered, “You can try that.”

How ruthless of her.

Our conversation ended after that. I entered the kitchen and told Mrs. Eriksen to prepare some ginger carrot soup for me.

I was talking to her when Ashton’s call came in. His voice was crisp and clear as usual. “Are you at home? Do you have any cravings? I can buy them for you.”

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I racked my brains and mentioned a few dishes.

“I’ll be home in fifteen minutes!”

After hanging up, Mrs. Eriksen giggled. “What a loving couple. Letty, why don’t you plan for another child in spring? I can’t wait to see that.”

I was taken aback. Another child?

I’ve never thought of having another child after the miscarriage. I couldn’t even protect my first child, so I dared not dream of having another.

“Scarlett, you’re far more ruthless than I imagine!” Out of nowhere, Sally rushed in and smashed my bowl onto the ground. “Did I ever offend you? Why are you forcing me into a corner?” she pointed at me and demanded angrily.

Huh?

I frowned in confusion. “What did I do?”

“The incident from ten years ago is all over the news. Besides the three dead Whites, you and I are the only ones in the know. Tell me. Why would I ruin my own reputation? That leaves only you, Scarlett. There’s no one else!”

As fury overcame her, she picked up a shard of broken glass on the ground and came for my face.

I couldn’t well dodge her attack as I hadn’t expected it. The glass shard was about to slit my cheek when someone suddenly grabbed the glass shard in Sally’s hand.

Stunned, I looked up and saw Ashton. Blood had started to trickle down from his palm.

Immediately, I shoved Sally away and gazed at Ashton with concern. "Are you alright?"

I squeezed his hand and forced him to open his palm. The glass shard had pierced his skin, creating a deep slash. "Does it hurt?"

He combed my hair with his other hand. "No. What happened?"

Sally regained her composure on the ground. Instead of getting to her feet, she told Ashton, "You should ask her. She's cruel enough to scheme against her own relative!"

Ashton's lips thinned. With his brows knitted up, he returned, "Even if she's cruel, she'd never try to slash another woman's face with a sharp object."

A hint of anger crept into his voice.

Sally paled visibly. "I could ruin her looks, but she had ruined the rest of my life! Ashton, don't be fooled by her!"

Ashton's gaze landed on me. "What exactly happened?"

I shook my head. At the sight of the blood pooling in his palm, I told Mrs. Eriksen to get the first aid kit. "I don't know. Aunt Sally, what is going on?"

Sally sneered. "You don't know? Scarlett, you're good at putting up an act, huh?" She yelled, "Weren't you the one who told the reporter why I married Benjamin ten years ago? You even exposed Sharon's scandal and how I forced Sharon to her death by using the scandal to threaten her!"

I frowned at her words. Indeed, I knew everything. After Benjamin's passing, Sally revealed this piece of news to Sharon, causing her to go crazy and jump off a building in guilt.

However, I've never told anyone about it.

Ashton stared at me as his brows snapped together. "Was it you?"

Shaking my head, I denied. "No!"

Nodding, Ashton's voice turned icy. "She said it wasn't her," he told Sally coolly. "I trust her. You'd better have evidence before touching her. Otherwise, I'll make you pay for your actions."

Sally's eyes widened incredulously. "Ashton, you're a fool! The Whites are dead, and she's the only person alive who knows the truth. Why would I ruin my reputation right now?"

Ashton was unfazed. "Then you can punish her when you find the evidence."

With that, he tugged me out of the kitchen and headed for our bedroom.

I took the first aid kit from Mrs. Eriksen and trailed after him obediently.

In our bedroom, I cleaned his wound carefully. Some of the blood had dried up over his wound.

"Does it hurt?" It was a deep cut, so I couldn't help but wince as I dabbed the cotton on it.

Shaking his head, he chuckled lightly. "Are you feeling sorry for me?"

I pursed my lips and sighed. "Don't act on impulse next time."

“What a fool,” he uttered and caressed my cheek. “You’re precious to me. Next time, remember to avoid her attacks swiftly, hmm?”

Nodding, I resumed bandaging his wound. “I think someone else is involved in Aunt Sally’s scandal,” I told him and exhaled sharply.

His gaze darkened. “Stay out of this. The White family’s matter has nothing to do with us. I’ll deal with Aunt Sally.”

My mouth set in a hard line. Marcus’ death had left a void in my heart. I couldn’t well forget him. Right now, I couldn’t bring myself to pity Sally as she had brought this upon herself.

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Nevertheless, I was curious as to who exposed the entire debacle to the public.

The Baumans knew nothing of this. Besides Sally and me, who else could it be?

I couldn't understand any of it, so I simply stopped thinking. Looking up at Ashton, I asked, "Is everything alright at Fuller Corporation?"

He seems pretty exhausted lately.

With a faint smile, Ashton shook his head. "We're expanding, so there are bound to be some difficulties. Don't worry. I can solve the problems easily."

Clearly, he didn't want me to worry. I changed the topic deftly. "I might go to M Country to visit Macy and Jackson. It might take a while."

His brows furrowed up. "It's almost the end of the year. Why can't you leave after the celebrations?"

I let out another sigh. "I'm just worried for them. You told me Dr. Crest is in M Country, so I told him to keep an eye on both Macy and Jackson. But he didn't send me anything."

After I finished bandaging his wound, Ashton tugged me down to sit beside him. "Let's talk about this calmly, shall we?"

As he was rarely this patient with me, I gave him a nod. "Sure, go on."

"The temperature in M Country is at least ten degrees lower than K City. You've just recovered, so I don't think it's a good idea to head there now. Do you understand?"

I inclined my head.



He pulled me into his arms and added, “Besides, Louis is going to hold a grand party to celebrate you being his goddaughter. Also, your plan to take Cameron down is about to succeed. Won’t you stay and see her ending for yourself?”

It took me a few seconds to realize what he was saying. Looking up in surprise, I blurted out, “Y-You know about it?”

Chuckling lightly, he brushed his finger across my nose. “Do you seriously think Stacey could get access to all the information easily in K City?”

Lips parted in surprise, I stared at him wordlessly as warmth enveloped my heart. He knew what I wanted and never stopped me from doing anything. Instead, he gave me his full support by helping me secretly.

A wave of warmth washed over me as I snuggled into his embrace. “Thank you, Ashton.” My voice was hoarse.

He pressed a kiss on my forehead before inquiring, “Why did Rebecca come here today?”

“For her mother,” I replied curtly. My belly wasn’t aching anymore, but I couldn’t summon any energy.

Ashton spoke. “I’ll ask Joe to escort her to M Country. She’ll live there peacefully.”

“Mm,” came my cool reply.

Sensing my displeasure, he lifted my chin and forced me to meet his gaze. “Are you upset?”

“No.” I shook my head and exhaled. “Ashton, I know you’re forever responsible for her the moment you made your promise to Parker. We can’t predict the future, so let’s just savor the present.”

George was a retired soldier. He had brought Ashton up to be a responsible man. Hence, even though Ashton never loved Rebecca, he'd still take good care of her.

I must say Parker had picked the perfect person to take care of his sister.

Sally was determined that it was me who told the reporters about her past, so she deliberately made things difficult for me.

Ashton was on a business trip, and I was fed up with Sally's mocking comments. Hence, I went to White Corporation to view the progress of the OrbitTech project.

Before I could leave, I bumped into Cameron outside. K City was freezing in winter, so she was clad in a fashionable but warm outfit—black thigh-high boots and white knee-length puffer jacket.

Upon spotting me, she alighted from her vehicle and removed her sunglasses. "Ms. Stovall, you're pretty busy. Are you heading out in the cold?"

I knew why she was here and went straight to the topic. "Ms. Anderson, why are you here?"

She flashed an elegant smile. "It's freezing out here. Do you mind chatting in my car?"

After pulling the door of her car open, she added, "Don't worry. The car is well-heated."

I entered the passenger seat. "What is this about?" I asked.

"Did you provide that information to Louis?" she inquired without any hint of warmth.

Tilting my head, I pondered about it before responding, “Which information?”

She curled her lips into a smirk and fiddled with her sunglasses. “To be honest, you are exactly like me when I was young—vindictive and cold. I’ve worked hard over the years just to marry Zachary. Now, I’ve finally achieved my dream. You’re smart enough to attack my weak spots—Rebecca and Zachary.”

She added, “You dug up dirt about me so the Moore family would kick me out. But have you ever thought about how I’ll retaliate? After all, I didn’t suffer from a fatal blow. When I launch an attack, what will happen to you?”

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I noticed how calm she was. Slightly stunned, I returned, "So what do you want to discuss, Ms. Anderson?"

"Stop right here. I admit I was too reckless to kill your unborn child, but Rebecca had lost her child too. Karma got back to us. I've been busy dealing with the mess you've gotten me into. The Moore family is also making things difficult for me. That is my punishment. We'll stop here and stay away from each other from now on. How does that sound?" she suggested calmly.

Her eyes narrowed as she waited for my reply.

I stared at her and pondered. What's her weak spot? Rebecca and Zachary?

After a pause, I spoke slowly, "What if I refuse to stop? What do you plan to do, Ms. Anderson?"

She raised a brow and shot me a menacing look. "With my wealth and the Moore family's influence, we can easily make you and Fuller Corporation disappear in K City."

I nodded with a smirk. "Mm, you're capable of doing that."

She offered me a cordial grin and said, "So? If you stop now, we won't have to be enemies."

I nearly snickered out loud. Holding back my laughter, I stared at her. "Ms. Anderson, you're experienced and magnanimous, seeing how you can forget things easily."

After a pause, I continued, "But I can't do that. I'm not as experienced as you. There's no way I can laugh things off. The same nightmare plagued me over and over again about a baby crying in anguish and blood all over the ground." I let out a bitter laugh. "Ms. Anderson, you have never heard a baby howling in despair, right? I have. I could even hear his pleas, asking me to save him."

My laughter was mirthless. “Ms. Anderson, I couldn’t do anything as my child bled to his death. If you were in my shoes, can you move on? I don’t think so. This will be etched in my memory forever.”

Her face turned ashen as her lips pressed together tightly. After a long silence, she answered, “Well, since you’re not willing to settle our difference, let’s see who will end up being the winner.”

I tamped down my emotions and flashed a smile. “I look forward to that day.”

After I got off her car, I watched calmly as she drove away. Memories spilled forth, engulfing me as they spiraled rapidly out of control.

Indeed. I should attack her weak spot. There’s no need to spare her anyway.

I whipped out my phone and called John. He picked up swiftly.

“What’s wrong?” He sounded weary.

I paused briefly. “Are you sleeping?” I asked.

He grunted in acknowledgement. “Last night, I had to deal with something in A City and returned quite late.”

Nodding, I requested, “Please arrange for me to meet Savini Tuffin.”

He seemed stunned by my request. "Why? I thought he's useless now?"

"Well," I responded. "I need to talk to him about something. Can you help?"

"Sure. When do you want to see him?"

"Today, if possible."

"Okay. Wait for my call."

After cutting the line, I returned to the villa. Sally was having her breakfast in the kitchen.

At the sight of me, she stared daggers at me viciously.

I ignored her reaction and took the seat opposite her. "I need your help. Give me all the videos showing Cameron's dirty deeds. I can ask Mr. Bauman's help to cover up the White family's scandal."

Her hand paused midair at my sudden offer. She narrowed her gaze and demanded, "What do you mean?"

"Let's partner up," I offered. Mrs. Eriksen brought me breakfast, but I didn't have any appetite. Nevertheless, I thanked her politely.

Sally was still in a daze. She put down her glass of milk and replied, "Sure. I have another condition, though. You need to persuade the Baumans to stay out of the White Corporation's operation."

"No problem!" I agreed without hesitation and promptly took out my phone to give Louis a call.

The call went through after a few rings. "Letty, have you had breakfast yet?"

"I have. Good morning, Uncle Louis. Are you free to meet up with me and John? You've been busy after returning from J City. Can we have dinner together?"

Louis roared in delight. "Do you need my help on something, huh? We can meet up for dinner tonight. There's an Irushean restaurant in the southern suburbs. Let's meet there tonight."

Sally's eyes narrowed dangerously.

I took one look at her and continued, "Uncle Louis, should we ask Mr. and Mrs. Bauman to join us? If it weren't for them, we wouldn't have crossed paths. We should treat them to dinner to show our gratitude!"

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The old man chuckled. "You're full of tricks, huh? Okay, I'll call him later. See you tonight."

We exchanged pleasantries before cutting the call.

A smirk flitted across Sally's lips. "I'm curious. Why did you suddenly decide to help me?"

I stared at the glass of milk on the table and felt my stomach churning. Instead of answering her question, I inquired, "I've set up an appointment with them. What about you?"

She gave a nonchalant shrug before standing up to go to her bedroom.

When she returned, there was a folder in her hand. "Here you go. They are of no use to me anyway. You can have them all."

I emptied the folder and went through the contents, which proved Cameron had hooked up with influential men all around the world, most of them from overseas and J City.

It seemed like she didn't hook up with any man in K City. The woman was smart enough to preserve her reputation here. Otherwise, even if Zachary agreed to marry her, the Moore family would despise her.

"Aren't you afraid I'll go back on my word?" I asked and pocketed the folder.

She raised her brows. "My father chose you to be his granddaughter-in-law. I won't question his choice."

Her reply took me by surprise. "Actually, you can easily take over Fuller Corporation after returning to J City. You're capable enough of running the company."

Stirring her soup, she let out a faint chuckle. "I've worked in White Corporation for ten years. From the minute I stepped into the company, I've never thought of leaving."

She reminded me of Ashton a lot. I blurted out, "It's your sense of responsibility."



My exclamation startled her. "What?"

"Sense of responsibility. Grandpa's a soldier, so he instilled a sense of responsibility in you from a young age. You remained in White Corporation not because you'd gain profits, but because you've decided to bore the responsibility the day Benjamin struck a deal with you."

Sally merely arched her brows. "No wonder Father picked you. You're quite smart."

Rising to her feet, she added, "We've come to an agreement. I hope to receive good news soon."

That very afternoon, Savini was sentenced to ten years in prison for demanding and receiving bribes.

Through the bulletproof glass window, I noticed how haggard he was. It was as if he had aged overnight.

When he saw me, a sneer appeared on his face. "Why are you here? To mock me?"

I didn't refute his words. Instead, I told him, "Your assets and illegal income have been seized. I heard that your daughter is about to take the high school admission test. She's enrolled at a private school, so the tuition fees and living expenses must cost a bomb. Now that your accounts are frozen, your wife can't hold on for long. I believe your daughter is about to drop out of school soon."

His eyes widened in shock. "What do you want?" he demanded.

I wasn't in a hurry to reveal my request. "Your wife seems to have found her next target. She's used to leading a lavish lifestyle. I guess the sudden downfall must be too much for her to bear." With a grin, I

added, "I heard your wife is pretty good-looking. It will be easy for her to find another man and continue squandering money away."

His fury was evident even through the clear glass. "What do you want?"

"I want every single bit of evidence regarding Cameron's illegal deals all over the years and a detailed report of her background."

He sneered. "You can find her life story online. Why would you get that from me? I know nothing about her!"

As he seemed reluctant to reveal anything, I tamped down my irritation and offered, "If you give me what I want, I'll take care of your daughter for the next ten years. The Fullers and the Stovalls will protect her. As long as she's hardworking enough, she'll have a bright future. Think about it."

Savini glanced at me hesitantly. "Are you sure?"

"You can choose not to believe me. But this concerns your daughter's future. The choice lies in your hand."

Pursing his lips, he ran his hand through his hair in frustration, seemingly torn.

After some time, he finally spoke. "Sure. But I need confirmation."

I nodded. "No problem."

He fell silent for a while before saying, "Go to Centurion Garden in J City. You can find my wife there. Tell her about my current condition and ask her to come with the stuff I left with her."

I nodded again. "Anything else?"

He shook his head and said no more.

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After coming out of the prison, I looked up at the gloomy skies. It had been over a month since the sun last came out.

The weather had been cloudy all the while with occasional rain and snow. It was horrible.

However, after the new year, spring would arrive soon.

I glanced at my watch and realized it was time to meet Louis at the Irushean restaurant in the southern suburbs.

When I arrived, John was there. He was parking his car when he spotted me. Raising a brow, he remarked, "You're early."

I shrugged. "The same goes to you."

His lips curved up into a smile. "Uncle Louis told me to come earlier to order the dishes so Mr. Bauman could enjoy dinner with us."

Oh, I see.

We went upstairs and ordered the dishes before entering our private room.

The vintage-themed room was decorated elegantly. There was a wooden screen at the entrance.

As I was staring at the screen, John told me, "This Irushean restaurant is famous for its vintage decoration."

I nodded in acknowledgment and took a seat. As I seemed disinterested, John asked, "What's with Savini?"

Ah, right. I've nearly forgotten about that man. "Send someone reliable to Centurion Garden in J City to meet up with Savini's wife. Tell her to come to K City to visit Savini with the stuff he left with her previously," I told him.

John lifted his eyebrows in silent assent. "I thought he's useless to you now? Why did you visit him in prison?"

I rest my chin in my hand, feeling slightly exhausted. "I want to ruin Cameron's reputation."

He scrunched up his brows and squinted. "Did Cameron come to you?"

My silence gave him the answer he wanted.

Sighing, he suddenly queried, "Letty, have you ever thought of finding your biological parents?"

His sudden question caught me off guard I thought about it and shook my head. "No. It has been years. They abandoned me in the first place, so that means I wasn't important to them. Besides, Grandma brought me up. I only need to remember her."

John pressed his lips together and tried to sound me out. "If you run into your biological parents one day, will you reunite with them?"

"No!" It was pointless to reunite with them. After all, all they wanted was to make up for their guilt for abandoning me back then. If they loved me, they wouldn't have abandoned me in the first place.

He fell silent after that.

I couldn't stop thinking about what Rebecca said that day. She wasn't a threat to me, but since we had a fallout, it would be a good idea to put my guard up.

As I was staring into space blankly, he asked, "What are you thinking about?"

"John, do you know what my weakness is?"

If Rebecca wants to take action, she will target the ones around me. I can't think of anything else.

His eyes grew wide as he replied, "Me, of course."

I rolled my eyes in exasperation. "Don't talk nonsense!"

"Normally, a person's weakness would be someone or something he cares the most for," said John with a shrug of resignation. "Think about what concerns you the most. It might be also the person's reputation, position, or dream."

Someone I care for?

I knew Rebecca wouldn't be able to hurt Macy and Ashton, so she could only destroy my reputation.

She was capable enough of doing that.

When I was deep in thought, Louis and the Baumans showed up. As it was a casual dinner, we chatted amiably.

Both Anthony and Sophia seemed to have aged a lot after their daughter and grandson's demise.

After exchanging pleasantries, we sat down and the server started serving dinner. Sophia took one look at me and said, "Scarlett, you've lost weight. You should eat more."

I accepted her kind reminder gratefully. "Thank you. I will!"

Louis chuckled. "The new year is about to arrive. I'm wrapping things up at work, so the party can be held next week to celebrate Letty joining my family. You must come to the party next Monday."

"Sure, we will!" Sophia agreed happily. "When she came to our house with Marc back then, I really liked you. I'm glad you became her godfather. Marc, well..."

Her voice started to waver at that point. Knowing that the mention of her grandson had upset her, Anthony patted her hand. "Alright. We need to move forward."

The air was thick with sorrow. I rose to my feet and got on my knees in front of the Baumans and bowed respectfully.

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“What are you doing? Stand up! Don’t do this!”

Sophia tried to tug me up, but I remained kneeling and sobbed. “I’m sorry, Mrs. Bauman. I was there that day. It was my fault. If it weren’t for me, Marcus wouldn’t have died.”

Anthony stiffened before they both helped me up. “This isn’t your fault. We watched the surveillance footage. He was really emotional back then. He got off the car because of you. Well, it was fate. We can’t blame anyone else.”

I parted my lips and made a solemn promise. “Mr. and Mrs. Bauman, if you don’t mind, I can take care of you on behalf of Marcus.”

“What a thoughtful child. No wonder Marc fell for you,” said Sophia. She sighed and lamented, “I wish Marc is still here. What a pity.”

After a pause, Anthony gazed at me. “Letty, be honest with me. What happened that day? Why did Marc act that way? He wasn’t usually that reckless. Did he have a reason for doing so?”

John and Louis, who had remained silent the whole time, promptly looked at me.

I explained, “Marcus died in despair after Benjamin and Sharon died. It was my fault. I didn’t know he’ll follow his parents’ path.”

Anthony narrowed his gaze. “What do Sharon and Marc’s deaths have to do with Sally?”

I hesitated and revealed the incident which happened ten years ago to them. I also informed them how Benjamin deliberately left most of White Corporation’s shares to Sally. As Sally had sacrificed her life for Sharon’s sake, Benjamin thanked her by giving her the shares.



Both of them had never paid attention to the news and didn't know about the scandal. After hearing my explanation, tears rolled down Sophia's cheeks. "What a misfortune in our family!"

Everyone was sighing, but Anthony remained calm. Finally, he exhaled sharply and concluded, "Forget it. It's nothing but a tragedy."

I had said and done everything I could, so it was all up to the elders now.

It was 9 p.m. when dinner ended. John told the driver to send Louis, Anthony, and Sophia home before turning to me. "Give me a ride home, will you?"

I pursed my lips. "You didn't drive here?"

Shrugging his shoulders, he replied, "I came here in Uncle Louis' car."

Fine!

In the car, John kept stealing glances at me.

He finally blurted out, "You seemed to be on Sally's side earlier. Am I right?"

I held the steering wheel and answered calmly, "Yep!"

Narrowing his gaze, he said, "Please explain. Don't tell me you became a saint because of Ashton? Marcus meant a lot to you. You knew why he died. Don't you feel guilty?"

The car rolled to a stop at the traffic light. I glanced at him and arched a brow. "Let's deal with Cameron first. Someone will punish Sally for all her deed, right?"

"What do you mean?" he asked in surprise.

"It must be someone avenging Marcus. A few days ago, someone posted an article about the death of the Whites. It was all over the news. The article was basically cursing Sally for being a shameless homewrecker."

He paused. "You didn't write that article?"

"I'm not that good at writing." Clearly, someone had hired a reporter to write that slandering article.

"If it wasn't the Baumans or you, who else would it be?" John frowned and massaged his temples.

He couldn't figure out who it was. "Who do you think it was?" he asked me.

Shaking my head, I replied, "I have no idea. But since that person knows everything, he or she must be someone close to the White family. Let's wait and see. That person won't give up as Sally wasn't really affected by this incident. I believe that person will continue to trouble her."

He smiled faintly. "So you struck up a deal with her and agreed to ask the Baumans to help her?"

I thrust the folder Sally gave me earlier in his direction. "Take this with you. Release the juicy bits to the media slowly. Let's torture Cameron inch by inch. Anyway, each video inside could tear her reputation to shreds."

"Sure. Her reputation is extremely important to her now. If her name is sullied, she could no longer be Mrs. Moore. The Moore family values its reputation. If this goes on, they will kick her out for sure."

He smirked and gave me a thumbs up. "Her career and reputation are almost destroyed. Are you going to target her loved ones next?"

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I raised my eyebrows. “Bingo!”

Seeing my reaction, he hesitated before saying, “Letty, you really don’t care for your biological parents?”

I glanced at him again and frowned. “You’ve mentioned this at least a few times. Wasn’t I clear enough? They’ve abandoned me, so that means they no longer wanted me. If I keep thinking about this, I can’t move on. Why not let go and move on?”

He nodded, seemingly preoccupied.

My car came to a stop at John’s villa. I turned my head and realized he was deep in thought.

It took him a while to snap back to reality. “Letty, do you still hate me?” he asked in a serious manner.

I was taken aback. “Huh?”

“About Macy, and how I tortured you.” His voice grew softer. This is unlike him.

My mouth snapped shut as my expression darkened. “John, that’s in the past. Let’s not talk about it anymore.”

“So? Do you still hate me?”

As he insisted on getting an answer like a stubborn child, I was astonished. “It’s over. Besides, it was just a harmless threat. But for Macy, the painful memory would remain with her forever.”

Humans were complicated beings. I used to fear John, but now I relied on him as though he was my family. To a certain extent, I was very much like Sally, placing profits before feelings.

After a long silence, he rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "One day, if you found out I did something to harm you, will you forgive me?"

My eyes widened at his sudden question. "What did you do? Why would you need me to forgive you?"

He pressed on, "Will you?"

As he refused to answer my question, I pouted and responded, "Well, it depends on how outrageously wrong you are. John, you know me better than I do. I won't forgive you if you go past my bottom line. So, don't do anything to harm me. Let's be siblings forever, alright?"

He reached his hand out and pulled me into his arms. "Mm, we'll be siblings forever. Your parents aren't with you, but you have me and Uncle Louis. We'll be your family forever."

I nodded. Strangely, my sixth sense told me he was hiding something from me.

Yet, I knew he wouldn't say anything even if I urged him to.

Sighing, I pulled away. "It's late. Time to go home!"

After dropping John off, I returned to the villa.

It was already 10 p.m., so I was utterly shocked to see Rebecca waiting there.

Does she think this is her house? She comes and goes as she likes!

The moment she spotted me, she stood in my way as her lips drew back in a snarl. "Well, well. Look who's back home late at night. Scarlett, you can't stop being a player, huh? Now that Ash isn't home, you're acting like a horse that had just broken free from its reins."

Rebecca was the most incompetent love rival I've ever seen. If it weren't for Parker, she wouldn't even get to be here right now.

I glanced at her briefly and suggested, "Ms. Larson, why don't you rent a room here? If you agree to pay rent, I can consider renting out a spare room so you don't have to waste time traveling."

"Hey!" She pointed at me angrily.

I cut her off sternly. "It's late. Please leave now, Ms. Larson!"

With that, I spun around and strode toward the kitchen.

Rebecca refused to leave and grabbed my arm. "Scarlett, I swear I'll drag you down with me! You wanted to avenge your dead child, right?" She sneered. "Let me tell you the truth. Even if my mother did nothing to hurt you, your child will die soon from his abnormality."

Slap! I gave Rebecca a tight slap without hesitation. "Rebecca, don't cross the line. My child is already dead. Why would you curse him? You're such a wicked woman."

As I used up all my energy to slap her, Rebecca's head whipped aside. It took her a while to regain her composure. With that, she flew into a fit of anger. "Scarlett, how dare you slap me?"

I tamped down my irritation and ignored her. During dinner, I drank some cold juice, so my stomach was protesting slightly.

Every month, my period would torture me greatly. It was not easy to be a woman.

Mrs. Eriksen was still up and about. She came out of her room to welcome me home. At the sight of Rebecca, she frowned in displeasure. "Ms. Larson, you're still here?"

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Rebecca ignored her. However, she came towards me with a thundering expression. "You hit me because I hurt your feelings? Then, let me ask this. Do you really think that Ash cared about you during your pregnancy? All because he gave you those prenatal vitamins? Well, those vitamins can cause birth defects. You must be extremely stupid. Your baby obviously looked deformed in the ultrasound scan. Yet, you still continued to take those vitamins."

My eyebrows crumpled together. Narrowing my eyes at her, I asked, "What do you mean?"

"What do I mean?" Rebecca scoffed. "I'm saying that the child in your stomach deserved to die. It was not wanted by anyone. If you don't believe me, go check the leftover vitamins you have. Just because Ash is biased to you now, doesn't mean he cares about you. He's only being nice to you because he feels remorseful! It's because he's plagued by a guilty conscience."

As my face paled to a ghostly white, a brazen smile slit across her face. She sniggered, "You deserved it. Your child too. It deserved to die, he didn't deserve to be born into this world."

This awoke the negative emotions in me that I had previously suppressed. Those awful emotions clamored inside me, their screeches clawed at my throat.

I raised my hand. She responded immediately by blocking my arm. A sneer came from her, "Oh? Trying to hit me again? Do you take me for a fool, thinking that I'd let you hit me twice?"

A bitter laugh escaped my lips. I looked at her grimly as I spoke in a lowered voice, "No. That's not enough to punish someone like you. A slap from me would be considered letting you off easy."

I paced towards her one step at a time. My gaze locked onto a fruit knife nearby before flicking back to Rebecca, who was still sneering. "I thought I could live with a troublesome person like you and just put up with your nonsense. Unfortunately, it's clear to me now. You are not only a troublemaker but also plain loathsome! Since that's the case, why don't you just die!"

As the words left my mouth, I immediately lunged for the fruit knife and stabbed her with it. My actions were quick, without a trace of hesitation.



“Scarlett!” The shouting voice didn’t belong to Rebecca, nor was it from Mrs. Eriksen, whose knees had given in from fear—it was Ashton’s.

Right then and there, I fell into a momentary daze. By the time I came to, I had already pushed the knife too far, sinking it deep into Rebecca’s abdomen.

Then, a warm vermillion liquid oozed into my hands. It dripped onto the ground, tipping and tapping away. Everything stained a hideous red—my hands, her stomach and the floor. It was all stained in Rebecca’s blood.

Rebecca’s eyes enlarged incredulously, her jaw dropped and her lips trembled, unable to utter a single word.

Almost instantly, Ashton rushed in. He shoved me aside and hurried to support Rebecca, who was about to fall to the floor.

Do you see? Another coincidence. It’s as if everything had been pre-planned and scripted. My sudden desire to kill her, Ashton’s precisely timed heroic rescue, and how he came in right when I stabbed Rebecca. It all made me the villain in this story.

A pool of red slithered down Rebecca’s thighs, and the knife was still in her stomach.

Ashton’s arms coiled securely around her before carrying her up. He stared down a frazzled Mrs. Eriksen and ordered in a deep voice, “Call the hospital immediately!”

I felt myself dissociating as I watched them move like panicked ants. And, truly, none of it frightened me. In fact, my thoughts were surer than ever—Rebecca must die. Only when she was dead will my life be cleansed of all the pain and suffering.

Ashton held Rebecca tightly in his arms. Those cold, piercing eyes of his struck straight into me again. His lips pursed tightly as all emotion drained from his face.

Our frightfully cold gazes met. His eyes stabbed me as if they were sharpened icicles, while mine howled like an ice storm at him.

Something tickled at the back of my throat. I felt like laughing loudly, but nothing came, not even a chuckle. My grinning lips parted slightly as I felt no fear. Instead, I felt joy filling up my chest like the air I inhaled.

He watched me. His handsome face had frozen over with hints of anger, blame, and indifference. There was not a trail of warmth left.

Seeing his stone-cold gaze, it felt like a pair of arms had plunged into my chest. They moved slowly yet haphazardly, sinking inwards. The pain made it unbearable for me to breathe.

Something sharp stung my chest as I took in a breath. Watching him carry Rebecca out of the villa, my legs gave way and gravity pulled me down.

“Letty!” Mrs. Eriksen exclaimed, extending a supportive arm around me. Distress flashed onto her face. “Don’t worry, we’ll get through this. Everything will turn out fine.”

My head shook in response. I wasn’t worried at all about Rebecca, it was Ashton who unnerved me. Rebecca was right. I will never get the truthful, genuine kind of concern that Ashton had for Rebecca because he only had space for her.

He would never move on from her, never.

I pressed hard against my chest, hoping to suppress the pain. Turning to face the woman next to me, I croaked, “Mrs. Eriksen, it hurts so much!”

She held me firmly, lifting me up and guiding me over to the sofa.

Ambulance sirens blared outside the villa. The harsh sound shot at high speed and it ricocheted around the walls, breaking the villa's initial peace and quiet.

Once the sirens grew distant, Sally entered the room in her nightgown. Her eyes roamed from my sullen face, down to my bloodied hands.

With a sharp inhale, Sally's voice shrilled with blame. "Even if you hate her that much, it doesn't mean you can blatantly assault her like that. An eye for an eye, Scarlett. The Moore family won't let you off the hook so easily."

My lips tightened. I felt my emotions slowly stabilizing as I sat in silence.

Ashton loves Rebecca. All those years of companionship and care for her, there was no way he could ever pick up and move on from that easily. He hid it so well just like how he hid the remorse for harming my child and turned it into an obligated, false love for me. He transferred the kindness he has for Rebecca onto me...

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God, I was so blind. I perceived his duplicated kindness as a genuine love for me. I never once thought of this. If anything bad happened to Rebecca, he would always choose her.

Seeing my silence, Sally knew that no amount of lecturing would get to me anymore. A soft sigh slipped from her lips. She headed to her bedroom for a change of clothes before leaving the house.

Thoughts engulfing me whole, I stilled for some time before getting up to leave. Mrs. Eriksen, who stayed with me, immediately got up to stall. "Letty, where are you going?"

"The hospital."

She hurriedly blocked the door. "No, don't! Mr. Ashton and the Moore family are most likely furious with you, so it's not wise to go there now. Come, let's stay here, okay? We'll deal with things once everyone calms down."

At her request, I sank back down onto the sofa and buried my face into my palms. The villa became abnormally quiet, save for the drums pounding in my head and heart.

Endless confusion weighed down the air around me.

After a while, footsteps drew closer in the villa. Mrs. Eriksen's voice sounded, "Dr. Crest. Why aren't you at the hospital?"

A huge shadow shaded over me. Irritation prickled under my skin as I looked up to see Jared's slender figure standing in front of me. A distant and indifferent frown etched on his face.

I glanced at the blood on my hands then warned, "Please hire a lawyer if you're here to accuse me of what happened. I'm in a very bad mood right now, so I can't guarantee whether I will have an emotional episode and start assaulting you."

Jared...

He looked at me with profound impotence. Some seconds slipped past before he finally challenged, "There are no knives here. How exactly do you plan to attack me?"

My lips pursed in sizzling annoyance. There was nothing more to say to him.

Then, he sat beside me as Mrs. Eriksen fetched him a glass of water. He sipped quietly with no intention of continuing our conversation.

I turned to him and frowned. "Aren't you here to lecture me?"

He raised a brow and questioned back, "Why should I lecture you? It's not like my daughter was stabbed by you."

I...

"So... you're here to get amused at my pathetic situation?"

An empty laugh sounded from him as he chuckled, "Do I look like I have nothing better to do?"

Neither? So he's just here to watch how things will play out...

Footsteps rushed closer from the yard. There was no doubt as to whose it was. Ashton is back.

With blood still tainted on his hands, his slender figure entered the villa. The gloom on his face emitted a dangerous warning, saying that he wasn't one to be messed with.

His lips parted and he instructed indifferently at me, "We're going to the hospital!"

"No!" I refused.

He lowered his voice at me as if he were trying to suppress his blazing emotions. "Get up," he instructed. Then, he pulled me up off the sofa without waiting for my answer.

He yanked at my wrist and dragged me out to the yard. After shoving me into the car, we raced for the hospital.

There, Rebecca had already been rushed into the ER. Perhaps it was Ashton's seething anger, his hold tightened as his fingers ripped into my wrist.

I felt the faintest tingle before numbness took over my wrist. I barked at him, "Let go of me! If she dies, I'll pay with my own life. You don't have to exterminate me in advance."

Hearing my words, he looked back at me and realized how roughly he gripped onto me. Then, his fingers finally slid off, freeing my wrist.

Purple and yellow blotches obnoxiously seeped across my bruised wrist.

His brows furrowed into an agonizing frown. For a moment, it seemed as if he hadn't intended to hurt me. He muttered, "S-sorry, I..."

I gnawed on my lower lip. "It's fine. It doesn't hurt."

His face scrunched up. The coldness in his eyes intensified and his lips clamped shut to steady the anger inside him. "How could you, Scarlett? No matter how much you hate her, she's already lost a child. She's already been punished. You've gone too far this time."

Empty laughter sounded from me as I asked him casually, "Really? I don't think I did enough. I didn't drive that knife deep enough to kill her, now she still has a chance to live."

My words rendered him speechless. He stilled for a second before responding, "It's a life for a life, Scarlett! Do you really think Zachary is someone you can mess with? He spent the last twenty years searching for his long-lost daughter, Rebecca. If anything happens to her, do you think anyone can protect you?"

We met gazes again. My eyes were bold, filled with a surety that was also reflected in my words. "If she dies, then I'll atone with my own death. There's nothing holding me back in this world—if my death can bring her down then it'll all be worth it."

His eyes narrowed again. Clearly disappointed with me, he said, "Nothing is holding you back? Do you even have a heart at all? What about the people around you, those who care about you?"

Annoyance tickled my throat. I slumped into a nearby chair, ignoring his disapproving words.

Seeing my devil-may-care attitude, Ashton rubbed at his temples resignedly. Not knowing what to do, he called for a doctor to check on my injuries.

The doctor scanned my vermillion-stained hands. After seeing that I wasn't wounded, he left briskly.

Ashton eyed me impassively. "Why did you stab her?"

I...

Why did I?

Now that I've calmed down, guilt poured over me like a bucket of cold water. How could I act so impulsively earlier? Regardless of how awful her insults were, they were still just harmless words...

After pondering about it, I looked up at Ashton. "She said that you caused our child's death. She told me that you gave me those prenatal vitamins to deform him and that you never wanted our child in the first place."

I was probably upset because of this, and also because of Rebecca's vile words.

He grimaced. "And you believed her?"

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I nodded, confidently staring him down. "You have every reason to do so!"

His eyes narrowed into a livid glare. "If you believed what she said, then why didn't you stab me instead?"

"You weren't there at that time—but she was!" I spat the words boldly, challenging his indifferent stare with my own fearless one.

"Huh!" He snorted.

It was sudden and cold. He dropped my hand immediately, looking at me with a grey face of disappointment. "Have you ever trusted me? No wait, I should ask you if you even love me, Scarlett?"

Glancing at him, the thoughts ruffled in my head. Have I ever loved him? I didn't know anymore. I couldn't tell if what I felt for him was even love.

He stared at me for the longest time. There was some kind of deep and intense emotion lingering in his eyes as he waited for my answer.

Then, he snorted softly at himself as if he already knew my answer. He stood and said coldly to me, "You should head back. Before Rebecca gets out of surgery, it's best that you stay home and not go out recklessly. The Moore family can't do anything to you for the time being, not while I'm around. So just go home."

I said coldly, "It's alright. I'll take responsibility for my own actions, so whatever punishment the Moore family decides is between me and them. It doesn't concern you at all."

He watched me without speaking. The indifference in his darkened eyes was enough to suffocate everyone around us.

Not long after, Cameron and Zachary dashed in. Anxiety overwhelmed Cameron's bulging red eyes.

When they saw Ashton, they rushed over and frantically asked, "How is Rebecca? Is she okay?"

Ashton spoke with a deep solemn voice, "She's still in the ER."

With a steady composure, Zachary asked Ashton for the name of the perpetrator that hurt Rebecca.

Though calm, a murderous air radiated from Zachary. It made the hairs on my fingers stand straighter. Despite this, I approached the man and announced, "I did it!"



Zachary looked at me with a pair of narrowed, bloodthirsty eyes. A murderous growl sounded as he threatened me, "Ms. Stovall. You'd better pray that Rebecca is fine, else I'll have your life to make up for hers."

After hearing my confession, Cameron jumped at me with lethal claw-like fingers. Ashton rushed before me, blocking her attack. He warned them, "Best save the confrontation until after your daughter awakes, Ms. Anderson. If Scarlett has committed a crime, the law will punish her justly. There's no need for the two of you to rush her punishment."

Still seething with anger, Cameron glared viciously at me.

Then, the ER doors suddenly opened. A nurse appeared and called out, "Where are the patient's family members? She needs a blood transfusion. We'll need to run some tests on you, in case our blood bank doesn't have enough of her blood type."

Cameron and Zachary quickly trailed after the doctor for their blood tests. They returned soon after.

We waited outside the ER for a long time. Cameron paced back and forth anxiously, occasionally throwing nasty glares my way.

When the ER doors opened again, the nurse from earlier came out. She frowned at Cameron and Zachary before asking, "Are you two really the patient's blood-related family?"

The two were taken aback for a moment, unsure of what the nurse was hinting at. "Yes, we're her parents. What's the matter with her?"

The nurse's eyes scanned the two of them. She explained in a puzzled manner, "It's impossible for a couple with blood type A and O to give birth to a child with type B blood. Could something be wrong with the test?"

Cameron and Zachary's faces paled to a stark chalk-white. They stared wide-eyed at the nurse. "What are you talking about? We're not blood related?"

The nurse stiffened in hesitation. She looked at the two and assured, "Don't panic. Perhaps it's just an issue with our test. Now, the patient needs two hundred ccs of blood and there's an insufficient amount in our blood bank. Does anyone here have type B blood?"

Ashton looked at the nurse and spoke up, "You can use mine!"

Promptly, the nurse ushered him away to have his blood drawn. Cameron's face froze grey and still with confusion at her husband. She kept mumbling, "The DNA test said that she's our daughter. How could this be?"

Zachary's face furrowed into a deep frown. He stilled for a second before consoling Cameron, "Don't stress yourself out. Maybe the hospital made a mistake."

A red shade had already tinged Cameron's panicked face. She nodded at him, repeating over and over again that Rebecca was their daughter, that there was no way she wouldn't be able to recognize her own biological daughter.

I pondered at the scene before me. What a dramatic irony. If Rebecca, the daughter they have suddenly reunited with, isn't blood-related to Cameron... then where is her biological daughter?

Cameron had dirtied her hands doing many unspeakable things for Rebecca's sake. It would be pitiful if Rebecca wasn't actually her biological daughter.

Ashton returned shortly after. Seeing that I still sat motionless in the same chair, he approached my side and hugged me. "Everything will be okay. The doctor said she's not in a life-threatening state."

He was clearly trying to comfort me. I pursed my lips, not saying anything more.

About half an hour later, Jared and Joe arrived. It seemed like they were all up to date with Rebecca's current situation.

Joe shot a threatening look at me, his face was tainted with gloom but he didn't say a word. Maybe it was because of Ashton's presence that Joe refrained from doing anything more.

On the other hand, Jared raised a brow at Ashton. "There's some time till the surgery's over. Care to join me for a smoke?"

Ashton glanced at him and nodded. Then, they left together for the stairway.

Cameron and Zachery were lost in a temporary daze. They were still hung up on the nurse's earlier conversation about theirs and Rebecca's incompatible blood types.

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 333

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Joe stared at me. It seemed like his emotions were well-controlled as he asked, "Only a murderer's death can compensate for their victim's death. Have you thought about what you'll do now?"

Raising my gaze, I noticed the hidden malice in his frosty stare. "I thought you liked her back then, now I'm not so sure anymore. She's still in there being operated on and you're already saying that she's dead."

My words stunned him. By the time he parted his lips to speak, I had already lost interest in arguing with him.

I stood up and left for the washrooms. As I passed the door to the stairway, my feet couldn't help but slow down. Ashton and Jared were smoking behind the door.

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However, it was obvious that the two of them wanted to speak in private. Smoking was an excuse to do so.

My feet halted a distance away, not going any closer. I heard Jared's unfriendly voice as it echoed from behind the door, "Do you regret it?"

A cigarette sat between Ashton's slender fingers. He spoke unemotionally, "There's nothing to regret."

This prompted a laugh from Jared. "What if Rebecca dies? What will you do then?"

"Compensate them," Ashton spat. The word came out blatantly.

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Jared sniggered, "You'd let both of the women who love you die? So having one dead isn't enough for you? What a bold thought."

Hearing this, I no longer cared about what they were saying. I shouldn't have listened to their conversation in the first place. I already knew how this story would end. Yet, my brain insisted on confirming his thoughts and feelings again, even if it only brought more sorrow to me.

I left directly for the washroom. By the time I came out, Rebecca had been transferred to the general ward.

Once the effects of the anesthetic wore off, Rebecca awoke. All color had drained from her face as she shifted sluggishly on the hospital bed.

Seeing Cameron and Zachary, her lips parted slowly. She rasped, "Mom? Dad? Why am I here?"

Cameron held her hand and explained that she had gotten hurt, that Ashton had rushed her to the hospital.

Rebecca stilled in a blur, probably struggling to recall what had happened earlier.

She looked around, taking in the hospital ward's surroundings. Then, her gaze landed on Ashton. Her eyes tinted red as she cried out with a grating voice, "A-ash, it hurts!"

Plump teardrops glided down her face. Feeling pitiful and wronged, she reached out to pull Ashton closer. As she moved, the wound started to rip. It made a long and painful-sounding hiss.

Ashton reacted immediately, rushing up to support her lower back. His eyelids lowered slightly as he ushered her to stop. "You just had surgery. Don't overwork your body with big and fast movements!"

Rebecca latched tightly onto him. She shot a fierce glare my way and claimed, "It was Scarlett, Ash! She's out to kill me. This woman is terrifying and wicked. You can't be with her!"

"Go away!" She pointed a spiteful finger at me and shrieked, "I don't want you here. And I don't want you in my sight at all. Leave!"

I watched her with a blank stare and my lips pursed uncomfortably. Seeing her lean into Ashton's chest, a sharp, growing pain prickled in my chest.

Rebecca's attention turned back to Cameron and Zachary. She announced with a pitchy shrill, "Mom and Dad. I want to sue her for deliberately assaulting me. I want to sue her!"

Then, she scrambled for her phone.

For some reason, Cameron and Zachary didn't reach for their phones. They just stood and watched her with a complicated gaze. This intensified as they looked over to me.

Even Ashton kept silent. His expression dimmed as he watched Rebecca pull out her phone and dial in three digits.

"Hello, is this the police station? I'd like to file a report for attempted assault. That person has caused me serious injury."

She speedily reported the hospital's address.

I watched as Ashton's face darkened, yet he still said nothing.

Jared glanced over at me. He paused slightly before saying, "Come on. I'll drive you back."

My lips pressed together into a thin line. Without the slightest care in the world. "I'll wait for the police!"

Jared frowned. "Ashton's here. He'll handle everything, so come on, let's get you home!"

My eyes remained on Ashton. I sneered, "If I leave with you now, what does that make me? A fugitive on the run? Might as well add a heavier sentence to my murder attempt."

That shut Jared up. He turned to look at Ashton, waiting for some kind of signal or sign. But Ashton showed no intention of responding.

In the moments that followed, two young men in police uniforms came in. They froze in shock at the people in the room.

After all, these were some of K City's famous and influential figures. They often made news headlines. Surely, these policemen must have read about them in the newspapers often.

The two policemen approached Rebecca's bed and asked, "Are you Ms. Larson? Did you call to report about an assault against you?"

Silence engulfed the entire ward. Rebecca stared bewilderedly at Cameron and Zachary. She seemed surprised that they hadn't said a single word at all.

But Rebecca didn't ponder on it for long. Both her furious gaze and accusing finger pointed directly at me. "It's her. I want to sue her for attempted murder."

The policemen came over to me and said, "Please come with us, miss."

"It wasn't her! She didn't do it. Sirs, I can testify that Madam wasn't murdering anyone." Mrs. Eriksen had suddenly barged in from nowhere. She rushed before me and looked the two policemen in the eye. She said, "Madam didn't murder anyone. Sirs, you're arresting the wrong person."

Rebecca scoffed, "Not her? Are you saying that I stabbed myself?"

Mrs. Eriksen shot a wide-eyed glare at Rebecca. She responded boldly, "That's exactly what I'm saying. You did it to yourself so you could frame Madam on purpose!"

This upset Rebecca, who hadn't expected that Mrs. Eriksen would face her threat head-on. She glared back at the housekeeper and spat, "That's not true!" Then, she turned towards Ashton and started whining, "You saw it, right? She hurt me. You saw it, right?"

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She raised a questioning brow at everyone in the ward. Empty laughter cackled from her lips. "I'm the victim! I got stabbed for no reason, yet you're all so cold-blooded to me. You asked me what I want. Well, I want to stab her back! Can you fulfill this request?"

My jaw tightened. I eyed her coldly and agreed, "That's fine by me!"

Ashton's brows furrowed into a deep "V" as he looked furiously at me. "Scarlett, shut up!"

"You're fine with it?" Rebecca smiled ear-to-ear. "Great! Come over here, and we'll get even after stabbing you."

With that said, her cold glare fixated on me as she ripped out the IV needle from her arm. "There are no knives here, but I won't need one. I'll use this needle instead. We can call it even after I impale you."

I approached her. My body moved surely and steadily, devoid of any fear. As I closed in on her, her sneering smile curved deeper.

Within seconds, her arm snaked forwards with the needle, aiming for my eye. Gasps sounded from all round.

Ashton was quick to notice her plan. His arm darted faster than hers, snatching the needle from her grasp. Unfortunately, the needle drew blood. It slit a long, bloodied line down his palm.

Witnessing this, heavy sighs of relief weighed down the room. Cameron collapsed into Zachary's arms, burying her head into his chest. Complicated emotions surged as she said to me, "You should go. Let's forget any of this ever happened."

Rebecca sizzled in betrayal. "Mom! What are you talking about? She wanted to kill me! How can you let her get away with it?"

"Shut up!" Cameron yelled. Disgust colored her eyes green. "She wouldn't have hurt you if you didn't harass her in the middle of the night. Deep down, you know perfectly well why she stabbed you."

Rebecca's stared incredulously at her. Shock and disbelief burned under her skin; she refused to believe that the woman before her was her mother.

Realizing how harsh her words sounded, Cameron paused to recompose before meeting her daughter's eyes again. Then, she spoke in a gentler voice, "Rebecca, you're okay now. Just take a couple of days to rest and recover in the hospital, don't stress yourself over anything else."

But Rebecca was not easily swayed. She had spent most of her time alongside Ashton who sheltered and spoiled her. All those years in her life had cemented her arrogant and stubborn temperament. There was no way anyone could convince Rebecca to let go of her grudge.

Shooting daggers at me, Rebecca snorted. "Even if everyone here defends you, you'll still go to jail. Don't forget, Scarlett. Your fingerprints are all over the knife that you stabbed me with. I doubt anyone here can stop me if I insist on filing a case against you. As long as I'm alive, I'll sue you for attempted murder. I'll make sure you get at least a couple of years and rot in a jail cell."

Clang! Ashton smashed a glass of water that originally sat on the bedside table.

With eyes locked on Rebecca, he picked up a shard off the ground. "Your wound receives seven stitches on it, is that right?"

Rebecca watched him cautiously, "What are you up to?"

"You wanted a life for a life," he responded. "Clearly that won't do because you didn't die. So however deep your wound goes, that's how deeply I'll stab myself. Are you happy with that?"

Ashton proceeded to lift his shirt. Within seconds, he forcefully plunged the shard into his abdomen.

I was so shocked and I rushed to stop him, but it was already too late. The shard sank deeper and deeper into his skin.

Rebecca stared at him in disbelief. Her hands shot up to her lips as she watched him in anguish. "Does she really mean that much to you?"



Ashton's hand pressed onto his wound, blood gushed onto his fingers, seeping into the cracks of his nails. An overwhelming pain pulsed in my chest. I raced towards him, hoping to drag him outside to a doctor or a nurse to get treated.

But he held me down while looking at Rebecca. "She's my wife. I will bear the burden of her mistakes as well as any pain she feels. What I can do is to protect her to the best I can. Whether or not she's a good or bad person will not change the fact that she's my wife."

My eyes reddened at the sight of his wounds. Concern and anger brimmed at the corner of my lips. "Who asked you to bear those burdens for me? I don't need your intervention. I can take responsibility for the troubles I've caused. It's just a few years in prison. I can handle it on my own."

I spun around to leave as I was ready to turn myself in.

Suddenly, Ashton's fingers coiled tightly around my wrist. He growled with a low voice, "Shut up!"

Then, his attention turned back to Rebecca. "If this wound isn't deep enough for you, I can still pierce the shard deeper."

"Get out!" Rebecca shrieked. Her bubbling emotions were on the verge of an explosion. "All of you, get out! I don't want anyone in my sight!"

Blood seeped onto Ashton's clothes. It dripped and formed a strikingly vermilion puddle on the hospital floor. Jared had just called for a doctor. He immediately picked up that Ashton's hand that was still pressing on the shard. Furiously, he shouted, "Stop forcing the shard inwards! Do you really want to die that badly?"

Ashton said nothing. He only looked at Rebecca, obviously waiting for her to say that she'd drop the charges against me.

Rebecca focused on Ashton, her eyes were filled with pain and despair. She clambered off the hospital bed, picked a shard from the ground, and rammed it at him.

Since I stood next to Ashton, I quickly rushed in front of him and blocked Rebecca's attack. The glass shard cut through my arm. The pain caused beads of sweat to form at the nape of my neck.

Thankfully, Rebecca was injured and didn't have much strength to shove the shard any deeper. She glared at us for the longest time before she loosened her grip on the shard, letting it shatter onto the ground. Her voice quavered, "Both of you just leave. I won't press charges!"

...

In the doctor's office, Jared cleaned my wound. Ashton, however, was sent into the operating theater. Messy thoughts bounced at high speeds in my mind.

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 336

I was still recovering from the shock of what had just happened. My entire body felt completely numb.

Jared continued chattering next to me, but I didn't register a single word he said. When Cameron and Zachary arrived in the room, Jared turned to look at me with a rather complicated expression on his face.

Cameron was the first to open his mouth. "Are you alright?"

I looked up at them and said in a dull tone, "If the both of you want to file a lawsuit against me, please go ahead."

Cameron shook her head frantically. "No, we're here to take a look at you! Ms. Stovall, you..."

Zachary interrupted her impatiently. "Alright, you've seen her. Let's go and visit Rebecca now! This matter is over as far as I'm concerned."

Jared helped me to bandage my wounds. As he gazed darkly after their retreating backs, he said with a frown, "I suppose the Moore family won't be filing a lawsuit against you, then."

Truthfully, I wasn't afraid of what they might do to me. I bowed my head and stared at the wound on my arm.

Looking up at Jared again, I asked, "Nothing will happen to Ashton, right?"

He burst into laughter. "He didn't sustain injuries to his lungs, so he's fine. He'll be alright after a few stitches, don't worry about it."

I nodded, still feeling a little uncertain.

Ashton jumped down from his hospital bed after the stitching and said to me, "Come on, let's go home!"

I gaped at him, feeling rather stunned. A complicated mix of emotions surged up within me. "Ashton, you must be knocked in the head!" I exclaimed. "You've just come out of the operating room, and you're looking for death again? Don't you think your injuries are bad enough as they are?"

It was already three in the morning now. Mrs. Eriksen and Sally had returned to the villa. Jared and Joe went home, too. As for Rebecca, the Moore family had hired a night nurse to look after her.

I remained in the hospital with Ashton. When he tried to sneak out against doctor's orders, I managed to stop him with an angry yell.

He looked at me, stunned. With a frown, he demanded, "Aren't you tired of being cooped up at the hospital?"

I pursed my lips and shoved him back onto the hospital bed. The injuries on his abdomen had been bandaged and were healing well, but I felt my heart ache just looking at them. "Lie down on your back," I ordered. "We'll leave the hospital only when the doctor discharges us."

Ashton lay back down obediently and patted the space next to him on the bed. "Lie here with me, or we'll go home right now."

I pressed my lips together in exasperation. There was no use in arguing with a sick person. Besides, I was pretty tired. To his delight, I lowered myself into his bed, trying to put as much distance between us as possible.

However, Ashton snuggled closer to me and wrapped his arms around my body. In a low voice, he mumbled, "Sleep tight."

Hearing his voice, the tears I had been holding back started flowing down my cheeks uncontrollably.

I turned around to face him, my face wet with tears. "Ashton, don't you dare do this for me in the future. I don't need it, and I don't want you to get injured because of me."

He tilted my chin up and looked deeply at me. "Does your heart ache?"

I gazed into his eyes and leaned up to press a kiss on his lips. Because of my clumsiness, Ashton looked rather amused.

Since we were still at the hospital, he pushed me away lightly and mumbled, "Alright, that's enough. Don't you know where we are?"

However, women were ruled by emotion. Since I had started it, I couldn't possibly stop right now. Avoiding his injury, I buried my head in his neck.

Ashton's breathing sounded even more ragged now. "Scarlett, stop fooling around. We're at the hospital!"

I refused to listen to him. After plastering his entire face with kisses, I lay my head against his chest and started crying silently again.

Ashton sounded a little helpless. "We're still at the hospital, you know. If you want to make out, we can do that when we get home!"

I ignored him and continued sobbing against his chest. Haplessly, he tried to console me. "Do you really want to do it right now?"

After a pause, he continued, "Let's go home first, alright? We can make out as much as you want when we get home. It's a little inconvenient to do that in the hospital."

I looked up at him, registering the sharp features of his face. Ashton was so handsome that God was so unfair. In a rather hoarse voice, I said, "Ashton, don't do this again in the future, alright? I'm n—not worth putting your life on the line for."

Ashton froze when he heard my words. In a deep, restrained voice, he replied, "You're completely worth it. Everything I do for you is completely worth it."

I took in his words, my heart throbbing with indescribable pain and sadness.

Although the bed in the VIP lounge was huge, it was incomparable to the size of the one we had at home. Because of the shock of the event, I scarcely slept a wink that night.

I jolted awake numerous times that night, startled awake by the nightmarish images of Ashton lying in a pool of blood.

A few more times later, my entire body was dripping with sweat. Upon realizing that I was having a nightmare, Ashton pulled me into his arms and patted my back to comfort me.

I gazed up at him, my heart hurting tremendously. "Ashton, make sure you die behind me when the time comes, alright?"

I was terrified. Thoughts of those frightening events were still swirling in my mind, and I never wanted to experience them again.

In a low voice, Ashton asked, "What did you see in your dream?"

"You went missing!" The moment I opened my mouth to reply to him, tears rolled down my cheeks again. My heart was aching so much that I didn't think I could bear it anymore.

"You silly girl," he laughed. "Close your eyes and go to sleep! I promise I'll still be here when you wake up." He sighed and caressed my hair gently.

Because we had such a difficult time falling asleep in the hospital, Ashton went and got himself discharged from the hospital the very next day. We returned to the villa instead.

Sally had already returned to the White residence. Apparently, Mr. Bauman had called off the investigation on her.

Mrs. Eriksen was the only employee left at the villa. Molly had been dismissed by Ashton before we returned home.

Because I had slept so badly the entire night, my head was throbbing painfully. The moment we got home, Ashton knitted his brows together and said, "I'm going to go take a shower first."

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I knew he was desperate to shower because of the overpowering stench of blood on his body. I followed him into the bathroom.

He turned to look at me with a frown. "What's wrong?"

"I'll help you wash up!" I exclaimed, reaching out to help him remove his jacket.

Just as my fingers reached his belt buckle, Ashton grabbed my hands and said in a ragged voice, "That's enough. I'll do the rest by myself. Go to sleep first!"

It was my turn to frown at him now. "You can't get wet because of your injuries. How are you supposed to shower or even bathe? Your only option now is to wipe yourself with a washcloth, but I don't think you'll be able to do that yourself."

Ashton demurred. "It's alright. Don't make such a huge fuss about it. I'll wipe myself down."

However, I insisted stubbornly, "I'll wipe you down!"

His eyes grew darker. Gazing at me with an unreadable expression, he said, "Mess with the bull and you get the horns. Are you sure about this?"

This man was going to be the death of me!

"If you try and wipe yourself down, your injuries might get worse," I said sulkily, changing the topic.

Ashton smirked devilishly. Taking my hand, he helped me unbuckle his belt, before guiding my hand to unzip his pants, his eyes growing even darker with lust.

I wasn't completely stupid. Knowing where this was going, I hastily retracted my hand and hissed, "You wipe yourself down, then. I'm going to sleep first."

Before I even exited the bathroom, Ashton had pulled me back, hugging me from behind. Afraid that I might aggravate his injury, I froze and tried not to move around as much.

I could feel his eyes boring into the back of my head. "Can we do it now?"

My face turned red with embarrassment. "Your wound might reopen."

"It's just a small injury. What's the worst that could happen?"

The temperature in the bathroom was high to begin with. His voice sounded a little rough, but he continued to press, "Can we?"

I looked down and shut my eyes, refusing to answer him. He took my silence as consent.

After a hot, passionate round of love-making, I felt as though my body was about to fall apart like a rag doll. As I wiped myself clean, I noted that Ashton's wound had bled through the white bandages again. His abdomen looked like a crime scene.

I frowned and gazed at him, feeling a little angry. "Look, you're bleeding again! I told you that was going to happen. Your wound has opened up again!"

Ashton seemed to find this very funny. After putting on his bathrobe, he said, "It's alright. Just get Jared to come over and take a look at it again. Don't worry about it."

I shot a glare at him, at a loss for words. I made my way out of the bathroom and made a call to Jared.

The call went through almost immediately. Hastily, I said, "Dr. Crest, Ashton's wound has reopened again. He seems to be bleeding quite badly. Can you please come and take a look at him?"

Jared froze for a second and demanded in confusion, "Why would his wound reopen suddenly?"

I didn't know what to reply him. I couldn't tell him that we just made love in the bathroom, could I? Rather helplessly, I muttered, "Anyway, he's bleeding quite a lot. Come over and take a look, won't you? Please do me a favor."

As I hung up the phone, Ashton looked mischievously at me with his arms crossed over his chest. With a faint smile, he said, "Are you going to tell him that my wound reopened because of unspeakable physical exertions?"

I glared at him and said, "Would this have happened if you controlled yourself just now?"

Ashton barked with laughter. In a helpless tone, he said, "Don't worry, it's not as serious as it seems."

Jared arrived at our house very quickly. Seeing the blood on Ashton's wound, Jared narrowed his eyes and raised a brow at him. "Just this once, do you understand me? I won't do this for you again."

Ashton shrugged amiably and replied with a drawl, "You don't have a wife. How are you supposed to understand the struggle of us married men?"

I gazed at him, shocked.

Was he blaming this on me?

Jared snorted loudly and placed the first aid kit aside. Turning to look at me, he said, "I'm kind of hungry? What time is dinner?"

I gaped at him for a second before replying, "Mrs. Eriksen is still preparing it. Can you help patch up his injury first?"

Jared found a place to sit down. Smirking slightly, he declared, "But I'm hungry and don't have much energy left. Ashton won't die of his injuries anyway."

Um...

Alright then!

I went downstairs and helped Mrs. Eriksen with the dinner. Just before I left, I heard Ashton turn to Jared and mutter, "You aren't young anymore, you know. Do you plan to be single for the rest of your life?"

Jared sighed dramatically. "How would a married man like you understand the freedom of a single man?"

However, Ashton wasn't deterred. "Oh, stop sounding so smug. Why don't you use your hands the next time you feel an itch in your pants, instead of sleeping with the next woman you see?"



I felt rather stunned...

Conversations between men were really something else! I shuddered and flew down the stairs.

Mrs. Eriksen was nearly done with the food by the time I arrived in the kitchen. Just as I finished setting the table, Ashton and Jared made their way downstairs too.

The two of them seemed to be getting along very well. Due to the unspoken rule that we shouldn't be talking during mealtimes, none of us made conversation with each other throughout the meal.

After that, Jared helped to clean up Ashton's wound. In a voice of extreme disgust, he said, "Don't call me the next time you get into this sort of trouble again, thanks!"

Ashton shrugged and said with a nonplussed expression, "Well, that will depend on the situation."

Too tired to continue arguing with him, Jared got up and packed up the first aid kit. After jangling his keys in farewell, he turned around and left.

Ashton seemed to be in a pretty good mood. He leaned back against the sofa and ordered Mrs. Eriksen to bring him his documents from his study.

With nothing to do, I sat down beside him and flipped listlessly through a book.

"Ashton, why did the Moore family stop investigating the case?" This question had been stuck in my head since yesterday. Rebecca was the love of Cameron's life, and I had performed the blasphemous act of stabbing her. Even if I had so much as given Rebecca a push, Cameron would have been after my neck. Why had her attitude towards the whole situation changed so quickly?

Ashton narrowed his eyes and put down the documents in his hands, gesturing for me to sit down next to him.

I obeyed him and lowered myself into the seat beside him. He wrapped his arms around me and said in a slightly hoarse voice, "Without any evidence, what can they do?"

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I felt a little confused. No evidence? Rebecca was right—my fingerprints were on the fruit knife itself, and any forensics department worth their salt would know immediately that I was the perpetrator.

I couldn't help but suspect that Ashton was hiding something from me. "Did you have something to do with Mrs. Eriksen's sudden appearance yesterday?"

It was quite obvious that Mrs. Eriksen hadn't thought of those words by herself. Ashton must have coached her on it beforehand.

He paused before replying, "You want me to watch my wife get shipped off to jail? I have no wish to live as a widower for the next few years."

I felt rather speechless.

This man had very strange ways of thinking. I didn't quite know how to respond to him.

I decided it would be better for me to keep my mouth shut.

The new year was just around the corner. Ashton was going to take me back to J City after concluding the company's new year meeting. However, now that he was injured, it would be very inconvenient for him to move anywhere.

He had handed over the meeting arrangements to Jared and Joe. Since I had already left Fuller Corporation, none of this was my business anymore.

As for the matter with Fuller Corporation, the Stovall family had contacted me through John before I even had a chance to ask them about it. Louis had finally announced when he was going to enter my name into the family register.

He ordered me make preparations, and to return to the Stovall Residence two days before to get used to the surroundings. Louis had decided to make it a grand occasion, and he had invited lots of guests to the ceremony.

Knowing that Louis had my best interests at heart, I agreed to obey his instructions and told John about the matter with Rebecca.

He was so shocked that he didn't speak for a few seconds. "Didn't Rebecca or the Moore family take any action against you?"

I shook my head. "Well, Rebecca insists that I should pay with my own life, and Ashton got injured because of this incident. However, the Moore couple has been behaving very strangely indeed—their attitude towards me changed drastically, and they refused to investigate this matter anymore. Even this seems rather ludicrous to me."

John thought for a few moments. "Why did they stop investigating the matter?"

"Probably because they didn't want the matter to blow up. After all, Rebecca was the one who ran over to our house to cause a scene. If word got out that the precious daughter of the Moore family was a married man's mistress, and that she had kicked up a fuss at his house, it'll only bring shame on them."

That was the only reason I could think of. Every other possibility seemed rather improbable to me.

John nodded and replied, "In the future, stay away from members of the Moore family. Oh, right, I have hired a costume designer for you. Come with me when you're free—we need to get you a few gowns. There will be lots of new year parties and banquets for you to attend recently, and as the daughter of the Stovall family, you should look good at those events so you don't embarrass us."

I pouted, feeling a little worried about the cost. "One gown is already going to cost tens of thousands! Some of them even cost six figures. Do you know what a waste of money it is to buy a dress that you'll only wear once or twice in your life?"

John looked rather amused. "Nobody asked you to foot the bill. What are you so anxious about? Besides, gowns are a necessity. Ashton has already bought a few pieces of jewelry for you—make sure you learn how to wear them properly! Don't you dare show up at a dinner party looking like a nun, like you always do."

This man had a poisonous tongue!

Too lazy to argue with him, I thought for a while and said, "Did Uncle Louis invite the Moore family to the ceremony?"

John nodded and replied, "There are only so many elite families in K City. I think I could count them off on my fingers! As I see it, Uncle Louis will probably invite all of them. Are you avoiding them or something?"

"No!" I shook my head vehemently. After pondering for a bit, I said, "Well, it's not like I'm avoiding them or anything. I was just thinking that I should find a way to compensate Rebecca somehow."

Truthfully, I hated Cameron before this. After I injured Rebecca, however, my attitude towards her had softened a lot, possibly because of her daughter's relationship with Ashton.

I didn't want to keep fighting with Rebecca like this. We still had to see each other for a long time. If I continued to battle it out with the Moore family, I would never enjoy a day of peace in my life.

John fell silent before saying, "That's your decision to make. But since Rebecca has already been injured, Letty, you..."

"Oh, I'll think about it!" I hung up the phone immediately, feeling a little impatient.

It was a very gloomy day outside. I was still spacing out when Stacey called me.

When I picked up the call, I could hear the noise in the background immediately. "Ms. Stovall, will you be coming back to J City to celebrate the new year with us?"

"I'm not sure about that yet," I replied. "I'll ask Ashton about it later. Is there something wrong?" I did a quick calculation in my head and realized that there were only two weeks left to the new year.

Most of the office workers were on holiday. I continued, "Are you back in J City?"

Stacey nodded her head and said enthusiastically, "Yes, I arrived a few days ago. I thought you were going to come back too, so I went out and bought some items for the new year party. I even bumped into Mr. Harrison! He was walking around with a handsome man and a baby boy. I haven't seen him in a long while, and he seems to have changed quite a bit."

I didn't know which Mr. Harrison she was referring to. "Mr. Harrison?"

Stacey replied cheerfully, "Yes, that young president of Harrison Credit, Nick Harrison! He's Cameron's son."

That jolted me out of my daze immediately. So she was talking about Nick! I hadn't seen him in over six months.

I replied, "Yes, it's been a long time since I last contacted him. I wonder how he's been doing."

"Right? You know, when I saw that man and that baby with him, I couldn't help but wonder if he's gay. He seemed to be very close to the man, and the baby was probably no older than three months. He's the most adorable creature I've ever seen."

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 339

I wasn't paying attention to her. "Hey, could you help me take a few pictures?"

"Huh? What do you suddenly need pictures for?"

"Help me get a nice shot of the three of them, thanks!"

I had a sneaking suspicion that Mr. Harrison's friend was Jackson, and the baby was Macy's kid.

Stacey gave me her word before hanging up the phone. I gave a call to Macy, but no one picked up.

After thinking for a while, I decided to call Nick instead. To my surprise, the call went through. "Ms. Stovall, my dear, how did you suddenly think of contacting me?"

"Mr. Harrison, are you in J City right now? One of my friends has gotten into a spot of trouble over there. Could you help me sort it out?"

There was a pause on the other side of the phone. Nick replied warily, "I'm in M Country right now. Is it very urgent? I'll get my men in J City to go over instead."

"Oh, it's alright then. I'll give my other friends a call. I'll hang up now! Let's catch up another time." Why was Nick lying to me?

Stacey's text message came very quickly. The picture she sent was taken in a building in J City's city center. Nick was wearing a brown coat, with both his hands stuck in its pockets. He looked both dashing and very bored. The image was a little blurry, but that was Nick in the picture—there was no doubt about that.

Jackson was standing right next to him, wearing a dark-colored sweater and a casual pair of shorts. Both of them were pushing a pram about. The entire picture was so strange that it was bound to draw some attention from passers-by.

I gave Stacey another call. She was probably on her phone again, because she picked up instantly this time.

I jumped straight to the point. "Stacey, I need your help again. Can you help me find out where they're living? Pay special attention to the man and baby who are with Nick. Also, I need you to find out if Macy is with them."

Jackson had told me they were in M Country. The weather in J City was too cold, he claimed, and it wouldn't be good for the baby. They were going to return after the new year, but unbeknownst to me, they had arrived in J City ahead of time.

With Macy's personality, she would probably give in and contact me eventually. In fact, according to my calculations, she should've called me to ask after the baby by now.

However, it had been some time, and Macy still hadn't contacted me. In fact, I had seen neither hide nor hair of her. Every time I gave her a call, I had a distinct feeling that she was avoiding me on purpose.

"Alright, I'll be keeping tabs on them. Don't worry!" However, as I hung up the call, I couldn't help but worry even more.

I had a feeling that something bad was going to happen.

...

The next day, I discovered for myself that John was extraordinarily efficient at his job. Just as Ashton left for work, I received a call from him.

"Come down to Joy Luck Boutique for your gown fitting! Do you want me to send a car over to fetch you?"

I shook my head, climbing up from my bed as I did so. Still feeling rather sleepy, I replied blearily, "It's alright, I'll drive there. Can you give me the address?"

John rattled it off to me. Rather sternly, he said, "Don't take your own sweet time. I'll be waiting for you there."

"Okay!"

He did have quite a blunt, abrupt personality.

After hanging up, I washed up and got ready to leave the house. Afraid that I might be hungry on the way there, Mrs. Eriksen stuffed a few chocolate buns into my hands, clucking her tongue anxiously.

I used to drive a Cadillac back in J City. After Jackson sent it to the car repair shop, I hadn't used it since.

After I arrived in K City, Ashton had gifted me a Cayenne. However, I couldn't get used to driving it—the bottom of the car was too high, and that made it very awkward for me to drive it around.

However, in a place like K City, which was flooded with all sorts of luxury cars, even an expensive car like the Cayenne seemed pretty low-key.

I was planning to go down to Joy Luck Boutique straight-away. When I drove past a pastry shop in front of the city center, however, I couldn't help but remember the delicious pastries I had once enjoyed there.

Before I could stop myself, I pulled up in front of the pastry shop. After my miscarriage, Marcus had brought me here to cheer me up. The pastry shop was very popular—dozens of people queued up to get their hands on freshly-baked pastries and buns almost every day.

However, there were usually less customers on a weekday. When I arrived, the shop had just opened, and there wasn't a queue to be seen.

After going around the entire shop once, I selected a few of my favorite pastries, all of them mocha-flavored. As I paid for my purchase, the shop assistant grinned at me and said, "Miss, our first customer of the day gets a free pastry on the house. Please select another pastry."

I felt delighted. What a pleasant surprise! "Oh, is that so?"

Although I couldn't possibly finish all the pastries, a free gift was always welcome. My mood became much better immediately. I felt as though I had just picked up some money on the sidewalk! Although it was just a pastry, it was enough to lift my spirits. Today was going to be a great day.

I walked out of the shop in high spirits. While I was searching in my bag for my car keys, a harried-looking pedestrian bumped into me while he was trying to cross the road.



"I beg your pardon!" he exclaimed. However, since the traffic lights were about to turn red again, he took off in a hurry almost immediately.

I looked down at the squashed box of pastries in my hands, feeling a little sorry at how out of shape they looked. I decided to find somewhere to sit down and finish the pastries.

I watched the city crowds pass me by, shivering as the cold winds of K City chilled me to the bone. After a few bites, I lost my appetite.

There were still so many pastries leftover. I paused for a moment, feeling a little guilty for wasting food. In the end, however, I stood up and made my way to the nearest rubbish bin.

Suddenly, a voice rang out from some distance away. "Mr. White, we've booked your hotel for you."

I flung the box of pastries into the rubbish bin and turned around to look hastily.

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 340

Not far away, a man in a black suit was passing a file of documents to another person in a black Bentley parked by the roadside.

They were probably conducting a business deal. Seeing as it was rather late, I decided to be on my way.

Just as I was going to look away, I caught a glimpse of the man in the backseat. His face was cold and handsome, and it seemed as familiar as it was foreign.

That's Marcus!

Was—was that really him?

I froze immediately, too stunned to know what to do next. Without turning to pick up my bag from the bench, I ran towards the car immediately.

“Marcus!” I yelled. As soon as he heard my voice, an expression of shock appeared on Marcus’s handsome face.

He swept a cold look towards me, before taking the file of documents from the man expressionlessly. After that, he slammed the door shut, and the Bentley pulled away quickly.

I continued to run after the car like a mad woman, screaming loudly, “Marcus! Marcus!”

However, the car refused to slow down. At that moment, the traffic light turned red, and the Bentley screeched to a halt.

Feeling extremely relieved, I ran over to the car at once. In my haste, I didn’t realize a car speeding towards me until it was too late.

Before I could react, I had flown through the air and landed on the ground with a sickening crash.

I felt an excruciating jolt of pain shoot through my knees and my elbows.

“Miss, are you alright?” The driver of the car emerged from the car and ran towards me, helping me up from the ground. He looked extremely apologetic. “I’m terribly sorry. I didn’t mean to do it! You just appeared out of nowhere—I didn’t see you coming at all.”

I shook my head. Before I could respond, I looked up to see the traffic lights turn green again. The Bentley sped off into the distance.

I stood and gaped as it left, feeling rather confused. My eyes didn’t deceive me—I was sure the person I just saw was Marcus.

But Marcus was supposed to be dead...

“Miss, why don’t I take you to the hospital? You’re bleeding quite badly. Just to be safe, you should probably get a doctor to take a look at your injuries.”

The driver’s face was white as a sheet as he said that. Clearly, he was more stunned than I was.

I snapped out of my daze and looked down at myself. My knees and elbows were drenched completely in blood.

Thanks to Rebecca, I had gotten a couple of scratches on my body while defending Ashton from her attack. However, the wounds had reopened again when I was thrown to the ground.

The wounds were rather deep, and they were bleeding rather profusely.

"Well, I'll have to trouble you then!" I couldn't possibly drive myself to the hospital now, could I?

...

We arrived at the hospital soon enough.

The doctor helped me to clean and dress my wound. Meanwhile, the driver footed the medical bill and fetched my prescription from the pharmacy, looking very apologetic as he did.

Since he seemed to be in a hurry to get somewhere, I felt a little guilty at the amount of care he was lavishing on me. "Today's accident was my fault! Thanks for taking the time to send me to the hospital! I'm much obliged to you, and very sorry indeed. I'm fine now, so please leave now if you need to!"

Seeing the bloody mess on my knee, he mumbled, "Regardless, I was the one who crashed into you, so that's on me. Please give your family members a call. When they arrive, I'll let them know that I'm willing to bear all the responsibility."

This driver was a nice, honest man. Feeling bad for taking up so much of his time, I tried to decline his request a few times. However, he insisted on waiting for my family members to show up so he could settle the matter with them.

Left with no choice, I could only give Ashton a call.

He answered the phone in a deep voice. "Have you had lunch yet?"

I opened my mouth and shut it again, unsure of where to begin. Feeling a little awkward, I said, "Ashton, are you busy right now?"

"What's up?" he demanded.

"I just got knocked down by a car and sustained some injuries. Can you swing by the hospital if you have the time?"

"Knocked down by a car?" Ashton suddenly sounded very concerned.

I didn't know how to explain the incident over the phone. In the end, I merely said, "Yes, but I didn't get badly injured. Can you come over anyway?"

"Give me the address!" Immediately, he covered the receiver with his hand and announced to his subordinates, "We'll end this meeting for today. Please make sure to think about how we're going to resolve these issues. That's all from me!"

"Are you still in a meeting?" I asked, stunned. I looked down at my watch—it was already six in the evening.

"Yes," Ashton replied impatiently. "What's the address of the hospital?"

"I'm at Medwin Hospital! Be careful on the way here, my life isn't in danger or anything." With that, I hung up the phone.

The driver continued to gaze at me, his face clouded with worry and despair.

We waited for another fifteen minutes before Ashton arrived at the hospital.

He had arrived in such a hurry that the chilliness of the office air-conditioner still clung to his clothes. When he saw me lying on the hospital bed, he frowned and turned to the nurse beside me. "Is she alright?"

The nurse froze for a second, her eyes brightening with delight as she appraised the handsome man in front of her. Flushing slightly, she replied, "She'll be alright. She just suffered some abrasions, that's all. It's slightly worrying that her old injuries reopened because of the fall, but she'll recover after a few days' rest."

Ashton nodded curtly. His gaze fell on me, and he pursed his lips. He then turned and looked directly at the driver, who was cowering in a corner.

"Was it her fault or yours?"

The driver looked rather stunned by his iciness. After a brief silence, he replied haltingly, "I was driving within the speed limit. This woman here suddenly rushed onto the road and straight into my path. I didn't manage to stop my car in time. I'm really sorry about this, I didn't mean it!"

Ashton turned to look at me. "Is this true?"

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 341

I nodded and replied, "I'm fine. Sir, my family is here now. Thanks for your help, and sorry for all the trouble. You can go now."

Looking slightly intimidated by the expression on Ashton's face, the driver shuddered a little. Bowing his head, he muttered one last apology before bolting out of the door.

However, the nurse didn't seem to want to leave. She stood by the bed, arranging the medicine bottles slowly, shooting admiring glances at Ashton when she thought he wasn't looking.

Ashton was a handsome man to begin with, and he attracted the attention of people wherever he went. Besides, because of the cold, arrogant expression he constantly wore on his face, girls tended to flock to him in droves.

"How did you get hit by a car?" Ashton asked, shooting a look of consternation at my bandaged foot. It quite resembled a dumpling.

I thought for a moment before replying sheepishly, "I got lost in my thoughts while walking and accidentally walked onto the road. That's how I got myself into this spot of trouble."

Ashton frowned. "What do you even have eyes for?"

I pouted sulkily. Tilting my head at him, I demanded, "Shouldn't you be hugging and comforting me right now? I'm not really in the mood for another lecture."

The nurse finally left the room. I looked up at him and muttered, "Stop being so cold all the time. I might misunderstand one day and think you have zero concern for me."

He walked over to me and looked down at my bandaged injuries. Sighing, he said, "Make sure you look out for cars when you're walking. Thank goodness you only sustained light injuries this time. If it were any more serious, I might see you at the mortuary."

I was speechless.

This man's thought process never failed to amaze me.

Ashton glanced at the box of pastries next to my bed. “Were you buying these when you got knocked over by the car?”

I nodded enthusiastically and smiled up at him. “Do you want to try some? They taste pretty good. I had pastries from this shop once and they were the best I’ve ever tasted. I went and got more of them today!”

Ashton frowned—he wasn’t exactly a big fan of pastries. “Do you want to eat them?”

I raised an eyebrow and jerked my chin towards my bandaged hands. “Do you think I could eat by myself now?”

His lips curved into a smile, looking so handsome that it was almost a sin. “Show me how much you love me, and I’ll consider feeding you.”

“Show you what?” I asked, cocking my head in confusion.

He told me. However, one look at the mischievous expression in his eyes told me all I needed to know.

I froze for a second before registering his words.

He brought his face closer to me. I was too lazy to play games with him—instead, I planted a kiss on his cheeks and asked smilingly, “Are you happy now?”

Ashton smirked and grinned back at me. “Just barely!”

After a few bites of the pastries, I gazed at him and ventured cautiously, “Ashton, do you think the dead can come back to life?”

On the day of Marcus’s death, I saw his lifeless body laying in a pool of his own blood. How was it possible that he had come back to life?

Ashton gazed at me and knitted his brows. “Did you see something? Why are you suddenly asking that question?”

“Oh, it’s nothing!” I replied, laughing it off. I tried to change the topic hastily. “I was just a little curious, that’s all.”

My injuries weren't that serious, and I found it too difficult to rest in the hospital. After a few hours there, I found myself begging Ashton to take me back to the villa.

After dropping me off in the bedroom, he made his way to the study, saying that he still had work to do.

Thoughts of Marcus still haunted my mind. I couldn't stop thinking about the man I had met in the city center today.

After lying in bed for a long time, I finally gave in and gave John a call.

When he finally picked up the phone, he sounded very tired indeed. "It's been five hours, you know. Tell me honestly—why did you skip our appointment today?"

At this, I suddenly remembered that I was supposed to meet John at Joy Luck Boutique for my gown fitting today.

Immediately, I started apologizing to him. "I'm terribly sorry, but I got knocked down by a car on my way there. I just got back from the hospital. Sorry, I should've informed you about it."

"What? You got knocked down by a car? What happened?" John yelled.

The story was too long and complicated for me to tell him about it right now. Instead, I jumped straight to the point. "John, do you know who the coroner in charge was of inspecting Marcus's body?"

John spluttered in confusion, "Marcus has already been cremated and turned to ashes! What's going on now? Did you suddenly discover that you were in love with him all along?"

Feeling rather annoyed, I snapped, "Oh, stop talking rubbish? I saw someone who looked exactly like John today. They looked perfectly identical! I could almost swear they were the same person."

"Did you get injured because you were chasing after him?" John sounded rather mocking now. "My dear Scarlett, the man is dead. Do you really believe that he would suddenly come back alive? Unless he faked his death, there's no way you'll ever see him again. Stop digging yourself into a bigger mess and get ready for the banquet!"

I pursed my lips. I wanted to argue with John, but he would probably think I was going insane.



After making some small talk, I hung up the phone miserably.

At that moment, I realized that Ashton had been standing in the doorway, listening to our entire conversation. His expression looked rather grim.

“Are you done with your work?” I asked, hastily dropping my phone aside.

He continued to gaze at me, his cold eyes boring straight into mine.

“Stop making calls here and there. If you’re as tired as you claim to be, go to sleep immediately!” His words were supposed to comfort me, but they sounded aloof and detached to my ears.

I nodded. I wanted to tell him something else, but he had already left the room, slamming the door shut heavily behind him.

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 342

He’s mad?

I was not sure what he was mad about. I just found it odd.

That night, Ashton did not return to the bedroom, probably because of the medication.

Although I was injured, I managed to fall into a deep sleep that night. Amid the daze, I could have sworn I sensed someone standing by my bed.

But I was practically dead to the world. My eyes were sealed shut.

The next day.

I was awakened by a cool feeling on my elbow, and when I opened my eyes Jared was changing my dressing.

Startled, I instinctively opened my mouth to speak, "Dr. Crest, did Ashton call you to come here?"

He nodded, his eyes focused on applying medicine for me.

Mrs. Eriksen came up with breakfast for the day. "Letty, Mr. Ashton has gone out for work. He wants you to eat your fill and rest at home!" she informed me.

I nodded, alarmed, and turned to ask Jared, "Is it busy at the company lately? So busy that they have to work overtime on weekends?"

He raised his eyes and looked at me, brows arched. "Not really."

I glanced back at Mrs. Eriksen and, after a pause, said, "Was he in the study the whole night?"

To which she answered, "When I went to check in the morning, I saw Mr. Ashton exit the study. I'm not sure if he was there all night though."

This did not seem right. I had a feeling Ashton might have been mad, but I had no clue what or who he was mad at.

After treating my wound, Jared looked towards me and said, "For the next few days, I advise you to stay in bed, don't go walking around, don't come into contact with water, and stay away from vigorous exercises too."

I nodded at him. "Did Ashton sound angry when he called you this morning?"

He knitted his brows and said nothing. Then, he packed up the first aid kit and left without a word!

What just happened?

The day went by.

In the evening, Ashton did not come home until after dinner. His face was pale. I took the initiative to talk to him, "Mrs. Eriksen has a wonderful meal prepared just for you."

He merely peered at me, his expression a cold one. "I've taken my dinner!"

He's still mad?

Then he stormed up the stairs and entered the study, leaving me completely baffled.

"Letty, do you mind taking this up to him? Mr. Ashton doesn't look very good. Maybe he's dealing with a lot of issues at work. You two should have a good chat as husband and wife. Life's like that. You're happy one day and then sad on another. Marriage is all about communication."

Mrs. Eriksen spoke. Then she handed me the tray of home-cooked food she had prepared. They were all Ashton's everyday favorites.

At the entrance to his study.

I knocked a few times on the door and, after some time, when no one came to answer it, pushed it open and entered the room.

The study was barely lit. A strong smell of tobacco drifted in the air when I stepped in.

"Ashton?"

I turned on the lights to find Ashton leaning back on his chair next to the European-style desk, his eyes shut tight. The gloom on his face signaled that he would not tolerate disturbances at that time.

I placed the tray of food on the desk, and whispered to him, "Ashton, Mrs. Eriksen's prepared some of your favorite food. Please try some."

His eyes were closed so I could not get a good read of his emotions but, judging by the chill in the study, it seemed pretty clear that he was still bristling with anger.

The second I noticed the screen on his computer, I was stunned. It was a video of my car accident in the city center the day before.

Why is he watching this?

"Uncle Louis says we're expected at the Stovall residence next Monday to go over the family registry. You've been busy recently, so maybe I..."

"Scarlett!" Ashton interrupted me. His eyelids snapped open, revealing a pair of bloodshot eyes.

"Do you love him?" He said, his voice low and stern. He turned in his chair, his dark eyes fixed on me. "You managed to spot him in a sea of people, and then you went after him with little regard for your life. Is it because you can't get over him?"

The way he spoke was extraordinarily calm and ironic. I froze on the spot, having understood the reason behind his fury.

I leveled my gaze at him and ultimately chose not to evade the question, so I said, "It's not what you think. He's just an ordinary friend. But even so, if I chanced upon his lookalike on the streets, I would want to find out more about that person, just to assure myself. After all, I owed him my life."

He rose and slowly made his way towards me. His voice was low and deep as he enveloped me with his coldness. "What do you mean it's not what I think? Are you saying you know what's on my mind?"

I pursed my lips and subconsciously stepped back. When I hit the cold wall behind me, I realized I was cornered.

"Ashton, are you angry because I can't get over him, or are you mad because you believe I shouldn't get upset over a dead person?"

He sneered. "What do you think?"

I pursed my lips. I, for one, knew that this man was extremely possessive and domineering. After a pause, I said, "Whichever it is, Marcus is dead. That's an undeniable fact, isn't it?"

"What if he isn't?" he countered, his eyes darkened even more. "If he's alive, would you still want to repay his life-saving grace by offering your affection?"

I frowned, finding his argument awfully stubborn. Suppressing my emotions, I put my foot down and replied, "No ifs, and that's final!"

From the way I see it, Marcus was already gone. Only guilt and regret remained.

Ashton's overreaction undoubtedly meant he could not bring himself to accept that the regrets I had for Marcus would increase little by little over time.

He gazed at me, his dark eyes as deep as the sea. A long while later, he tugged his dry lips. Then, his slender and tall figure fell back onto the chair.

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 343

"Get out!" he ordered, his voice cold and harsh.

The black jacket he was wearing made him seem more distant than usual. His dark eyes, which rarely revealed any emotions, to begin with, were unusually icy as well.

I opened my mouth to say something but, in the end, no words came out.

My gaze fell on his computer. Suppressing the pain in my heart, I said to him, "Ashton, I don't know why you get so mad at me over a person who's no longer living in this world. If you really think I'm that fickle and capricious, then we can file for divorce. Relationships between people will eventually end one way or the other. Every gathering will have to disperse in the end. Some live on while others die. I don't blame you, and I won't resent you."

There are some things in the world that you have to let go of if they are no longer within your grasp, especially when it comes to matters of separation... and death.

Between the two, I would pick separation over death every single time. That way, at least both parties were still alive.

A cold glint mixed with anger flashed in his eyes. He raised his hands and, in one fell swoop, shoved his computer and some other junk off the desk. They crashed onto the ground and shattered into smithereens.

"Divorce?" His thin lips outlined a vicious grin. "Scarlett, what does this marriage look like to you? Do you see it as a trade? Or a momentary pleasure? I wonder how it is that you can utter the word 'divorce' so freely. Have you been rehearsing it over and over again in your mind, to the point that it comes out so smoothly? Huh?"

I stepped back subconsciously when my eyes came into contact with his cold gaze. My heart ached. "You were the one who drafted the divorce agreement. You were the one who kept hinting at me about divorce. You can deny it all you want, but you can't let go of your responsibilities towards Rebecca, and I feel guilty for Marcus, so... it would be better for both of us if we just split!"

I did not know why I could be so calm and composed at a time like that. I could even describe my internal frustrations, which had been repressed for so long, in a calm and concise manner.

Perhaps I had them buried deep within my conscience for so many years, and I felt that the timing was right to bring them up since the topic of divorce was now on the table.

We clearly acknowledged the helplessness and grievances we had for each other. Furthermore, no matter what, we were basically incapable of achieving mutual understanding. So, divorce might just be the best option.

"Better for both of us?" His sharp glare gave me the chills as he curled his lips, ready to mock me. "For you, maybe. The man who you initially thought had gone to heaven suddenly showed up among the crowd. Before that, you had decided to put the past behind you but then your heart grew restless again at the sight of him. What you harbored was not guilt, but regret. And when you saw him again, you were tempted."

He sneered. "My responsibilities towards Rebecca? What a joke. Here I am working my hardest to give you a sense of security while all you think about, Scarlett, are a million ways to get rid of me. Good gracious!"

His words might be harsh and mean, but I chose not to refute them. No matter what he said, it was useless for me to set things straight.

I glanced at him with an impassive expression. Compared to his anger, I took his reaction in stride. "Ashton, let's stop lying to ourselves!"

I did not want to argue, for I did not even know where to start. I could not even tell how our relationship hit the rocks. Was I at fault or was he being a pain?

So I did not want to fight. Grandma said that if two people loved each other, no matter what obstacles laid between them, they would always be able to forgive and tolerate each other. Maybe love was what we lacked, and thus we could not find relief.

I turned to leave but he caught my arm and held me within his grasp. He had me pressed against the table and began to kiss me aggressively.

From the bottom of my heart, I wanted to resist his strength and dominance. I turned my head away to evade his attack while I tried my best to push him away.

But, sadly, men and women differ in strength. To him, my strength was comparable to a mosquito. He clasped one hand around my waist and pinched it so hard that I winced in pain.

His free hand held my head in its grip, forcing me to reciprocate his kiss.

It was unbearable. I lifted my hands to push him away, but he bit down so forcefully that I yelped.

“Ashton, let go of me! I don’t want this!”

He snickered. “We are a couple. This is what couples do. What’s wrong with that? Heck, you don’t want to do it with me because you’d rather do it with Marcus, is that right? You’re still thinking of someone who’s already dead. What for?”

Slap! I hit his face as though on instinct, while the disgust and pain intertwined in my heart.

He stopped abruptly. His face resembled the turbulence that gathered before the pouring rain. The storm he was brewing made me tremble all over.

I thought he would hit me back or push me to the ground out of fury, but he did not.

Instead, he raised a hand and held my chin in place before taking a brutal bite of my lips. After that, he proceeded to ravage me like a feral beast.

I roared, “Ashton, no! I said no! Release me!”

He scoffed. “When have you ever wanted it? When have you ever asked for it? Huh?”

My mind went blank. Just when it was about to short-circuit, I felt a burst of pain spread throughout my body.

I did not resist. In fact, I had no way of resisting.

I questioned myself over and over again in my head. How did we end up like this? Is it because we have fallen out of love? Is that why he can step all over me as he pleases?

As I looked at him, I noticed there was nothing but a bottomless abyss in those dark eyes of his. There was only eternal darkness.

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 344

How dreary! How ridiculous!

I could not help but snigger, with him in my sight. A faint smirk curled up the corner of my mouth.

He glanced at me, his eyes darkened once again as he lowered his head and kissed me. "Say my name!" he called.

I pursed my lips and tilted my head to one side. I closed my eyes, refusing to see him.

His thin lips hovered at my ear, his voice softened a little as he repeated, "Scarlett, say my name!"

I said nothing. My mind was forming a plan to escape. I deserved to make him wait for me to tell him personally that I cared about him, that I loved him, and that I wanted him.

But I could not bring myself to tell him. Over the years, I had buried so much in my heart, including his coming to Rebecca's defense time and time again, his never-ending care towards that woman, and the harm he had caused me so nonchalantly and in so many ways.

I had suppressed so much of that. Over time, those frustrations began to take root, multiply, and became more and more intense.

Love could not be that all-forgiving. In the highly selective social circle, anyone could be tolerated. Anyone could fit.



"Ashton, let's file for divorce!" I said it, not on impulse or out of anger, but after putting in considerable thought.

He stiffened. I pushed him aside. Then I grabbed my clothes to cover myself, though just barely, all the while showing little emotion.

"Are you serious?" he exclaimed. His dark eyes fell on me, looking extremely tense.

I pursed my lips and nodded. Then, I gazed into his dark eyes as I explained it to him. "Let's just calm down and think this through. Perhaps it was a mistake right from the start. What Grandpa considers as 'a good match' might not resonate with our definition of it. My feelings for you at the beginning might not have been love at all, but admiration. Your feelings for me, on the other hand, might just be guilt accumulated over time by your neglect towards me.

There was no love between us, only bits and pieces here and there that were combined together to resemble something like it.

When he spoke, the gloom on his face resembled a dark cloud that had been accumulating droplets for some time now. "Not love!"

It seemed like he said that out loud for himself to hear. In the days that followed, I kept thinking about the many couples in the world. How many of them stayed together through a lifetime of responsibilities just because they were made for each other, and how did these so-called couples who claimed they love each other spend the rest of their lives together? First comes lust, then comes love. Perhaps, there never was such a thing called love, and everything else was just an excuse for our own consolation.

He forced me into a corner, a ruthless sneer crossing his face. "What do you know about love? Tell me, what does love mean to you? You keep talking about divorce. You make it sound like it's such a trivial matter. Do you think just because I spoil you, because I protect you, that I deserve your abuse?"

I lowered my gaze. My legs gave way as I slumped onto the floor, still leaning against the cold, hard wall. Hugging my knees, I said, "The woman whom you love, spoil, and protect is currently lying on a bed in the hospital."

"Ho!" he scoffed. "You just have to bring that up, don't you? You just have to force me to give up on Rebecca, to prove that I love you? Scarlett, you are one horrible woman. Why must you take things to the extreme?"

I pressed my lips as I stared at my toes, before looking up at him. "You only realize that now?"

He smirked with disdain. "And what about you? You fill your heart with someone that's already dead, and then you're quite willing to throw your life away to chase after a shadow. What does that make you?"

I calmed down and stared back at him. "Since we have our own hurdles, then we might as well file for divorce. I don't want anything from the Fullers. Grandpa transferred HiTech to my name, I can transfer that to you. I don't want your house or your car. Luckily, we don't have any children. Since we agree that this is a huge mistake, we can get a divorce now and start over. It's not too late."

"Screw this!" Ashton violently knocked over the table lamp beside him. It fell to the ground. Still fuming, he roared at me, "What do you mean 'not too late'? You're the one who can't let go of the past. What's that got to do with me?"

I was exhausted. I felt like I was trapped in a dead-end, with no way to get out.

Ashton's temper seemed to have reached its limit. I could not tell which statement was spoken out of anger and which one was for real.

I pushed him away, stood up against the wall, and said, "I'll move out and live on my own for a while until both of us have calmed down. And then, we can discuss the divorce."

Yet he held me down again, his thin lips pressed against the corners of my mouth. They lingered, and then, in a voice that sounded restrained, he asked me, "Have you ever loved me?"

I bit my lips, my heart aching as though it had just taken a bad hit. Even breathing became difficult. "Does it matter?"

"It does!" He kissed me, and continued in a depressed mood, "After we divorce, is there still a chance between us? No?"

I pursed my lips. "No!" Who in the world would file for divorce, only to end up together again? Since people file for divorce because they fall out of love, it's only natural that they won't fall for each other again.

"Ha!" he snickered. "Then why should I agree to that?"

He bit my lips again, his eyes filled with bloodlust and a tinge of coldness. "It doesn't matter if you don't love me. I'll give you time. One day you'll surely fall for me. You'd better forget about Marcus. I don't care if he's dead or alive. Either way, I won't let you be with him. Scarlett, you belong to me, and only me!"

He grabbed his clothes and swiftly put them on before throwing a cold glance at me. "Stay put!"

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 345

As I watched him slam the door and leave, my mind buzzed away. It was fine in the beginning, so how did it become like this?

Moments later, Mrs. Eriksen came upstairs. When she saw me on the floor, seemingly at a loss, she merely sighed. "Oh dear, you two..."

"Mrs. Eriksen, I want some peace!" I said, overcome by fatigue. I rose from my spot, stumbled out of the study and into my bedroom, where I proceeded to lock the door.

I must have blacked out after that.

I laid on the bed, in a daze, until midnight, when I was awakened by a nightmare.

There was no one beside me. I got up to pour myself a glass of water. I checked the time. It was three o'clock in the early morning. I supposed I would not be able to fall asleep again after this hour.

I had not eaten anything that night. I opened the door and went downstairs. Mrs. Eriksen had left some food for me. I took several bites but, honestly, I did not have much of an appetite.

As I headed upstairs, I glanced at the study out of habit. There was no one inside. The chaotic mess had been cleaned up.

It seemed Ashton did not return at all that night. I retired to the bedroom and looked through the email sent by OrbitTech again.

It did not take long for the weather to get cold, as the second round of heavy snowfall in K City came as expected.

The entire yard was covered with snow. To avoid traffic jams, people have already begun to shovel snow outside their homes.

Mrs. Eriksen was surprised to see me up and about when she came in for work. She said, "The new year's rolling in soon. People are stocking up on new year goods and decorations. Letty, what do you say we go shopping after breakfast? See what the stores have on sale."

I grinned at her. "I have somewhere to go in the afternoon, so I'll have to pass. Has Ashton purchased the air ticket to J City for you?"

Mrs. Eriksen's son and daughter lived in J City. She usually spent the new year break with them every year. For me, I used to spend it with either Grandma or George. It was great while it lasted.

Now that both of them were gone, it had become quite lonely during festivities, as though the holidays had become meaningless.

I wonder what's going on at Macy's. With that thought, I had the urge to give Jackson a call, but I shrugged it off when I checked the time. It was too early to do that.

I simply turned to Mrs. Eriksen and said, "I'm heading to the company in a while. Ashton's not here, so you don't have to make breakfast for us."

She looked like she wanted to say something, but I had already grabbed the keys and gone out the door.

Work at the White Corporation started at nine. I got there early, so I waited in the office for a while before I went looking for the person in charge of OrbitTech to discuss work.

Research and development of AI could not possibly be achieved in a few short days, but I was pleased to see the progress we were making.

As I came out of the R&D Department, I bumped into Sally. It had been a few days since she moved back to the White residence, and it seemed she had officially returned to work at the White Corporation as well.

She saw me egging to leave, and said, "Are you in a rush?"

I shook my head. "No. What's up?"

She clasped her hands and spoke, "The new year's just around the corner. What plans do you and Ashton have this year? Are you returning to J City or staying here in K City? I heard that the Stovall family is adding you to the family register. What are your plans for the coming year?"

"Not sure," I said, facing her. "Why don't you ask Ashton?"

With that said, I got ready to leave, but when I reached the lobby I chanced upon a group of people just entering the building.

Among them were Ashton and Joe. They must have come to talk about work.

In the reception area, Ashton's slender figure was particularly eye-catching. He stood with one hand in his pocket and seemed to be chatting with Joe about something important.

Our eyes met. He frowned at me, apparently still bitter about what happened. Briefly stunned, I pursed my lips and looked away as I headed towards the exit.

"Scarlett, have you had your breakfast?" Joe spoke as he came up and blocked my way. I could not pretend that I did not see them.

I stopped walking. My eyes darted to Ashton, who was still wearing the suit from last night. I could see the wrinkles.

"Later!" I replied. Other colleagues greeted me from the side and I responded to them in turn, ready to leave.

I looked back at Joe and said, "I have other matters to tend to, so I'll get going!"

"Come on, Scarlett. Ashton and I are going for lunch soon. You should come with us!"

"No, thanks. I really have other things to do. You go ahead!" I said, feeling for my car keys.

Ashton's face grew cold. He threw an icy glance at Joe and uttered calmly, "Are you that free?"

I pressed my lips. I had no intention to linger, so I said to Joe, "I'm leaving. See you!"

Then I left without waiting for Joe to respond.

I managed to hear Joe's petulant strife with Ashton from behind me. "You're saying I'm too free? Ashton, you're one to talk. Who was the one who didn't sleep at all last night and spent every waking moment drinking? Who's the depressed one here?"

I was not sure what to make of that.

I got out of the building and into my car. I had barely got the engine started when my phone rang. It was Stacey.

I turned the engine off to take her call. "Hi. What's up?"

"Can you come to J City, hopefully by today?" she said, sounding quite serious over the phone.

I froze at her request. "What happened?"

There was a pause before she continued, "I don't really know how to put this. I think they want to keep this a secret from you. That's why they haven't called. But the truth will come to light sooner or later. So... why don't you come back and take a look at it yourself? You need to know the cause."

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 346

For a moment, there was a rumbling in my mind. My heart skipped a beat. Eventually, I took a deep breath and asked the unthinkable, "Did something happened to Macy?"

She did not reply me. There was a moment of silence before she stressed again, "Just come here. You'll see!"

"Fine!"

Right after I hung up the phone, I booked an air ticket to J City. I was lucky because there was still time. There was a flight from K City to J City in an hour.

When that was done, I started the car again. It was then I saw Joe exit the White Corporation office building. He jogged towards me, arms waving.

His appearance surprised me. I stopped the car and peered at him. "What now?"

"Scarlett, Ashton's booked a table at a Western restaurant in South Metro. Do you want to join us?" He extended an invitation to me with a broad grin on his face.

Wait, South Metro? Where young folks in K City like to go to hang out at night? The most lavish place to enjoy nightlife?

I looked at the time. I could barely make it to the airport in under one hour if I set out now. I did not have time for lunch.

Ashton also walked out of the building to join us, his face still void of emotions.

I could not help but bit my lip and turned to Joe. "Sorry, Mr. Quinn. I won't be able to join you. I have other things to do later. Why don't you give Rebecca a call? She should have time to join Ashton... and you for lunch!"

With that said, I started my car once more. Joe seemed furious. "Scarlett, what's that supposed to mean? Don't you know why Ashton booked a table at a Western restaurant in

South Metro? He's making up for that feud between you two. You should accept it. Why do you have to add more to the tension?"

I pursed my lips as time ticked away. I looked at Ashton standing by the door, then at Joe, and said stiffly, "Mr. Quinn, I thank you for making the effort to help Ashton and I sort things out. And I appreciate Ashton's kindness. But, please tell him this. Since we can't go on anymore, we can end the relationship on a good note. He and I are on a break in the meantime. Anyway, I have other places to be, so goodbye!"

I hit the gas and sped off onto the road, feeling extremely irritated.

It was not that I refused to ease the relationship between us, but I still had some resistance. Resistance against what, even I was uncertain.

It should be fine. I was off to J City, where I would take a short break, and perhaps everything would turn out alright.

There was always a lot of foot traffic at K City airport every day, in addition to the congestion on the road. Fortunately, I made it in time.

I retrieved my air ticket in a hurry and boarded the plane. I found my seat and sat down, finally relieved. Pretty soon, the plane took off.

"Attention, all passengers. The plane is ready for takeoff. For your safety, please put up your tray table, buckle your safety belts, and kindly turn off your phone or set it to airplane mode. Thank you." The sweet voice of the air stewardess rang from the speakers.

I subconsciously fished my phone out from my bag and was about to turn it off when I was notified of the dozen of missed calls, all of which were from Ashton. There were also a few text messages, all sent by him too.

Since I had to turn it off quickly, I merely scanned through them. The first one asked for my whereabouts, and the rest were just usual greetings.

The plane was taking off. There was no time for me to reply, so I just shut it down.

It was a four-hour journey from K City to J City. I barely slept last night so, not long after the plane took off, I asked the air stewardess for a blanket and took a nap.



By the time I woke up, the plane had landed. I turned on my phone and checked the time. It was six o'clock sharp.

Stacey was already there to pick me up when I got off the plane.

The sky got dark earlier during winter. It was barely six and it already looked like night had fallen. Stacey was wrapped in a thick padded jacket. She chuckled when she saw that I came with only one bag and nothing else. "Did you come directly after receiving my call?"

I nodded and said, "Yes. Take me there right away!"

Her expression was undecipherable. After a pause, she spoke, "Let's get something to eat first. I've booked a restaurant. After that, I'll take you to their residence."

Since she had made the arrangements, I had nothing more to say. I nodded in agreement.

I did not have much of an appetite, to begin with. I simply ate what I could. After dinner, Stacey took me for a drive to the Glenwood residential area.

At the entrance to the residence, I froze. "Does Macy really live here?"

Stacey nodded and explained, "Well, they basically take walks around the residence at night. The weather's been cold recently, so I guess they just take a brief stroll before returning home."

The information left me stunned for a couple of seconds. I thought Macy should be staying at the house we had previously bought.

I asked Stacey to get us inside, and then we went straight to their apartment building.

We keyed in the passcode, opened the door, and found ourselves an empty house. No one had been living here for some time. It was in the exact condition when we left.

Stacey came to a realization. "No wonder they would rather live here than stay at their villa. You guys have a house here!"

The news caught me off guard. "What villa?"

She nodded. "I've checked. Nick used to stay at his villa at the Peakville Estate but, for whatever reason, he moved here."

We left the place and headed downstairs. It was not snowing in J City, but the temperature was exceptionally low. Stacey led me to the residential rest area for a short break.

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 347

She turned to me and said, "When you see him later, do you intend to say hi?"

That was a strange question. "Why not?" I responded.

She shrugged. "Have you ever considered why they're all in J City, but they lie to you about being in M Country?"

"Maybe they don't want me to worry!"

"If that's the case, what do you think their reaction would be when you appear out of the blue? I have an idea. Would you care to listen?"

"What do you have in mind?"

Stacey sat up straight and faced me. "You'll see them tonight, but don't go up to them first. Wait until tomorrow. I'm taking you somewhere to have the whole story sorted, and then we'll deal with this calmly, alright?"

I was taken aback by what she said. It felt like she had overestimated the seriousness of the matter. I wanted to ask for more information but she silenced me. "Look, there they are!"

I looked in the direction she was pointing and saw two men, both about six feet tall, pushing a stroller as they talked.

There was some distance between us and them. I was a bit short-sighted anyway, so I could not make out exactly who they were but based on their silhouettes I could tell they were Nick and Jackson.

I really wanted to go over and talked to them, but Stacey stopped me. She urged me to call them on the phone first.

Alarmed, I took out of my phone. The screen showed some more missed calls from Ashton.

I had set my phone to silent mode after getting off the plane and since then I had not had the time to look at it.

“Didn’t you tell Mr. Fuller that you’re coming?” She said hesitantly after taking a peek at the number of missed calls on my phone screen.

I nodded. I looked through the contacts for Jackson’s phone and dialed his number.

Before long, the call went through to Jackson’s phone. From a distance, I watched him hesitate to pick it up. Nick muttered something to him, and after that, he answered the call.

“Scarlett, how’s it going?” Jackson answered the call.

I lowered my voice and said, “Hi, Jackson. Where are you? I’m coming to J City in a few days and I’m wondering if you’d like to visit as well. We can celebrate the new year together in J City. What do you think?”

There was silence at first, and then he said, “Hi, Scarlett. I’m afraid we can’t go. We’re still in M Country at the moment. It’s cold here. It’s not good for the baby, traveling back and forth. Maybe after the celebration, when it gets warmer. Then we can go back to see you.”

I watched as the man standing not far away fed me with lies. The feeling was unbearable. Why is he lying to me? If I had not come here and see them with my own eyes, I would think they were in M Country.

Pushing aside the disappointment, I asked, “What about Macy? How’s she doing these days?”

From afar, I saw Jackson exchange glances with Nick. There was a moment’s silence again, before he said, “She’s at home. I’m outside right now and, if you don’t mind, I have stuff to do. I’m hanging up. See you.”

Afterwards, he ended the call without waiting for me to finish what I had to say.

I was stunned for a while as I watched them walk further away, pushing the stroller ahead of them and talking between themselves.

If Stacey had not stopped me, I would have run up to them and demanded to know why he lied to me.

It was sometime later when I finally calmed down. I took a deep breath and turned to Stacey. "So, what did you find? Lay it on me."

After everything that had happened, I was confident that I could accept whatever would come my way. I had lost my baby, my relationship with Ashton had hit the rocks, and the same had gone to Rebecca.

Things are actually going quite well!

She looked me straight in the eyes and pursed her lips. "I suggest you give Mr. Fuller a call first. There are about one hundred missed calls from him. He must be worried sick about you!"

I got annoyed. Ashton happened to be calling me again when I peeked at my phone. In cases like this one, a fight would most likely ensue if I take the call.

I chose to turn it off. Then I looked at Stacey and asked, "Is your place far away from here?"

She replied with a shrug, "It's around here. I originally planned to return to my hometown for the new year. How's this? Tomorrow, I shall take you to that place I've been talking about, and after you get that sorted out, I'll make my way home. I heard that the Stovall family in K City is planning to add you to their family register. If things work out, you'll have a lot on your plate."

I was not one who liked to get to the root of whatever we were dealing with. Since she had made all the arrangements, I would not want to interfere. Ashton's calls kept coming. I spoke to Stacey for the final time that night, "Alright. I'll head back first. See you tomorrow!"

She nodded as she got out her car key from her handbag. "That's that, then. I'll pick you up tomorrow!"

"Right!"

After we separated, I went straight to the Glenwood residential area. It had been a rough day. I did not have the energy to go all the way to the villa at Peakville Estate.

There was no one there waiting for me. The emptiness would be unbearable if I stayed there alone.

When I got back, I received another call from Ashton's phone. This time, I answered it. "What's up?" I said.

"Scarlett, where are you?" Is that Joe?

He startled me. I asked, "What's the matter? Is something wrong?"

"Scarlett, can you come to Joy Luck Boutique? Ashton needs a pickup. He's had one pint too many. Jared and I can't do anything to stop him. Can you come over and take him home?"

It was rather noisy on Joe's side. From what I could hear, they must be at a bar.

I pressed my lips and, over the phone, turned down the man's request. "You can wait for him to blackout, then bring him back. I'm not at home right now. I can't go there!"

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 348

"No, Scarlett, you don't get it. You don't know how much Ashton can drink. If he's not drunk, he can drink all the way until the sun rises. He's causing harm to himself, but nothing Jared and I say can deter him. If anything happens to him because of this, we can't bear the responsibility!"

Joe described Ashton's situation so vividly. I could feel the anxiety manifested in his tone.

I stood on the balcony, allowing the wind to blow softly against my face. Irritated, I spoke on the phone, "If he can't bother to take care of himself, then let him drink to death!"

"Scarlett..."

“Scarlett, are you a woman at all?” Apparently, Joe’s phone was snatched away by none other than Ashton. He spoke to me in a strong nasal voice, obviously drunk.

“What’s that got to do with anything? Ashton, you go drinking at this hour and now you’re throwing tantrums at me? How old do you think you are? Three?” The other side of the line might have been put on speaker because Joe seemed to fly off the handle once I finished my rant.

He called out Ashton in a drawl, obviously in a teasing tone.

But Ashton probably shot him back an eerie look, thus the other end of the phone went quiet again.

I was really not in the mood to be dragged into this sort of nonsense, so I said, as casually as I could, “Ashton if you’re doing fine, don’t call me! I’m hanging up!”

Before he could think of a comeback, I hung up right away and turned off the phone for good measure.

That night, I could not sleep well, as per usual. I kept having nightmares. I finally managed to get some sleep when dawn broke, and then Stacey called.

She could hear the exhaustion in my raspy voice. She asked, “Ms. Stovall, you didn’t sleep well, did you?”

I affirmed her query, and then said, “Give me the address. I’ll be there soon!”

A throbbing headache assailed me. I got up and sat on the side of the bed for several moments before regaining my senses.

After listening to the sound of my voice, Stacey paused and said, “Let’s do it this way! I’ll come to pick you up in a while, so you can catch a little bit more sleep. I’ll even bring you breakfast along the way!”

I wanted to reject her but she was faster. “Open the door for me later, okay? I’m hanging up. See you!”

And that was what she did.

Still in a daze, I checked my phone. Other than the bunch of missed calls from Ashton last night, there were no other messages or phone calls from anyone else.

When Stacey arrived, I was not in bed anymore but my head still hurt. It subsided after I swallowed some pills.

She brought breakfast and, upon seeing the dark circles under my eyes, said, "How about you take a rest for the day?"

I shook my head. "The Stovall family is throwing a banquet on Monday. John's arranged a fitting session for me but I kept ditching him. After we sort this out, I still have to get back to K City!"

She went quiet for a bit, her eyes darkened as she muttered a confusing choice of words, "I'm just afraid that... things won't go too well."

And then she turned to me. "Come on, eat up!"

I nodded, my head still pounding terribly.

After leaving Glenwood Apartments, I experienced discomfort straight away. It was like being hounded by a daunting aura, trapping me in an anxious state, on top of that pulsating headache. My mood was at an all-time low.

I realized she was driving towards the suburbs. That raised some questions. "Why are we going to the suburbs?"

She pressed her lips before replying, "I'm taking you to someone you'd want to meet!"

Someone I'd want to meet?

I ran a lap in my head but nothing came up. I could not think of anyone I would want to meet who stayed in the suburbs.

Turning to her, I prompted, "Who, exactly?"

She did not answer. It was another half-hour drive before we came to a stop in the parking lot of a cemetery.

I had been to this cemetery many times in the past. Grandma and George were buried here, so I was quite familiar with this place.

She got down from the car, bought a bouquet of chrysanthemums from the entrance, and handed it to me. "Take this!"

Then, she dragged me into the cemetery.

My mind was still buzzing, not quite getting why she had brought me here, of all places. "Is it one of your friends, or someone in your family? After we pay our respects, where are we going next?"

She was walking in front of me. In a low voice, she said, "Probably Mr. Harrison, but they should be here today."

"What for?" She led me a little more ways into the cemetery before stopping in front of a tombstone in the back row.

I froze as my gaze fell on the tombstone. My thoughts came to an abrupt stop as an epiphany struck. The chrysanthemums in my hand fell to the ground.

I stared at the black-and-white photo and epitaph on the tombstone in disbelief.

I shot a glance at Stacey, suppressing the pain and shock growing in my heart, my voice trembling as I exclaimed, "Is this a prank?"

She pursed her lips and, when she spoke, her words bring no mercy, "Do you think this is a prank?"

I looked at the tombstone again and examined the black-and-white photo. Here laid the one person I was most familiar with, the closest friend I had ever had!

I could clearly see that she was buried on September 28. It was around the time of my accident. How could she...

I shook my head, still unwilling to accept the matter of her death. Angrily, I confronted Stacey. "I don't understand why you have to do this to me. But I'm quite certain I haven't done you wrong in any way. Don't you think this is too much, even for you?"



# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 349

She raised an eyebrow and said calmly, "I only found out recently that Macy died during childbirth. She was brought to K City on the day of your incident. She was drugged and placed in Nick's house to draw you out of the villa so as to kidnap you. After she found out that she caused your miscarriage, Macy became overwhelmed and had a premature birth at only seven months that ended in her death."

I collapsed on the floor in front of the photo on the headstone. My eyes hurt and I felt like a dagger had pierced through my chest.

Jackson had been avoiding me and stayed in Jadeborough all this time because he didn't want to see me. For so long, I assumed that Macy had gone to Moranta because she fell ill during childbirth.

Everything happened because she's gone. But why? Why didn't Jackson tell me?

Stacey walked over to me and supported my body. I shook my head but no tears fell.

I kept replaying the scene of the last time I said goodbye to Macy in my head.

It was funny. I never expected the time Marcus brought me out for a walk would be the last time I saw her and Jackson.

I thought that once I recovered, I would be able to happily rejoin them and everything would be just like how it used to be.

I never could have imagined that that was the last time.

"Scarlett!" shouted a doubtful male voice from behind me.

I turned but my eyes hurt so badly that I couldn't open them. Through the blinding sunlight, I managed to make out the figures of two people.

Nick and Jackson!

They didn't bring the child!

When was the last time I saw them? It hadn't been very long, but it felt like a lifetime had passed.

"Why didn't you tell me?" The voice that escaped me was raspy and pained. I struggled to breathe.

Jackson walked towards me and helped me up from the ground. He tried to clear his hoarse throat as he said, "She hoped you would focus on recovering and told us to only tell you after your condition improved!"

I smiled and gazed at the black-and-white photo on the headstone. I couldn't even squeeze one tear out. Yet, my heart was bleeding. I knew that she was just afraid that I wouldn't be able to take the blow of her passing so soon after losing my child.

"Did she say anything at the end?"

"She said that she wanted you to raise her child. You can choose the name. You don't have to be worried about being lonely with the child by your side."

Jackson spoke calmly, as though he had rehearsed this speech a hundred times.

My body was freezing, but my forehead was sweating profusely.

I fought the pain in my chest as I smiled and replied, "Okay!"

The moment I spoke, I tasted an acrid sweetness for a second.

I coughed and blood spewed from my lips.

An agonizing pain in my chest followed. The pain was so intense that even my bones felt like they were being rattled.

"Scarlett!"

"Ms. Stovall!"

Jackson held me in his arms. His eyes flashed red as he bellowed at Stacey, "Don't you know she's depressed? Did you bring her here to push her over the brink?"

Stacey was stunned and she shook her head dazedly. "I didn't know. I thought that you guys had some reasons for not telling her, so..."

"Send her to the hospital!" Nick, who had been silent till that point, roared. His face was as white as a sheet.

There was a buzzing noise in my head and the pain in my chest was so excruciating that I couldn't breathe.

I was loaded into the car in a blurry daze by Jackson. Shortly after, we arrived at the hospital.

I initially assumed that I would be able to remain conscious until we arrived at the hospital. Alas, I fainted before we arrived.

It was as though I had fallen into a deep slumber that lasted a lifetime.

When my eyes slowly blinked open, the first thing I registered was white ceilings. It took a while for me to realize that I was in the hospital.

"She's awake! Letty is awake..." Jackson cried out. Stacey and Nick's voices soon joined his.

I looked dumbly at them while my brain processed the situation. "You're all here?"

Stacey's eyes were red as she looked at me and said, "You vomited blood and have been unconscious for a whole day."

I was stupefied. My head still throbbed terribly. I fought through the discomfort and said, "How did she die?"

Jackson pursed his lips and his Adam's apple bobbed as he answered, "Letty, let's not talk about the past, okay?"

I stared at the ceiling. Every inch of my body cried out in pain. "I know what you're worried about. But I don't even know how she died, Jackson. How will I be able to continue living my life peacefully?" I said calmly.

He hung his head and cradled it between his hands. His slender fingers were pressed into his hair as he said raspily, "During the day of your incident, she was tricked and ended up

fainting at Nick's door. Later, someone told her that you had been kidnaped by Cameron after coming out of the Fullers' residence.

She found out about how you almost lost your life too and knew that it was her fault. At that moment, she became overwhelmed and blood started pouring out of her when she went to look for you. She knew that she wasn't going to make it and entrusted her child to me. She instructed me to have you raise the child."

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 350

He choked out, "She was afraid that you wouldn't be able to handle the blow of her passing so soon after the loss of your child. Hence, she asked me to raise the child for half a year first before telling you."

In the short span of a year, I had experienced the woes of grief. I kept my gaze locked on the ceiling. My eyes hurt and my vision was slightly blurry. However, no words fell from my lips.

After a period of silence, I finally found my voice and asked, "Who told her about me?"

She had been pregnant. In the month after my incident, I stayed with Marcus. During that time, I had attempted to take my life through various methods.

Marcus was busy taking care of me and did not have time for anyone else. Given his character, if I hadn't insisted on seeing Macy, he would not have sought her out on his own, much less provoke her intentionally.

Such an evil deed...

"It was Jared's assistant Kristina!" He blurted, his tone cold.

Kristina!

I frowned and thought about the well-dressed young lady. The same young lady that had been humiliated by Rebecca at Imperial Hotel.

"Her?"

Jackson nodded. "She went to see Macy. I'm not clear on what exactly transpired between them, but Macy's mood soured after their conversation. Just as Macy was about to leave, she said to never tell Jared about the child."

Never tell Jackson about the child?

I stopped speaking. In life, one needed to be at least a little fierce. If you show how weak you are from the beginning, everyone will zero in on you as prey who could be easily taken advantage of.

Jackson watched as I went back to staring at the ceiling with a blank expression. He called out softly to me, "Letty, you..."

"I'm fine!"

I pushed down all the surging emotions within me and said to Stacey, "You might need to help me with this."

Stacey was momentarily stupefied before she nodded. "Sure!"

I nodded back at her. "Thank you!"

"You don't need to thank me. It's the least I can do!" She sounded rather stern.

I knew she was just thanking me for helping her with Felix. However, I was still grateful to her.

I looked at Jackson and tried to move my body. Unfortunately, my body still hurt terribly. "Jackson, when will I be able to leave the hospital?" I asked.

"The doctor suggested that you stay and recuperate for a few days!" He saw how I was trying to get up and helped me before he continued. "It's almost spring. Letty, promise me you'll take it easy. Let's have a nice spring together, okay?"

I nodded and plastered a smile on my face. "Okay. But, I want to go back to K City for a while. I still have some work to do there. Once I'm done, I'll come back to Jadeborough and we'll spend a happy spring together with the child."

He frowned slightly. "Can't it wait till a later date?"

I shook my head. "I might need to go back tonight. Louis Stovall is now my godfather. I have to go because I'll be written into the family register tomorrow night."

"Louis Stovall?"

I nodded. "Yes!"

He furrowed his brow. "Is it because of John?"

"Yes!"

He pursed his lips and remained silent.

Sometime later, he looked at me and said, "Fine. I'll wait for you to come back to Jadeborough to spend spring with us."

"Okay!" After a moment, I asked him, "The child... Does she have a name yet?"

He shook his head. "We were waiting for you to name her. Macy's instructions were for the child to take your surname. This way, you'll really be a family!"

My chest contracted painfully, and a vein throbbed in my temple. It was painful to speak. "Is it a boy or a girl?"

"A girl!"

"Her name shall be Summer."

Jackson was slightly stunned. "Summer Stovall. What a beautiful name."

I nodded as tears welled in my eyes. "I hope she'll receive all the warmth and joy that I wasn't able to share with Macy!"

He nodded and pondered for a moment. "I love the name."

"It's a great name. It's full of old-fashioned charm, yet it's not outdated." Nick voiced his agreement.

I nodded. Perhaps it was due to the excessive talking, or because my body was weak, to begin with, but I was utterly drained.

Stacey noticed how exhausted I was and said, "You should rest in the hospital today. The banquet is tomorrow night, right? You should rest up and save your strength."

I sighed heavily. The day passed slowly as I remained within the confines of the bed.

By the time I traveled from Jadeborough to K City, it was the afternoon of the next day. John picked me up at the airport. When he saw the dark circles around my eyes, he sneered, "I can't believe one trip to Jadeborough reduced you to this. Did you see a ghost or something?"

I climbed into the car and muttered, "I was short on time and didn't manage to rest properly."

"We're headed for gown fitting. You can take a rest at my place later. I'll go get you at night," said John as he started up the engine.

I looked at him and a smile tugged at my lips.

He cocked an eyebrow when he saw my smile. "Why are you staring at me so creepily?"

I turned my gaze away from him and murmured, "Has anyone told you that you're looking more and more like an older brother?"

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 351

He scoffed and barked, "Don't say such crap."

I stared out the window and let my mind wander. "John, we're the only ones left from R Province," I lamented.

He froze for a second before frowning. "What do you mean?"

At the traffic light, he stopped to stare at me.

My throat hurt slightly, and my eyes were uncomfortably dry. "Macy's gone!"

"Gone?"

"She's buried with Grandma in Jadeborough. I wanted to bring them to R Province. But now, we can't go back to R Province."

The light turned green.

However, the elderly man was slowly hobbling across the zebra crossing.

The car behind punched their horns ceaselessly, but John did not start driving. Instead, he leaned back and closed his eyes.

The horn persisted. John burst out of the car and slammed the door ferociously. I was stunned by his reaction. When I realized what he was planning on doing, I scrambled after him.

He marched up to the car with the impatient driver and knocked on the window. The driver rolled down his window and snapped, "So what if you drive a Bentley? You..."

The driver shut his mouth after one murderous glare from John.

John pursed his lips, raised his eyebrow, and coldly stared down the man. "Get out!"



The man panicked slightly as he tried to make sense of the situation. He suppressed his anger and replied, "Is there something wrong with you?"

"I told you to get out!" John erupted as he wrenched the car door open and yanked the stout driver out of the vehicle.

The terrified man was scared stiff. He gazed at John's handsome face in terror and started to plead for mercy.

After expressing some of his furies, John tossed a name card in the man's face and barked gruffly, "Don't honk your horn like a madman in the city center next time. Otherwise, you won't get away with just a beating again."

John returned to the car and started driving.

I sighed. "You didn't have to be so... impulsive! Just let him scream for a bit. You only had to wait till the old man was across the road. You didn't have to cause a scene."

He pursed his lips but didn't reply. It was clear that his bad mood stemmed from elsewhere.

"How did she die?"

I paused and turned to see him driving seriously. He seemed to have just posed the question in passing.

"She died while giving birth. The child survived, but she had lost too much blood."

He knitted his brow. "Who's the father?"

I pondered for a moment before responding. "Can I not say? She entrusted her child to me and she didn't want the father to know about the child."

"You got yourself into such a state in Jadeborough because of this?" he asked. We had arrived at the style company and he stopped the car.

I climbed out of the car and made a sound of acknowledgment. "Will there be many people at the banquet tonight?"

“Every notable person and journalist in K City will be there!” He gestured for me to go in and tossed the car keys into my bag.

I pursed my lips and muttered, “Where did you learn this? Who told you you could flippantly throw car keys into women’s bags?”

He shrugged. “Hannah told me that family and lovers can act in such an intimate manner.”

I...

Hannah? The elegant woman I met in Jadeborough?

I did not think much about what he said and replied, “Does this mean that everyone in K City knows about the banquet?”

He nodded. “Everyone in the country knows about it!”

I grinned. “You’re the best!”

He found my smile odd and raised an eyebrow. “What are you doing?”

I shrugged. “John, I’ve always thought of myself that let things go easily. After some time, I stop holding grudges. But I was wrong. I still want to ruin Cameron. I want her to kneel before me and beg for mercy for her and Rebecca.”

His eyebrow shot up and he looked troubled. “What do you plan on doing?”

“Do you remember the items that I told you to hold on to? I initially planned to rest my case because Rebecca had lost her child and was stabbed by me. Moreover, Cameron’s company is being investigated. They’ve lost quite a lot. However, I don’t think it’s enough. I want to expose all of Cameron’s dirty laundry to the Moore family. I want them to see how she’s actually a repulsive monster under that classy mask of hers.”

People shouldn’t be clouded by hate. Otherwise, there would be no room for kindness.

In a television show that I had watched when I was a child, the main character had been forgiving despite having gone through a genocide. It seemed ludicrous to me now. Only third parties watching from the outside said nonsense like ‘revenge begets revenge’.

I had never heard an actual victim utter such words.

Only the people watching from afar could say such things. It was because they had not experienced the pain for themselves.

Spectators were afforded the luxury of seeing everything in black and white. The advice they claimed to offer was often just salt in the victims' wounds.

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 352

He stopped and gazed at me with sadness and vexation. "Letty, no matter what you plan on doing, I'll support you all the way. I just hope that you don't end up with regrets. Life is too short and you should write your own story. It's not wrong to seek revenge, but I hope that you can spend your remaining days happily. I hope to see you carefree and enjoying the sights of this beautiful world. You should also treasure the people you love, and who love you!"

I was momentarily stupefied. I never would have expected such words to have come from him. I stared at him and wondered if he was still the same John that I knew and loved.

I mulled over his words and understood where he was coming from. He had been trapped by hatred and only managed to escape after hurting many people.

I initially thought that I would never see him again. I was extremely surprised when I bumped into him at A City.

He was different now. I don't know what he went through the last few years, but I had a sense that he had learned to let go. He was a more accepting person now.

When I didn't respond, he smiled and said, "Don't look at me like that. I might assume that you've fallen in love with me."

I was speechless and rolled my eyes at him. "I just can't let this go. If I don't do it at the banquet, I might never have the chance to do it again."

I needed to wait for the White family for at least a year. If Marcus was gone, my chances of taking advantage of the White Corporation were practically zero. The banquet seemed like my only chance.

He looked at me for a second before nodding. "Fine. I'll help you with whatever you need!"

As I looked at him, warmth crept into my heart. I beamed and exclaimed, "Thank you, John!"

It seemed as though he had been selflessly helping me from the beginning. Without him, I would never be able to lay a hand on Cameron.

He pulled a face and sneered, "Those are just words. How about you thank me with something tangible?"

I laughed and said, "Can I treat you to a meal?"

"Just one meal?"

"As many as you want!"

"Deal!"

At the style company, we glanced through some gowns and custom jewelry. I didn't know much about fashion. Thus, I could only rely on the stylist's expertise.

"Your dark eye circles are too serious!" John announced as he instructed the makeup artist to apply a thicker layer of product on my face.

The makeup artist studied my face and said, "Ms. Stovall is naturally beautiful. It's a pity that she seems rather sickly. A regular makeup look will be fine. She has a high nose bridge and large eyes. If I apply too thick a layer of makeup, she will look too cold and unapproachable."

John scanned my face, pursed his lips, and replied, "Fine. Do as you see fit. All that matters is that she looks beautiful at the end."

"At this rate, people might mistake me for your partner rather than your sister," I muttered with a hint of annoyance.

He shrugged casually and said, "I don't care about what they think."

He took out his phone and looked like he was about to make a call. I couldn't move while the makeup was being applied. After sitting still for some time, I felt myself getting sleepy.

The makeup was not thick. A sparingly thin layer of powder obscured my feeble pallor, and I looked rather charming.

The stylist fitted me into a green tight-fitting dress lined with a gold slit. I looked elegant and feminine.

John came back into the room after his call. He noticed that it was almost time and said, "The banquet starts at 7 p.m. and it's almost time. Are you done?"

When he noticed I was done, he froze momentarily. He coughed and barked, "Change into something else!"

The stylist and makeup artist thought that his expression had been one of approval. They were shocked to hear his response.

They voiced their protests, "Ms. Stovall looks good in this dress. She has an old-world kind of beauty. This tight-fitting dress suits her well!"

John peered at me with his lips tightly pressed together. "Can't you see how bony she is? Tight-fitting dresses should be worn by voluptuous women. She's clearly ill-suited."

Me?

"We were happy with this decision so let's stick with it. Besides, we're going to be late."

It's such a pain to change in and out!

He frowned as his gaze landed on my leg. "Your entire leg is about to fall out of that slit. It's inappropriate! Change!" he snapped.

I...

I lowered my head to look at the slit. It was not as he had made it out to be. Although it was rather revealing, it was not in bad taste.

“Stop being so persnickety, John. This tight-fitting dress is fine. If we drag this out any longer, we’ll be late.”

He paused and stared at my face. “Additionally, you don’t have to dress her up in such a sexy manner just because she has movie-star features.”

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 353

I laughed, “Mr. Stovall, why don’t you do it yourself?” How is this sexy? It’s not showing anything.

He chuckled and looked at both of them. “Anyways, she has to be the prettiest out of all today. But she can’t look too sexy or exposing. Understood?”

Both of them looked at each other and nodded simultaneously.

After struggling for a while, John was finally satisfied before we rushed to the banquet.

The Stovall family chose a private resort located in the South District. It was spacious and bustling.

When John and I arrived, most of the guests had arrived as well. Louis and several elders of the Stovall family were greeting the guests at the entrance of the hotel lobby.

As many people were invited, some of the reporters and the media came from their own company. There were also many securities and staff guarding at the entrance.

As soon as John and I alighted, Louis spotted us and waved to us with a smile. “Letty, Jo. Over here!”

John held me as my gown was changed to a long tail dress. The hemline dragged especially long, and the heels were high too. I was walking slowly, and John slowed down to wait for me.

Louis was in great good. He saw that we were walking slowly and jogged to us. A smile appeared on his handsome face. "My daughter is beautiful. You look the most dazzling among all."

John clicked his tongue and smiled. "Of course! A handsome man and a beautiful woman, of course, we would be eye-catching."

Louis chuckled, "You really had to go over the top."

A wave of laughter immediately filled the air.

When I was escorted to the banquet, many guests came to greet me. Most of them were distinguished families from K City. The majority of the guests who were invited today were politicians. After all, Louis was a politician as well. His social circle comprises mainly prominent politicians.

There were some scholarly families of a hundred years of history as well. After all, I attended a few banquets and events after marrying Ashton, although they were mostly business in nature.

When most of the guests had arrived, a long red rug was placed in the middle of the hotel lobby, reaching all the way to the stage at the end of the hotel.

Ashton was slightly late. The man was handsome, and his demeanor was dignified. He could be easily spotted among the crowd.

We locked gazes. I looked away lightly without any reaction.

Instead, John, who was beside me frowned. "Did you guys fought?"

I pursed my lips and changed the topic. "Has the Moore family arrived?"

"Yup! They should be here," he said. His gaze fell upon Ashton as he scrutinized him.

After all, K City and J City were completely different places in the South and North. Many of their customs differ from each other.

In the South, one had to host a memorial ceremony for the ancestors to join the family. But this seemed to differ in the North.

After a long speech by the emcee, Louis brought me to the stage for a bow, and that was it.

Louis gifted me an exquisite sandalwood box and said, "This was Moira's favorite pair of imperial jade bangle bracelets when she was still around. She always said that if she had a daughter in the future, she would give this bracelet to her."

Tears filled his stoic expression. I took it and gave him three deep bows and said, "Dad!"

Tears filled up in Louis's eyes. He helped me up and brought me to introduce me to everyone.

A poor girl was adopted by a well-known person and hosted an extravagant banquet. Rumors and gossips would probably circulate.

Luckily, John had been here with me all along.

"Have the reporters and the media arrived?" I held onto a glass of champagne, and my gaze fell upon the couple of the Moore family, who were speaking with someone not far from me.

Cameron seemed to love body-hugging gowns. She was dressed in a tight-fitted dark green floral-printed gown, looking elegant and noble.

Rebecca was nowhere to be seen, probably still in the hospital.

John also saw the Moore couple and nudged me. "They're already here!"

I smiled and nodded. Holding the glass of champagne, I walked towards the Moore couple and smiled. "Mr. Moore, Ms. Anderson, welcome!"

Cameron and Zachary looked towards me simultaneously and were stunned slightly. Cameron spoke up first, "Scarlett, you're looking gorgeous!"

I gave a generous smile, "Thank you for your kind compliments, Ms. Anderson. I don't see Ms. Larson around, is she still hospitalized?"

Cameron was stunned and smiled. "She's discharged. Since her body is weak, Zachary and I had sent her back to J City for rehabilitation. The weather there is nice and suitable for her health."



Rebecca was sent alone to J City for rehabilitation? I subconsciously frowned. Rebecca only had Ashton and the others to depend on in J City. Now that they were in K City, but she was sent alone to J City. Is this appropriate?

But I shouldn't worry about this. It only took a second and I smiled. "Ms. Anderson and Mr. Moore, you are so kind to your daughter!"

Both of them looked at me and smiled with a complicated expression. That kind of surprised me.

If this was the past, Cameron would definitely fight back with her words since I hurt Rebecca. But now she was quiet.

"K City is known for their opera. Since Mr. Moore had been living here for a long time, how do you enjoy the operas?" I looked towards Zachary and smiled.

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 354

He glanced at me and uttered in a low voice, "Girl, now that you are the legitimate daughter of the Stovall family, you should call me uncle!"

I was stunned and said, "Uncle Zachery."

He looked at me with an unpredictable gaze. "Girl, I know you still hold a grudge against Cam. But Louis had specially prepared this banquet for you today. You shouldn't ruin it!"

I held onto the tall glass in my hands, and my face turned pale. So they knew about it?

I raised my eyes to look at him. I shrugged my shoulders and said nonchalantly, "As Uncle Zachery had mentioned, this is my own banquet. I can decide how I want it to be. No matter what, as long as I meet my goal, it would have achieved its purpose."

Cameron looked at me with a sigh. "Nevermind. This is karma, Zachary!"

Looking at their unusual attitude, I couldn't comprehend what was happening at the moment!

Was it because I became the daughter of the Stovall family, so they became hesitant and were treating me differently?

John stood beside me and was silent all along. He saw me frowning and went quiet. He said calmly, "What are you thinking?"

I shook my head and looked up subconsciously towards the people who were prepared on the second floor.

John saw my hesitation and said, "Actually, this is for the best. At least it's not worse off."

Worse?

The child and Macy had died. Rebecca only suffered from some injuries, but the rest had left my world forever. I couldn't get them back anymore even if I tried.

That thought alone had made me calm. The people on the second floor nodded. There was a huge projection screen on the stage of the hotel lobby.

Two minutes later, the scenes on the screen had attracted the guests of the banquet. The Moore family had stood on top of K City for years. And Cameron's fame was on par with the Moore family due to her success over the years.

Gasps were coming from the guests every time she appeared in the video.

I didn't look at the screen since I wasn't interested in what was playing. I was only interested in Cameron's reaction when she watched these scenes.

But she didn't seem as devastated as I thought she would be. Instead, she seemed to have prepared beforehand and leaned closely against Zachary's embrace.

My brain was buzzing. In the noisy crowd, Zachary looked at me with an indecipherable look. It wasn't filled with rage, neither was it bloodthirsty, but sympathy.

I saw him held onto Cameron and left in the crowd. But I didn't feel any pleasure. I knew that after today, Cameron's reputation was going to be in tatters.

My goal seemed to have been achieved!

The video playing on the screen was stopped after Cameron and Zachary left. The lobby was filled with whispers about Cameron's sordidness in contempt.

The banquet had concluded. Louis and John hurriedly sent off the guests.

I stood in the lobby, feeling lost.

Joe came into my sight expressionlessly. "Let's have a chat?"

I averted my unfocused eyes. My heart was feeling heavy. "What is there to chat about?"

He sat on the chair beside me and raised his brows before he spoke. "You did it?"

"Yes!"

I didn't plan to hide. Nobody would have dared to interfere with the Stovall family's banquet unless he was from the family.

He sneered. As if he had already known, he looked at me with a sarcastic look. "I thought you would at least be relieved when you wounded Rebecca. You already have a prominent family and Ashton who solely cares for you. She was just a child, do you really have to go this far?"

I pursed my lips. Feeling tired after standing, I sat down casually on the chair beside me and said tiredly, "So now that I have everything I should have pretended that the injuries that I had suffered never existed?"

He furrowed his brows. "Scarlett, have you thought of why did the Stovall family acquiesce to this and the Moore family had allowed this to happen? By only relying on John's meddling?"

I raised my brows. "If not?"

He sneered, finding this ridiculous. "Do you think everyone would fall for your tricks like an idiot? Who is Zachary? He is someone who had been walking on dead bodies in the seventies. Do you think he would let you step all over his wife without taking any actions?"

"What are you trying to say?" I said, feeling calm.

He sneered disdainfully, "I want to let you know that a brainless, cold-blooded, and idiotic woman like you should stop now. Please refrain from everything else and live your life in peace."

He paused for a moment and continued in a sulky manner. "Also, Ashton is sick. Even if you guys fought, you shouldn't go so far. He is your husband, so you should at least look out for him."

It was obvious he was angry but helpless at the same time.

After watching him left, I daydreamed on the chair for a while before standing up.

The guests had already left the lobby. John looked at me and said, "Are you going back to the Stovall's tonight or, would you like me to send you back?"

To Ashton's side...

After giving some thought, I said, "I'll take a taxi back by myself!"

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 355

He didn't agree but went silent when he was about to refute, then signaled me to look at the entrance.

It was a sleek black luxury car. Those we mostly encountered were Lamborghini, Ferrari, Maybach, and Bentley. This was the first time Ashton was being flamboyant. He was driving a Rolls-Royce.

But there were many luxury cars at this type of banquet, so it was not a rare sight.

The driver stood beside the car. He came up to me with a smile when he spotted me. "Madam, Mr. Ashton had been waiting for you. He is sick, please go back soon!"

What he meant was, even though Ashton was sick, yet he was still waiting for me!

I wanted to reject the idea subconsciously, but the driver clasped his hands together anxiously, although he was wearing a smile.

I couldn't help but furrowed my brows. "He's very sick?"

The driver nodded and said, "It has been two days. He hasn't been taking medication, and he refuses to go to the hospital. He even insists on coming today. Please... please talk to him!"

I turned around and looked at John. "Tell Uncle Louis that I'll visit him when I'm free!"

He nodded in response and narrowed his gaze towards the car.

Without much thought, I quickly walked towards the car and opened the door.

Ashton's eyes were closed with his lips pursed. His handsome face was ghastly pale.

I leaned closer to him instinctively. The heater in the car was off, but his forehead was drenched with his perspiration in the ice-cold winter.

"What's wrong?"

He still had his eyes closed. His expression was grim with no intention of looking at me.

With grouchiness and chillness in his voice, he said, "Get down if you're not coming up!"

His words had no warmth and were filled with a tint of anger.

I pursed my lips. My heels were too high, so I took them off and lifted my dress when I got into the car. I looked at the driver and said, "To the hospital."

The driver was stunned as he looked at Ashton. After seeing he had no objections, he started the car.

K City was prone to traffic jams, especially around ten at night.

Upon reaching the city center, the car couldn't move anymore. Ashton frowned slightly, and his forehead was glistening with droplets of perspiration. He was extremely pale, and he furrowed his brows tightly.

His condition seemed terrible. I saw his slender fingers pressed against his stomach from the corner of my eyes. I was startled and said to the driver, "Stop at the junction in front!"

The driver thought I was going to alight and said hesitantly, "Madam, we're about to reach the hospital. You should accompany Mr. Ashton to see the doctor..."

I was speechless. Since when did people start to see me as a cold-blooded person?

I paused briefly before speaking. "There's a drug store in front. I'll get down and buy some medicine for him."

"It's fine!" Ashton said.

I got into a temper upon hearing him and said angrily, "Shut up if you don't want to die!"

The car stopped along the roadside. I didn't see the shocking expression of the driver and alighted while lifting the hem of the dress.

To be honest, the gown was not fit for humans. It was not only troublesome but way too cold to be in.

Especially in a cold place like K City.

After getting the medicine, I divided the medicine properly before passing the warm water from the drug store to the aloof man. "Eat the medicine."

He didn't speak, and he was as cold as ice. The driver saw me shivering and switched on the heater. He even passed me a jacket and said, "Madam, please put on this jacket first."

The black tuxedo suit that Ashton was wearing was taken off at some point in time. It was the one that the driver passed to me.

I was speechless. This man was more long-winded than a woman.

He was still closing his eyes with his brows furrowed. I said, "Ashton, eat the medicine. You can die of pain if you refuse to eat. I'm too tired to deal with you now."

I put down the medicine and the warm water on the rack as I spoke. I threw the jacket back to him and was about to alight the car.

He grabbed my wrist. "Where are you going?"

"It's none of your business!"

"Go home!" He said in a low voice as the car started.

I didn't say much. I looked at Ashton and said, "Eat the medicine!"

He opened his bloodshot eyes. I could imagine he probably had not been resting well these few days.

He ate the medicine in silence and continued to close his eyes to rest. The driver was confused and queried, "Madam, should we go to the hospital or?"

"Go home!" Ashton said. His tone was final.

I pursed my lips. My brain was buzzing. "Ashton..."

"Jared will come over later!" There was fatigue in his voice.

I didn't say anything else.

It didn't take long to reach the villa. It felt inconvenient to lift my dress. After alighting the car, Ashton still closed his eyes without budging.

The driver looked at me helplessly, as if he didn't dare to touch Ashton lightly.

I sighed and walked to Ashton's side. "Ashton, get down. We're home!"

He opened his eyes without any further movements. Instead, he stared at me with a dark look in his eyes.

After exchanging a long stare, I gave up and reached out to him. "I'll help you down!"

He pursed his lips, refusing to speak. But half of his slender body was leaning on me.

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 356

Besides wearing a long dress, I was in super high heels which I rarely find myself in, so I found it hard to balance.

In addition, the man had shifted most of his weight on me, and to support a grown-ass man while walking in heels proved to be a challenge.



However, it was too late to go back on my decision. Since the driver had left, I could only grit my teeth as I supported him into the house, and we still had to walk past the garden to the bedroom.

That was the first time I realized big houses weren't really ideal under some circumstances. Stopping in my tracks, I asked, "Ashton, can you walk?"

He frowned and gazed at me with his dark eyes. "What do you think?"

I...

Well... One will always pay the price for one's action.

Slowly but surely, we finally reached the bedroom. Having used up all my strength, I didn't feel right and the first thing I wanted to do after placing him on the bed was to change into a more comfortable outfit.

However, I was too quick on my movements that I stepped on my dress when I was getting up from the bed.

The tube-top dress didn't have any straps to support it on my body, so the heavy dress slid down, and I was exposed, wearing only my flesh-colored underwear and the nipple tapes.

Wearing the nipple tapes made no difference to being naked. Ashton looked at me while he snickered, "You're so eager today."

I...

Pursing my lips, I ignored his words and went to the wardrobe to change into some casual wear. When I came out, Ashton was nowhere to be found, while the sound of water could be heard coming from the washroom.

Too many things had happened today. Feeling exhausted, I went to the study and switched on the television. Reading the news headline, it was exactly as I had expected. Those videos of Cameron were leaked to the public.

To my surprise, the Moore family had the power to suppress the news from getting out of hand, but they did nothing.

Even Cameron sat by and did nothing. It felt like she was deliberately giving me a chance.

Seeing how it was rather late at night, I gave up on the thought of calling Jackson.

After resting for a while, I went back to the bedroom. Ashton was still in the washroom.

This shouldn't be, as he was one of those who showered fairly quickly and always get himself clean under ten minutes. I've stayed at the study for a while, so he should be out by now.

With worry in my heart, I headed toward the washroom and knocked on the door. "Ashton, are you in there?"

No response.

I grew restless and turned the doorknob. To my surprise, the door actually opened.

Opening the door slightly, the warm and moist steam came out from the washroom with the scent of shampoo. I said, "Ashton..."

Before I could finish my sentence, my view was blocked by his lower abdomen. Lifting my head subconsciously, I saw his firm and sexy abs.

He was retracting his hand from the door, and it seemed he was here to open the door.

I froze for a bit and asked awkwardly, "Are you done?"

The man hummed a reply. He was just done bathing and looked really attractive with his wet hair.

I moved away from the entrance while he exited the washroom with a towel wrapping on his lower body and wiped his hair.

How can he be so cool even when he's sick?

He's good. I'll give him that.

My makeup was rather heavy that day, and I wanted to get them off my face. Entering the washroom, I removed my makeup and washed up before entering the shower.

I tossed my clothes into the washing machine in the washroom, while Ashton's suit was way too delicate, so it was better to leave it to the professionals.

Noticing Ashton's blue undergarments were left in the laundry basket, I washed them in the sink.

He would wash his inner garments every time while his other limited edition clothing was cleaned by the professionals. And sometimes, he would just throw them into the washing machine and let the machine do its work.

It had been three years since I was married to him, and I didn't really help in washing his clothes. Now that I think of it, he was following my will on everything except things related to Rebecca.

When I was lost in a daze, he opened the washroom door suddenly. Looking at the blue garment in my hands, he was slow to react and spoke indifferently soon after. "You left a hole in it."

I was stunned and turned to look at the blue in my hands subconsciously. Realizing that he was just bluffing, my cheeks blushed in embarrassment. "Well, it's better to leave the laundry basket empty, no?"

Pursing his lips, his dark eyes were implying something, but he said nothing and entered the washroom. He took the wristwatch from the cabinet and wore an indifferent expression all the time.

After looking at the garment in my hands, he left.

I...

We are a married couple, but why does this feel so awkward?

When I dried the underwear and came out from the washroom, Jared was there. Ashton sat on the chaise lounge and cooperated with the former for a body checkup.

Jared had mastered both medicine and traditional acupuncture, so he liked to use both of the techniques when he was treating his patients.

When he saw me coming out from the washroom, he retracted his hand and took out a bottle of medicine from his bag. "If you don't wish to die, please take your meds on time. She's back, so stop being suicidal..."

He swallowed his words when Ashton glared at him coldly.

Jared let out a sigh and packed his bag. I followed him downstairs when he was about to leave, as there was something I had been wishing to tell him.

Walking to the door, he noticed I was following behind him, so he turned around and raised a brow. "Is there anything else?"

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 357

I nodded and took in a deep breath. "Dr. Crest, can we talk?"

The doctor frowned and checked his wristwatch. Raising his brow, he asked, "Are you sure you're going to talk to me at this hour?"

It was 11 p.m. It wasn't that late, so I insisted, "It won't take long."

Pursing his lips, he walked to the living room and sat down before placing his bag down. "Alright."

I sat on the couch opposite him and poured him a glass of water. "Dr. Crest, have you... met Macy recently?"

He raised a brow and stared at me while frowning. "No. What's the matter?"

My heart began aching as I felt a weight on my chest. "She's gone."

When I was saying the words, my hands felt wet, but I wore a serious expression as I looked at him.

His hands trembled slightly while holding the glass and pursed his lips. "What do you mean by that?"

"She's dead!" I began tearing up as I forced those words out of my lips. Lowering my head to hide my pained expression, I blinked profusely to force back my tears.

Clang! He placed the glass on the table gently. Narrowing his eyes, his voice was low and deep. "How did she die?"

"She got into an accident. Two lives were lost." I lied as I promised Macy to keep the truth a secret.

He pursed his lips as his eyes grew dark. "Two lives?"

I nodded while suppressing the pain in my heart. "She was pregnant."

The doctor stared at me as his eyes went dull. "She was pregnant with my kid?"

"Yeah." I clenched my teeth and fought the urge to cry.

The man said nothing, and silence ensued in the spacious living room. The atmosphere grew chilly, and I shivered subconsciously.

After a long while, he looked at me, devoid of any emotions, and got up from the couch. Staring at me with a cold gaze, he asked, "That's all you wanted to tell?"

I was stunned by his reaction and nodded soon after. "Yes."

"I got it." He took his bag and exited the villa without bidding farewell.

I froze on the couch, seeing his nonchalant reaction. Is Macy nothing but a passerby in his life?

Mrs. Eriksen had a bag of groceries in her hand as she walked into the house. Seeing me alone in the living room, she asked, "What happened to Dr. Crest? He was fine when he's here, but why did he look so lifeless when he was leaving? What's wrong?"

"He looks lifeless?" I turned to Mrs. Eriksen while she nodded and wore a surprised expression. "That's right. When I came in just now, I greeted him, but he didn't seem to notice and almost bumped into me."

I lowered my heart and felt relaxed. Does this mean Macy is rather important to him?

After easing the pain in my heart, I went to the bedroom upstairs.

Ashton had changed into a suit, and his hair was combed neatly. I was stunned. "You're going out?"

He glanced at me indifferently, with a stony expression on his face. "Can't I?"

I was stumped for a moment. Shaking my head, I explained, "That's not it. It's so late at night and it's still snowing outside. You're sick, so you shouldn't go out in this weather."

My care for him was met with a sneer. "What's wrong with that?"

I pursed my lips and was at a loss for words.

Fine!

Shortly after, sounds of a car engine blared, coming from the yard. It was rather loud, as the world was silent at this hour.

Standing in the bedroom, I pressed my lips and sighed. No matter what I do, I'm always in the wrong.

Although Rebecca and Cameron were punished, I couldn't even feel happy seeing my enemies suffer. I had lost many of the things I held dear.

The vast villa was eerily silent like a graveyard after Ashton and Mrs. Eriksen left.

The strong wind was blowing outside, making a whistling sound at the window. The snow was heavy with the freezing breeze, while the sound of snow falling to the ground was clear.

Lying on the bed, I found it difficult to sleep with my mind buzzing away. I sat up and opened my laptop to watch some horror movies.

It was two in the midnight when John called. The first thing I heard after answering the call was, "Did you get into a fight with Ashton?"

Staring at the ambiguous scene on the laptop, I replied, "We've been at it for days. Why?"

"It's just that I bumped into him at the Imperial Hotel. What is he doing out here at this hour? He should stay with you at home." John's words made me laugh. "Now you're behaving more like a brother, worrying about my marriage life."

He huffed and replied petulantly, "Don't mock me. Your man has a woman in his arms. Are you not worried?"

The drama was quite nice, and I enjoyed it very much. After changing my position, I spoke, "He's an adult, not a kid. If he behaves like this when he's mad after a fight, I can't stop him. Plus, I can't possibly focus on him all day."

In the past, I might feel hurt or wronged when he went to mess around with other women. However, now that I had come to terms with myself, all I had to do was to play my part as his wife, and whatever he did had nothing to do with me.

If we could stay with each other until the end, it would be the best, but even if we didn't, I could live on without him. I'm well past the age of falling head over heels for love.

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 358

"Fine." Shortly after, he offered, "Do you have trouble falling asleep? How about a drink?"

I rested my chin on my hand and stared blankly at the screen. "I just finished two episodes of a drama. My head hurts so much. John, I think my illness' getting worse."

John paused for a moment before saying, "I'll go pick you up now."

With that, he hung up.

Looking at the scene on the laptop, my heart twisted in pain for some reason. It was agonizing, and I felt suffocated. Tears wouldn't well up in my eyes anymore, but the pain in my heart was agonizing.

Everything seemed dull to me. My world was a shade of grey without brightness. Sometimes, I even felt like committing suicide to end my suffering.

And I don't know who I am anymore.

John arrived at the villa after thirty minutes. He stopped his car downstairs and honked.

I looked down from the balcony and saw him popping his head out from the car window. "Come down. Let's go for a ride."



Listening to his words, I changed my clothes and went downstairs.

After getting into his car, he turned to me and asked, "Do you feel like drinking?"

Hoping that alcohol could make my pain vanish for a short while, I nodded and smiled.  
"Sure!"

"What are you going to do from now on?" He spoke as he drove his car fast.

Thinking to myself, I couldn't come up with an answer, as I sighed helplessly. "I don't know. Come to think of it, I have nothing I want."

I had lost the yearning for love and the desire to live. My future seemed bleak now.

He shot me a look and asked, "Do you want to return to R Province?"

I froze and turned to him in confusion. "Isn't R Province demolished?" That alley was so small, and some developers planned to build a villa there as the surroundings there caught their attention.

He nodded. "Others were demolished, but our old house wasn't. It was still there."

Widening my eyes, I asked, "A holdout?"

Seeing my reaction, he burst into laughter. "You can say that."

I didn't press the matter. Given his capabilities, it was a piece of cake for him to remain the over a hundred square meters of land as it was.

I thought for a second and said, "Let's go there next year when spring comes. I'll bring Summer with me too."

He frowned, "Summer?"

I replied, "She is Macy's daughter."

He froze and fell silent without saying anything in return.

At the nightclub in Imperial Hotel.

John tossed the car keys to the valet and held my arm. "Make sure to enjoy yourself later."

I felt like laughing. "How do I enjoy? Don't tell me you're going to find me some hosts to serve me?"

He clicked his tongue and said, "Damn! Do you want hosts? Am I not enough?"

"Let's go." Since we were already there, there was no point in backing out now.

I wasn't into drinking. John only brought me here because he knew I was in a foul mood and needed something to keep me busy.

We didn't book a private room and only sat at a table in the main hall. He ordered some alcohol before turning to me and said, "If you're unhappy, you can just go for a divorce. The Stovall family's wealth is on par with the Fullers, so no worries."

I broke into laughter. It had been a while since I had drunk; it felt extremely refreshing after chugging down a glass of cocktail.

"How did you tell that I am miserable?" Squinting my eyes, I rested my chin on my hand and looked at the woman dancing on the stage. Turning to John, I said, "Everything has turned out great. Why should I be sad?"

He didn't drink and only stared at me with a sympathetic look. "Scarlett, promise me. No matter how hard things are in the future, I'm your brother and I'm here for you, so don't..."

He didn't finish his sentence while his eyes were filled with pain and hurt.

I sighed. It seemed he had many things he didn't wish to tell me.

Even if I asked him about it, he wouldn't tell.

Drinking when you have a lot on your mind was rather bad because you get drunk after only a few shots.

Slap! A woman was slapped by a middle-aged man on the table next to us. The impact threw her to the ground.

Both of us turned our heads in that direction. The woman's delicate face was swollen as she trembled in pain on the floor.

"F\*cking b\*tch! Acting all pure and innocent in front of me? What a turnoff!" The furious man kicked her abdomen.

Unable to suppress the fury growing within me, I threw my glass at the man and it hit his leg.

He growled, "Ouch! Who threw this at me?"

"Me!" I kept silent while John spoke and got up with one of his hands in his pocket.

Glancing at the man with disgust, he frowned and said, "Disgusting. Not only does he not look like a human, his behavior vexes me too. When did Imperial Hotel start catering to dogs?"

The manager heard the commotion and rushed to the scene. When he saw John, he smiled and apologized. "My apologies, Mr. Stovall. How about you follow me to the private room on the second floor?"

John glanced at him and said indifferently, "I like to drink here. Nothing wrong with that, right? There's a dog here, so kick it out."

The manager had a stiff expression on his face. Looking at the chubby man beside him, he apologized, "Sir, I'm really sorry, but we have rules here. We don't allow our customers to disturb others and ruin their moods."

Is this what they called saying unreasonable words in the most polite way possible?

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 359

The man was rather displeased. Seeing how he dressed and the gold chains on his neck, he must be one of the wealthy mine bosses. who bought a house in K City and behaved arrogantly.

He pushed the manager away and glared at John. "Who the hell are you? Mind your own business!"

Who's John? If John wanted him dead, he had tons of tormenting methods to make the man suffer. And so John kicked the man in his belly without sparing another word. His movements were so swift that the man had no chance of defending himself.

Being the merciless man he was, John kicked the man's crotch without hesitation. "You like it this way? Keep cursing, and I'll break you."

"Argh," the man screamed out of pain as he rolled on the floor while covering his crotch.

His shrieks attracted a crowd, and they were looking at me and John.

After expressing his anger, John felt a lot better. He turned to the manager and commanded, "Take him away. Don't let people like him in from now on."

Faced with John's domineering aura, the manager could only do as John said and asked some men to carry the man away.

Standing at the side, I looked at him and pursed my lips. This was the second time I witnessed him hitting people because he was in a foul mood.

Noticing my stare, he pursed his lips and calmed down before saying, "Did I scare you?"

I shook my head and replied, "This is the second time. Are you implying something by using violence in front of me deliberately?"

He took off his coat and tossed it on the couch. Leaning against the couch, he explained, "It was an accident. I'll control my temper next time."

I was left speechless by his relaxed attitude after beating someone up.

He ordered a few drinks while the server was cleaning up the mess after the commotion. Looking at me, he said, "You really like to butt into others' business."

Me?

Tilting my head in confusion, I asked, "When did I start meddling with others' business?" I wasn't one to follow the crowd.

He chugged the glass of wine down in one go before raising a brow at me. "There. That lady is glancing at you."

I froze and glanced back. The female worker who was hurt just now stood still beside the table. It seemed like she was waiting to face the music.

I pursed my lips and looked at John. "There's nothing I can help her with."

"You've just made it worse for her." A voice sounded suddenly, and I was shocked.

A beautiful woman sat down beside me. She was flamboyant and gave off a sense of aggression.

I was stunned. "Hello!"

The woman swept a glance at me and spoke disdainfully. "I'm Emery Moore. And you are?"

Emery Moore?

The youngest daughter of the Moore family and Zachary's little sister?

Hah!

What a coincidence!

I said, "Scarlett Stovall."

When she heard my name, she froze for a moment. Soon after, she narrowed her eyes at me. "You're the one who destroyed Cameron?"

I pursed my lips and didn't respond. I didn't really like the Moores, so I was reluctant to talk to her.

John said, "Cut the crap. We're here to drink and enjoy. If Ms. Moore wants to seek trouble, you can go to other tables to try your luck and stop your bickering here."

Emery snorted and turned to me. "You have so many people to protect you."

"What do you want, Ms. Moore?" I made it clear that I didn't wish to drag on this conversation.

"Don't be so repulsive toward me. I'm here to be your friend." Emery sat beside me and continued, "As the saying goes, 'the enemy of my enemy is my friend.' I hate Cameron and that pretentious daughter of hers too, so we should be friends."

I remained silent, listening to her bold words.

She looked at the female worker who was hurt and said, "Shouldn't you help her to the end? She's such a fragile lady. Do you think it ends here after John castrated the man?"

When I turned to John, he was impatient. "Can you stop dilly-dallying?"

Emery remained calm and said, "You two are the heirs of the Stovall family. The man wouldn't dare to seek revenge on you guys. However, that's not the case for her. She is on her own, without a powerful family background. Now that she had caused trouble, that fatty will surely come for her and make her suffer."

When she saw me furrowing my brows, she gave a scornful laugh. "Stop putting up the image of being uninterested in mundane affairs. You're lucky enough to meet so many benefactors in your life. You have a pretty face and people around you to protect you. Unlike you, there are a lot of pitiful people leading miserable lives."

She pointed at the lady and said, "Look at her. She's beautiful and has a delicate figure. Perhaps her family background is similar to yours. However, she doesn't have Ashton as her husband and Mr. Stovall as her brother, nor did she have someone like Louis in her life. So, her life is full of sorrow."

This woman...

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 360

The manager came back after sending the fatty away. He glared at the female worker and reprimanded, "Yvonne, you know the rules here. The boss is generous, so spend a night with him and you'll be highly rewarded."

"Why don't you do it?" I got up and walked toward the manager. "According to your logic, how about you take off your clothes here and perform an erotic dance on the stage? I'll give you a hundred thousand. What do you think?"

"Ms. Stovall, this..." The manager stuttered before rephrasing his sentence. "Ms. Stovall, your jokes are so funny."

I wore a serious expression, as I clarified that I wasn't fooling around. "I mean it. If one hundred isn't enough for you, let's make it two hundred. Is that enough?" The expenses in K City were quite high, but the income of the workers without proficiency qualifications was less than ten thousand.

The manager's expression fell as he looked at me. "Ms. Stovall, I didn't offend you or anything. You wrecked my place and demanded such an unreasonable request. You can't trample on us commoners just because you have a powerful family background."

"Haha!" I chuckled. "Manager, may I know your name please?"

He was stunned for a moment. "I'm Long."

I nodded. "Hello, Mr. Long. As a manager, shouldn't you stop those unreasonable customers from hitting your workers? I can understand if you're busy and didn't notice Yvonne was hit by the man. However, after the incident, shouldn't you understand the situation first before giving her punishment?"

After pausing for a moment, I folded my arms and continued, "Oh right! From what you said, I bet you knew why she was beaten. She has the freedom of choosing the way she wants to earn money. Not only did you not defend her, you humiliated her. Mr. Long, transactional sex with customers is illegal according to the law. At the very least, you'll have to get her consent first. There is nothing wrong if she disagrees to being beaten."

“What was that supposed to mean, Ms. Stovall? Are you here to wreck my business?” The manager’s expression turned grim. Once he spoke his words, a few men dressed in black showed up beside him.

It seemed like they were bodyguards.

Raising my brows, I said, “That’s very arrogant.” They know my identity, but they are so blatantly standing up against me. It seems like someone powerful is backing them.

I turned to John and asked, “Who owns the Imperial Hotel?”

The latter cocked his brows as he looked at Emery, who was sipping on her wine.

So, the Moore family owns the Imperial Hotel.

The woman noticed my gaze on her and grinned with delight. “Ms. Stovall, let’s be friends.”

I put on a fake smile. “What a unique way to befriend someone, Ms. Moore.”

She shrugged and said with no hesitation. “I’m not some honorable woman, so there’s nothing wrong with me using methods like this. Now, it’s up to you.”

Her words made me feel like laughing. “You’re quite forceful in making friends, Ms. Moore. If I don’t agree, are you going to make us stay?”

Emery hurriedly shook her head. “Nope. I’ll think of other solutions if you’re don’t agree. However, you guys can’t leave her alone. After all, she has angered the man. That fatty wouldn’t dare to go against the Stovall family, but he may seek revenge on me.”

Upon hearing her words, John scoffed. “Ms. Moore, your nightclub has been going on smoothly all these years. Are you scared of a nouveau riche like him?”

“Of course not,” Emery replied before looking at Yvonne. “I’m not scared, but she is. That fatty can’t do anything to me, but he may lay his hands on her.”

So she means I’ll have to take Yvonne under my wing.

John clicked his tongue and turned to look at Yvonne. “Miss, do you mind finding another job?”



Wow!

Is John trying to poach people openly?

Yvonne was startled. She turned to Emery with a smile plastered on her face, as she didn't know what to do.

Emery curled her lips and smiled. "So you have decided to become my friend, Mr. Stovall?"

John cocked his brows while he smirked devilishly. "Well, it doesn't hurt having more friends."

The woman chuckled and said, "Alright. Then that's it!" With a satisfied smile on her face, she turned to Yvonne and beckoned at her. "Mr. Stovall had given his words. Are you refusing his help?"

Yvonne widened her eyes in surprise and hurriedly bowed at John. "Mr. Stovall, thank you for saving my life."

The latter held onto his forehead and sighed helplessly. "Enough. Don't be so serious about it."

With that, he checked his watch and looked at Yvonne. "Do you have your phone with you?"

The woman nodded and hurriedly took out her phone.

John took over her phone before typing a string of numbers. When he was done, he returned her phone and instructed, "Call this number tomorrow and tell him I asked you to."

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 361

Yvonne took over her phone and blushed when she stole a glance at John.

Seeing her reaction, Emery cocked her brow and suggested, "How about leaving your phone number to her? Well, she might give her heart to you since you saved her life."

Displeased, John frowned at her words. After glancing at Emery, he turned to me and asked, "Are you tired?"

I nodded, as I was quite exhausted. It was right at this moment the alcohol kicked in, and my head was spinning.

Seeing how I couldn't balance myself, he reached out and pulled me up from my seat before looking at Emery indifferently. "It's getting late. We'll be heading back."

Emery placed her wine glass on the table before raising a brow at me. "Ms. Stovall, since we're already friends, do you mind giving me your contact number? We can stay in touch in the future."

I was stunned before handing my phone to her. She typed a string of numbers and smiled at me. "Let's stay in touch!"

When we exited the Imperial Hotel, it was 3 a.m.

When I got back to the villa, Ashton wasn't there. I wasn't surprised or anything because it was expected.

Overwhelmed by fatigue, I drifted off to sleep without mulling over it.

On the next day, I was still in my dreams when Jackson called.

Awoken by the ringtone, I sat up on my bed with an intense headache.

Once I answered the call, Jackson's voice sounded from within. "Are you the one behind the incident involving Cameron?" His tone was heavy, and even though I was in a daze, I could hear the curt reprimand in his voice.

"Yeah." I stretched my body and felt discomfort all over. It might be because of the lack of sleep.

He sighed and said, "Scarlett, if you can't get over the pain, there's nothing you can do. Promise me never to do this again. Don't become someone you hate."

I lifted a hand to massage my forehead and immediately sobered up a little. Tiredness still lingered on my being as I replied, "Jackson, I had become who I hate long ago."

When did I cease to live as the old me?

He fell silent for a while before saying, "Come back to J City. Summer and I are here for you. Everything will be better in the future."

Listening to his words, tears welled up in my eyes. I nodded slightly and forced a word out of my lips as I choked up. "Okay."

"You're still sleeping, aren't you? When are you coming back? We'll pick you up." Jackson's voice sounded happy.

Thinking for a while, I replied, "I suppose... These few days? It's almost the new year. I'll take care of the matters here and return."

"Alright." After hanging up on the call, I stared blankly at the ceiling.

Feeling light-headed, I washed up before going downstairs.

Mrs. Eriksen had prepared breakfast. When she saw me walking down the stairs, she asked with a worried expression. "Did you have trouble sleeping yesterday? Why do you look so pale?"

I yawned and nodded. "Mrs. Eriksen, when are you returning to J City?"

She froze a while before blinking out of her daze. "I was about to discuss this with you. Aren't you and Mr. Ashton returning to J City? I'll have to head back tonight. Have you guys decided on how to celebrate New Year's Eve?"

I shook my head and replied, "I guess I'll return to J City."

She furrowed her brows and explained, "Letty, didn't you become a part of the Stovall family tree? This year, you should celebrate with the Stovalls. It's only right."

Oh, the Stovall family! My head throbbed in pain, and I held my forehead. "Yeah. Let me think about it."

After eating my breakfast, I went to the White Corporation directly to meet Richard. He came to K City for the annual meeting.

I contacted him beforehand, and he agreed to wait for me at the office. When he saw me, he said, "There's a breakthrough in the AI products. We'll hold a product launch next year and it was believed that the White Corporation will monopolize the AI market if nothing goes wrong."

I was stunned by his words, as I never expect he would give me such a tremendous surprise. Smiling joyfully, I replied, "This is the best news I've received this year. Make some arrangements and make sure everyone goes home for their new year celebration after the annual meeting. After the new year, we'll hold a product launch."

He nodded and left after handing me the documents, while I was lost in a daze, standing in the office.

I came to work at White Corporation to acquire OrbitTech. It was my attempt to poach for business with the Moores, but it seemed there was no need for this anymore.

Nonetheless, the outcome was great but quite unexpected. Marcus wasn't around anymore, and I felt rather lost.

After exiting the White Corporation, I called Louis to invite him for a meal.

It was the end of the year and most people were enjoying their holidays. Louis was done with his inspection in different regions, so he had more leisure time on his hands now.

At the restaurant.

After ordering, Louis looked at me and said, "How's your holiday plan? I heard from Jo that you're returning to J City. Do you have someone important there?"

I nodded and looked at him in the eyes. "They are an important friend and a child, which my deceased friend left behind. It wouldn't be convenient to bring a child that young on a flight, so I plan to return to J City. Dad, will you blame me for not celebrating New Year's Eve with you?"

He smiled and spoke, "It's your decision, so I won't interfere. I've gotten used to it after all these years. Say, did something happen between you and Ashton?"

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 362

I froze and shook my head slowly. "No, everything's fine."

He frowned. "Kid, you become one with your spouse the moment you exchange wedding rings. You have to treat all your future problems with the same attitude. Disagreements are common since you're both young and have your own personality and opinions, so naturally, you'll do things your own way. But that's all part of the relationship. You can't think of splitting up just because of an argument. Getting married isn't a game. You can't quit whenever you feel like it. Ashton is a genius when it comes to business, but he's not perfect. I can see how much he cares about you."

I nodded, understanding where he came from. "How's the Moore family doing, Dad?"

He smiled helplessly when I suddenly changed the topic. "As long as Zachary stays quiet, you'll be fine. It's kind of strange how quiet the Moore family has been since what happened last night. Apart from just keeping the media silent, they didn't do anything to you."

I pressed my lips together tightly. The Moore family's non-action was rather confusing and I couldn't help but wonder if they were planning to do something even worse.

After chatting to Louis for a while, I stopped by the Baumans that afternoon to visit Sophia and Anthony.

It was rather late when I got back to the villa, but surprisingly, Ashton was reading in the living room.

Since we wouldn't argue if we weren't talking, I went upstairs straightaway. In Mrs. Eriksen's absence, the house felt as empty as a ghost town.

"Since you've visited Mr. and Mrs. Bauman, are you going to stop by the graveyard to visit the rest of them tomorrow?" Ashton said suddenly in a cold voice.

I curled my lip. Rather than get angry, I just replied, "I guess Mr. Fuller really likes sticking his nose into others' business."

I knew he arranged for me to have bodyguards but I hadn't imagined that he would send people to stalk me 24/7.

He put his book down and leaned his arm against the sofa as he looked at me frostily. "Have you prepared anything for that visit? I don't think there's a lot you can bring to dead people though."

I frowned. He was being way too cynical at this point. "Ashton, I'm minding my own business so I hope you can stick to minding your own too."

I wasn't in the mood to argue with him, nor did I think we had to.

I turned to walk upstairs and went into our bedroom. New Year's Eve was arriving soon so I decided to pack some of the things I'd be bringing back to J City.

Ashton had followed me up. Once he saw me packing my things, his expression darkened and he reached out to snatch away the clothes that I was folding. Then he proceeded to toss my luggage on the ground.

"If you really want to leave, shouldn't you at least follow through with the procedures properly? Ms. Stovall, are you really planning on throwing three years of marriage away without a word? Is that the so-called 'manners' that you love to nag about?"

I gritted my teeth and felt a sudden headache coming on. "Ashton, I don't feel like arguing with you anymore. I already told you that we needed to take a break from each other. If we feel like this marriage is a dead end, then we can break it off on good terms."

I sighed, feeling tired. "Every problem has a solution. We're both adults. There's no need to throw a tantrum at me like that."

He scoffed coldly. "No need? So you want a divorce, huh? Is it because I don't treat you well enough or am I abusing you? Is marrying into the Stovall family and having me as your husband pointless to you now? Leaving after using me is indeed vicious of you, Scarlett."

I looked up and tried to suppress the emotions building up inside of me but eventually failed. "Then what do you want me to do? I tried to talk things out with you but you threw a tantrum. Now that I'm trying to give us a break, you call me vicious. Ashton, even a machine needs instructions and programming before it does what you want it to. I'm only human. How am I supposed to read your mind? I can't just magically guess whatever you want from me!"

He looked down and said in a low voice, "Don't be involved in anything that has to do with Marcus anymore, including the Baumans and the Whites."

I frowned. I didn't really need to bother with the Whites anymore, but Sophia and Anthony...

Ashton grew irritated at my silence and gripped my chin firmly. "Answer me!"

"What do you want me to say?" I could have just replied 'Okay', but the thought of not being able to visit any of them pained me. Marcus saved me after all. Was it so hard to go and visit once in a while?

"Stop wasting your time on a dead man!"

My frown deepened as I started to get even more annoyed. "Ashton, I think you're the one who needs to get over Marcus."

Constantly talking about how he was 'dead' was incredibly disrespectful.



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He laughed coldly. "Get over it? How am I supposed to get over it when my wife gets all depressed because of another man no matter where she goes? He's dead and yet he's on your mind all the time. Don't even think about telling me that you're just grateful. You know Marcus better than I do. Would he help some stranger because he sympathized with them? No! You know exactly why he started getting close to you, but despite that, you still let him take care of you. Do you know what that's called?"

He paused and looked at me before saying firmly, "Being selfish."

I pressed my lips tightly together and looked at his darkening gaze before flashing a smile. "Yup, that's me. I'm the most selfish person to ever exist so you should probably cut ties with me before my selfishness becomes contagious."

I pushed him away and felt my eyes start to cloud over with tears. He seemed to realize and reached out to pull me back.

My chest was starting to ache from all the emotions and I yelled, "Get away from me!"

He wasn't prepared for that and stumbled back a couple of steps. Instead of walking toward me like I expected him to, he continued to stare at me.

The tension in the air was so thick, it could be cut with a knife. I braced myself for what I thought was about to become another yelling match.

But he stayed quiet.

He looked at me for a long time before turning and walking away.

I didn't know why things turned out like this. I knew he was good to me and I knew he was in love with me, but why did things have to turn out like this?

My tears started falling on the ground.

Before he stepped out of the room, I rushed forward and hugged him tightly. "Don't go," I whispered hoarsely.

He stiffened and let me continue to hug him.

"I'm sorry," I said, burying my face into his back.

He still stayed quiet as if he was waiting for something else.

After a long time, he put a hand on mine and turned away from my tight grip. "If that's all you had to say, then save it."

I looked at his handsome, angular features and into his eyes.

He lifted a hand to tuck my messy fringe behind my ear before leaning down and planting a kiss right at the corner of my mouth. "Don't involve yourself with the Whites anymore, including the Baumans."

I froze. I had already pulled my hands away but he took them in his own as he said in a deep voice, "Okay?"

I didn't need to care about the White family anymore, nor did I have much to do for the Baumans.

But the involvement that Ashton was talking about and the involvement I was talking about clearly differed. I owed Marcus my life. If Sophia and Anthony got into any trouble and needed my help, I couldn't turn them down.

That's why I couldn't say yes to Ashton.

"Ashton!" I finally spoke up and pulled my hands out of his grasp. "I'm sorry."

His gaze started freezing over again along with a hint of a murderous stare.

“You don’t have to apologize to me,” he said, his voice already returning to his usual cold self.

I sighed, feeling like a deflated balloon. I looked up at him and said lifelessly, “Ashton, let’s get a divorce.”

This had nothing to do with Marcus and Rebecca. It was simply the two of us that no longer worked out.

He gripped my shoulders tightly and stared at me with eyes like charcoal. He was clamping his lips together as if he were trying to suppress his rage.

“Dream on,” he said in a low, raspy voice.

He let me go and stepped back, looking at me meaningfully before turning to leave.

I lifted a hand to massage my forehead. My headache was getting worse.

My mood got even worse when I looked around at the clothes strewn all over the floor after his little tantrum. I tried my best to control myself and continued picking them up and packing them into my carrier.

After that, I sat on the bed and booked my plane ticket to J City tomorrow.

Two sleepless nights were probably the most my body could take and I ended up passing out.

I thought I would be able to sleep until sunrise, but that was too naive of me. Ashton returned at about two in the morning.

I don't know when he returned to the bedroom exactly, but I got woken up by the sound of water running in the bathroom. After the water stopped for a few minutes, I felt Ashton lie down next to me.

His body felt slightly cold but dry except for his hair, which was slightly damp. He reached out an arm and wrapped it around my waist as he pressed his chest against my back. I stiffened.

We were close enough that I could smell the faint pheromones mixed in the smell of his shampoo.

I pressed my lips together and tried to move away, but he tightened his grip on me and nestled his chin into my shoulder as he said roughly, "Go to sleep."

After a while, I heard his breathing become slow and steady. He must be asleep.

I turned around and saw him in a deep sleep with his eyes tightly shut. His features were still chiseled and the shadows outlined his features. There were some faint purple shadows under his eyes that were probably due to his immense workload the past few days.

He seemed to be deep asleep, so I lifted a hand and started tracing his features absentmindedly.

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I could smell the faint scent of alcohol on his breath and couldn't help but frown. I hadn't been able to smell it underneath his shower gel and shampoo, but now I realized that he had been out drinking.

I was extremely tired as well, but I couldn't fall asleep properly at all. I'd wake up every time I managed to come close to sleeping.

Eventually, the sun rose.

Unfortunately, I was woken up by Ashton.

I tried to push him away but he held my hand in a death grip.

He was much harder to get rid of in the morning.

I was still exhausted. I caught a glimpse of his dark irises staring at me.

I didn't feel very good and tried to push him away again, but this time he pinned both of my hands above my head and commanded, "Stop moving."

I pressed my lips together to avoid his kiss. "Ashton--"

"Don't piss me off more. We're not getting a divorce, so don't even think about missing out on anything a wife should do."

I-

The phone rang. It was a call from Jackson, who probably wanted to ask me what time my flight was.

Ashton picked up before I could and said in a low voice, "Calling so early? Are you trying to listen in on how we usually spend our mornings?"

How shameless!

I didn't manage to catch what Jackson said, but once he hung up, Ashton seemed even angrier.

—

When he was finally satisfied, it was already afternoon.

I was more than exhausted. I had already been tired, but after what he did, I was feeling even worse.

"Why are you going to J City?" He lay down next to me and still continued feeling me up even after he was done.

I kept my eyes shut, not feeling like talking to him. I stood up and was about to go to the bathroom when he suddenly pinned me down. "Answer me."

I gritted my teeth. "I'm going to go shower."

"I'll walk you there," he said as he held me tightly.

"I don't want you to."

"I want to." His tone was already laced with anger.

After that, he picked me up and put me in the bathtub before helping me fill it up.

I thought he would be done after that, but he started to take a shower right then and there.

This was even more awkward than what we just did!

Once I was done with my shower, I walked out in my towel to see him already fully clothed. His gaze darkened and he said, "I'll be on holiday after tomorrow. We'll go visit Aunt Sally then go to J City together."

"No thanks," I said with a mild expression. "I already booked my ticket."

"Cancel it!" he barked in a scarily cold tone.

I pressed my lips together and frowned, trying to suppress my irritation. "You should go back tomorrow, then. It's troublesome to cancel the ticket anyway."

He looked at me and reached out a hand. My frown deepened. "What?"

"I'll cancel it for you."

"There's no need." I didn't feel like arguing with him and went to the closet. He was already gone by the time I came out.

After tidying up a bit, I checked the time. It was almost time for me to head off so I carried my luggage downstairs.

Suddenly, my phone pinged with a notification from the airline company. It said that my flight had been canceled.

After my initial shock, I realized that it was Ashton's doing.

I couldn't hold my rage in after a whole morning of trying and threw my phone on the floor with a loud bang.

I walked downstairs. He was having breakfast, which was just a couple slices of toast since Mrs. Eriksen wasn't home.

I picked up a piece of toast and tossed it at him in rage. "Ashton, what the hell are you trying to do?"

He frowned and glared at me. "Watch it."

"Watch it? Why should I?" I yelled, "How could you cancel my ticket without my permission? Ashton, what am I to you? A toy? Maybe a robot or a puppet that has to listen to your every word?"

He kept his mouth shut and continued staring at me for a long time before speaking. "You sound furious."

I paused and pressed my anger down again. "I'm not furious, but please don't touch any of my private matters without my permission ever again. I don't mind that you're not willing to get a divorce. We're just wasting each other's time after all. Still, please respect me. That's all I'm asking for, thank you very much."



My polite, slightly aloof tone clearly showed how exhausted I was.

I didn't look at his expression as I went upstairs again, booked another ticket, and came down with my luggage.

He stood in the living room with that familiar pair of dark eyes staring daggers at me.

He didn't chase after me even as I loaded my luggage into the car.

The car drove out of the villa and I sighed in relief when I noticed that he was still in the villa.

I got my air ticket once I reached the airport. Since it was still early, I got a book and sat down in the departure lounge to wait.

A girl suddenly approached me, giving me a shock.

"Ms. Stovall, are you heading back to J City today as well?" The girl was dressed in a fashionable trench coat over a knitted knee-length dress paired with ankle boots. Her outfit was both modern and classic at the same time.

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I looked at her dainty features for a minute or two but still failed to recall when and where I had ever met this girl.

The girl giggled at my confusion. “Ms. Stovall, did you forget? We just met. My name is Yvonne Wilde. You and Mr. Stovall saved me at the Imperial Hotel.”

I paused for a second and finally remembered. I asked in confusion, “You’re from J City too?”

She nodded and smiled. “Yep. I’m from S County, but I study in K City.”

After a pause, she said awkwardly, “I’m not from a very well-off family, you see. My parents managed to send me to high school but they couldn’t afford to send me to college after that. That’s why I had to work the night shift at Imperial Hotel to get enough money. I ended up getting mistreated because I wouldn’t leave with a client. Thankfully you and Mr. Stovall saved me!”

I nodded in acknowledgment. I was never a sociable person, so I didn’t know how to carry on the conversation from there and fell silent.

She seemed to enjoy talking to me nonetheless and smiled when she saw the book I was reading. “Ms. Stovall, do you like *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* as well? I just read it a couple of days ago.”

I nodded in response and paused before asking, “The New Year is in a couple of days. Why didn’t you choose to work a couple more shifts in K City before going back?”

“Mr. Stovall arranged some shifts for me in J City so I can work closer to home and return at the end of the month,” she said with a smile. She seemed happy just talking about John.

I nodded but remembered that John didn’t seem to have any businesses in J City. What shifts could he have given her?

Out of curiosity, I asked, "What shifts did he arrange for you?"

"I study accounting, so he contacted an audit company for me called Harrison Credit. They only started growing these past few years. They have plenty of work that needs to be done since it's the end of the year, so I can also get commission on top of my salary."

She smiled and asked me, "Ms. Stovall, is Mr. Stovall also going back to J City for the New Year?"

Could it be this girl have a crush on John?

I shook my head. "I'm not sure. He's probably staying in K City."

She murmured softly, "He said he was going to J City, though..."

I didn't ask any more questions. It was almost time for my flight anyway, so I said goodbye to her and got on the plane.

Jackson was already waiting for me at the airport. Once we got in the car, he started nagging at me.

"Can you turn off your phone the next time you're doing that stuff with Ashton? It made me seem like some sort of pervert."

I pressed my lips together and felt my face heat up. "I'm sorry, I'll turn it off next time."

He glanced at me and narrowed his eyes. "You used protection, right?"

I was especially sensitive at the topic of conception and stiffened momentarily before replying, "Yeah."

He nodded. "Good. Your body is in no state for another pregnancy. Anyway, follow me somewhere later once we get back."

"Where?"

"To see the doctor. You coughed up blood last time, and the doctor said even though it stopped, it's still very dangerous and your life is at risk if it continues. I managed to contact a traditional doctor who can help you take a look," he explained as he drove.

He took a look at my pale visage and asked, "Have you been burning the midnight oil again?"

I pressed my lips together and pinched my brow. "I just can't sleep."

If chronic illnesses could be cured once and for all, of course I'd do my best to follow the doctor's instructions. But chronic illnesses took forever to treat and that took time and energy that I didn't have.

He sighed. "If you and Ashton really are on such bad terms, then you should take a break until you get better. Dragging this on for so long isn't good for either of you."

"He isn't willing to get a divorce!" I said as Jackson slammed the brakes at the red light in front of us.

He looked at me with wide eyes. "Are you crazy? Who's thinking of getting a divorce? He has money, he's fit and he's good-looking. Why would you get a divorce?"

I looked at him in annoyance. "Would you like to take my place then?"

He suddenly started stammering and managed to say, "I already have someone else in mind, so no thanks."

I paused in suspicion. His tone sounded a little off. "You have someone else in mind? Who is it? What's her name? Are you two already together? How long have you been dating?"

He was struck speechless by my onslaught of questions and looked at me as he started to drive again. "Calm down! Damn, I never thought a woman could be this nosy."

"Have you never met a woman before? That's exactly why I'm so curious!" If I were a man, would I be this curious?

After a few more minutes, he finally cleared his throat and said, "You'll know soon enough."

I hummed in response and finally stopped bombarding him with questions.

I wasn't exactly willing to go see a doctor the very moment I arrived in J City. After all, who enjoyed being treated like a patient all the time?

After bickering with Jackson for a little while, he finally gave in and brought me back to Glenwood Apartments.

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Rather than going to Macy's old place, he brought me to a different block. He carried my luggage into the elevator for me as he said, "The houses here aren't as big as Peakville Estate's, but it has a great environment and it's better for Summer."

I nodded. I was feeling nervous and pressured for some reason which Jackson probably spotted. He patted my shoulder and said, "Don't be nervous. Summer is a good kid and doesn't give us any trouble."

I pressed my lips together and nodded but still felt nervous.

My hands were damp with sweat by the time we reached the door. He pressed the doorbell and Nick opened the door dressed in an apron with a baby bottle in hand.

I paused, not knowing what exactly I was feeling at the moment. Nick, however, was calmer than ever at the sight of me. "You're here. Come in, the food is getting cold," he said.

Jackson said to me, "You can go wash your hands first and take a look at the kid before you eat."

He placed my luggage in a room and said, "You can stay with us while you're here."

I didn't really hear everything he was saying as my head was full of the thought of seeing Summer. I followed Nick into the baby room decorated all over in soft pink including the crib and the mosquito net over the crib. It was neatly equipped with everything needed to take care of a baby.

I was pretty impressed that two men managed to take care of a baby this efficiently.

Summer probably just woke up and as she lay on the bed, her large eyes glanced around in wonder.

She started giggling at the sight of a new face. She was just as small and soft as most three-month-old babies tended to be.

Nick noticed my growing smile at the sight of Summer and offered, "You can feed her."

He passed the baby bottle in his hand to me and smiled before leaving.

I stayed still for a whole minute with the baby bottle in hand as waves of unspeakable emotions washed over me. One of the best things life had to offer was bringing new life into the world. After all, love and hope always bloomed in the face of new life.

I didn't know where Marcus had buried the child back then and had never gotten the courage to even think about it, much less go and find the child.

My heart softened at the sight of Summer and my tears finally came to my eyes. Happiness and pain created an uncomfortable lump in my throat.

Jackson came in and saw my tears. "Summer's your child now. Treat her well."

I nodded and felt my nose sting again. She was so small, I didn't dare to pick her up.

I placed the mouth of the baby bottle right next to hers and she cleverly started sucking.

"Summer was born prematurely and has only had baby formula, so she's quite small compared to other babies her age," Jackson said with a small sigh.

I froze and immediately remembered how I was lactating when Marcus sent me to the hospital and they took the baby out.

Due to the lack of an actual baby who was feeding, there wasn't enough prolactin and I stopped.

I looked at Jackson and said, "Go to the hospital with me tomorrow."

He froze. "Are you finally willing to get checked up?"

I shook my head. "Nope. I want to visit the gynecologist and ask if it's possible for me to breastfeed four months after birth. I also want to see if there are other solutions."

He widened his eyes and asked, "You're thinking of-"

I nodded. "Summer is still young. I just gave birth, and I was lactating but because I didn't have a child to feed, my body didn't produce prolactin and I stopped. If we go consult a gynecologist, they might give us a solution."

I was thinking about all of this for Summer's sake, but Jackson's face suddenly became red. "Scarlett, do you not see me as a man?"

I paused and asked in confusion, "What made you ask that?"

He slapped a palm to his forehead. "Is it really appropriate for you to talk about this with me?"

I shrugged. "Why not? I'm already a hag who's given birth before, so what could you possibly want from me? Anyway, you're pretty good to Nick so I don't see a problem with me talking about this to you."

He froze again and then asked, "How did you know about me and him?"

"I guessed," I replied. "Before this, I was chalking it up to it being a coincidence. But after seeing you together all the time and how he can't keep his eyes off of you, I figured it out myself. I'm not blind after all."



He went silent for a second before asking, "Don't you think it's strange?"

"Why would I? The world is full of strange things anyway. Just because there are more heterosexual couples doesn't mean that's inherently how the world works and vice versa for homosexual couples. What's right and what's wrong is a human concept after all. As long as you're happy and healthy, there's nothing wrong with being a little bit different from everyone else."

He looked at me with slightly red eyes and fell silent for a second before suddenly hugging me tightly. "Thank you, Scarlett!"

I sighed. "You don't have to thank me. It's your right to be happy."

To everyone else, my marriage with Ashton must seem like a blessing. After all, being able to marry a man you loved with excellent qualities to boot was most women's dream. Sadly, only I would ever truly know what went on behind the scenes.

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 367

In comparison, peace and harmony were what's best.

That night, I stayed at Glenwood Apartments and had a pretty good night's sleep. I didn't even hear Summer crying from hunger in the middle of the night.

It was only the following day when Jackson asked me if Summer's crying had bothered me that I found out.

I shook my head and yawned. "After breakfast," I said as I looked at him, "remember to accompany me to the hospital."

Jackson rolled his eyes. "Don't even think about it. You broke it off for four months; how could you show up when you want to."

Nick was done in the kitchen. He emerged, clad in a tailor-made suit, and looked very dashing. When Jackson and I came out, he said, "I'll go into the office in a while. It's a busy time as we took on some new projects. Here's some breakfast for you and Summer."

I nodded and noticed that he slid an egg very carefully onto Jackson's plate. I felt curious. How did they end up together?

Nick caught me looking. "Doesn't look appetizing?" he said.

I shook my head and changed the subject. "Did John leave a young lady at your company?"

Jackson pondered for a moment. "Are you referring to the one called Yvonne?"

“That’s her.” I nodded.

Jackson paused to take a sip of milk. “I don’t know what’s going on right now with them. John told me that it was your intention, so I took her in.”

What?

When did I say such a thing?

Jackson saw me frown. “It’s her first day today. Do you want me to keep an eye on her?”

“No, that won’t be necessary,” I replied. “I was just curious.”

Nick was in a hurry; he left shortly afterward. Jackson and I had some breakfast, and I pestered him again to take me to the hospital.

An hour later, we were at the gynecologist’s consultation room.

Jackson held Summer as I sat opposite the doctor’s office. I asked sheepishly, “Doctor, it was four months since I delivered my child. Since she died, I couldn’t produce any more milk. Is it still possible to breastfeed now?”

The gynecologist was a woman of fifty or so. She cast a glance to Jackson at my side and the child in his arms, and said, “Under normal circumstances, that would be impossible. Of course, there is a small chance to, as many new mothers are able to breastfeed up to six months after delivery. But it all depends on the individual.”

After a brief pause, she continued. “We don’t recommend that you go for specialized therapy, but you could let your husband give it a go. Usually, a combination of diet and sexual stimulation is enough to induce lactation.”

It took a while for the full meaning of her words to register on me. I blushed furiously and was about to retort but I stopped myself. Instead, I chose to disregard that part. “What do I have to pay attention to in my diet?”

“Consume food that encourages breast milk secretion, look up herbal remedies as well. I don’t have any for sale, but I could write you a prescription for the ingredients. Other people prefer massages, but we won’t recommend you doing that. It’s been four months for you; if the masseuse is overly heavy-handed, they could damage your mammary glands. Your husband could give you a hand with that. And let your child keep trying. The pressure from her suction won’t hurt you.”

At that, she bent over and wrote my prescription. After handing it to me, she added, “This process would require positivity and decent sleep to work. Make sure you get plenty of those!”

I nodded, still flushed in the face. After thanking the gynecologist, we departed the hospital.

Jackson was still holding Summer. He let out a cough and he turned to me. “This will take a toll on your body. Summer has been on milk powder for three months, and other than being slightly frail for her age, she doesn’t appear unhealthy. Should we just forgo this?”

Studying the prescription, I pursed my lips. “Summer is my child. If I am able to breastfeed her, why shouldn’t I? We owe it to her to try. You wouldn’t want her to be sickly when she gets older, would you?”

Jackson nodded. "Be that as it may, but the doctor said that it could harm you. Four months is a pretty long time. It would be difficult to start again after that long."

"Let's go," I said, in an effort to end the conversation. I reached over and took Summer from his arms and got into the car.

Jackson got into the driver's seat, clearly unsatisfied with the way our chat was going. But something on the outside caught his eye and he froze.

I followed his gaze and saw a woman dressed in a hospital gown outside of the patient's ward. She was walking alongside a man in a black suit. He had a cold-looking demeanor.

It was clear that he had just visited the woman at the hospital, and was accompanying her for a walk around the hospital grounds.

Jackson looked over at me. "What's the situation now between you and Ashton?"

I slammed the car door shut and watched the couple return to the hospital. "Contemplating divorce."

Jackson frowned. "Because of him and Rebecca?"

I frowned back at him. "Isn't that enough?"

He started the car without another word. After a period of silence, he said, "If you still care about each other, you should talk it out. Divorce is too rash."

I didn't respond. Looking back out at the hospital, they were nowhere to be found. Ashton had already escorted Rebecca back in.

"Let's go! We have a herbal recipe to prepare," I said, with as much calmness as I could muster.

It's been so many years; I'm numb to these feelings. Even anger is unnecessary at this point.

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 368

Jackson sighed as he drove.

Back at Glenwood, I followed the doctor's instructions with the herbal remedy. Summer began crying again. Jackson said that she'll cry whenever she's feeling hungry. But she didn't seem to enjoy the milk formula very much.

Nick stayed back at the office that night. That presented a dilemma, as he was the handiest with Summer. Without him, Jackson and I were at a loss in regards to her constant crying.

The only thing we could do was to hold her and paced around the room. It wasn't easy, but we managed to get her down for a nap.

The remedy was ready. I helped myself to a large bowl of it. Jackson stared at me glumly. "The smell alone is bitter enough to make me gag. Are you sure you want to do this?"

I nodded, took a deep breath, pinched my nose, and gulped it all down. It was bitter as hell, and the honey lozenge that Jackson handed me afterward couldn't have been more welcome.

My stomach wasn't agreeable, either. It rumbled on and on like a grouchy old dog. I went back into the bedroom and lay down for a bit. Not long after, Nick came home and took Summer and Jackson out for a walk.

I was almost asleep when the phone rang; it was Ashton. I picked up groggily. "What is it?" I mumbled, irritated.

"Come down, we need to talk!" He said in a low voice.

"Can we do this another day? I'm not up for moving much today." I didn't feel like having another quarrel again, and I felt that my irritation might just spark one. Besides, another day might give us both time to calm down and talk things through better.

"I'm coming up!"

I...

"Hang on!" I yelled in a panic. I got up, got dressed, and met him downstairs.

It was unexpected that he knew I was living here. The winter in J City wasn't that harsh. Clad in a wooly sweater and a dark overcoat, Ashton leaned against his car, looking as aloof as ever. He lit a cigarette that glowed warmly in the cold night.

"What is it?" I repeated. I felt extra prickly today, for some reason. It might be due to the herbal medicine I had consumed.

When Ashton saw me, he put out his cigarette and flung it into a bin nearby. He straightened up, took off his coat, and pulled it around my shoulders. "Why aren't you dressed for the cold?"

I pouted in annoyance. "Say whatever it is you're here for!" My patience wore thin and I was not in the mood for idle chatter out here in the cold with him.

He frowned but I couldn't read his expression. "Come back to Peakville Estate."

"I have things going on!" I shrugged off his coat and handed it back to him. "Besides, I like it here."

My head throbbed as I sensed another argument on the horizon.

"Scarlett, you're a married woman now." There was a bite of impatience in his voice. "Don't you know that? Do you think it's appropriate for you to be living with two men?"



“No, it isn’t.” I looked up at him. “Ashton, I’ve told you this before. If you’re not happy with this arrangement, I’m happy to sign the divorce papers for you,” I said with no regard for his feelings.

“Scarlett!” Ashton grabbed my arm roughly. It hurt. “Is our marriage a joke to you? Have you become so comfortable in flinging the threat of divorce around?”

“Yes, it is! It’s a joke! So, Ashton, when are you going to leave me?”

Ashton narrowed his eyes, his eyes dark and dangerous. After a long while, he tightened his grip around my arm and flung me into the backseat of his car, with strength and roughness that frightened me.

I wasn’t strong enough to retaliate. Before I could sit upright, he drove away.

It was a dangerous ride; he sped past countless red lights. At breakneck speed, we arrived at his villa.

I was still in a daze when Ashton yanked me out of the car. “Ashton, are you crazy?” I struggled.

He said nothing and hoisted me up on his shoulders. I grew dizzy and lost my bearings. With every step he took, I felt seasick.

Ashton brought me into a bedroom and flung me onto the bed. He climbed on top of me and took off his coat before I could sit up.

“Ashton, you scumbag!” I shouted as I bit into his shoulder and held on until I tasted blood.

I didn't know what to do with him.

I stopped struggling and opened my eyes. I couldn't divorce him, nor could I get rid of him. All hope is lost.

Ashton must have noticed me ceasing to struggle. He stopped what he was doing as well and looked at me with his dark eyes. We gazed at each other for several moments.

"Do you hate me?" he asked coldly.

I pursed my lips. I had no intention to speak with him.

"Scarlett, we are husband and wife, not enemies," he breathed heavily. "We shouldn't fight like that."

I said nothing and gritted my teeth to withstand the pain.

The torment persisted. As he gasped and shuddered to a stop, he hugged me from behind. "Come back and live with me, will you?"

His voice sounded sad and weary.

I was still unwilling to speak with him, and elected for silence. Not long after, Jackson called.

"I'm at Peakville Estate!" I said at once upon picking up.

Jackson took several moments to compose himself. "Summer is crying really hard. I'll try to put her to bed," he said casually, as though I hadn't said anything.

I grunted in response. "Have a good night!" he said and hung up.

Ashton pulled me closer against him. "Summer?"

"Ashton, I'm so tired of this. Please let's just separate," I said quietly. "I'll admit that I love you and care about you, but this doesn't mean that I would be willing to keep being at odds with you. You've ruined the expectations I have for marriage. I don't blame you, because I haven't tried my best for us too. So I guess we're even."this point.

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 369

I felt his body stiffen up. Without allowing him respite for a response, I continued. "When I got married to you, I thought the world of you, like the prince that every girl deserves. It was a blessing, and I will always treasure what we have. That is why I have made my peace with whatever you did with Rebecca all those years ago. I thought that if I were by your side long enough, you would be able to see the good in me and treat me better. But it's been three years."

"Yes, you're attentive to me now. But let's be realistic. This feels worse than when you ignored me. I'm so tired of this. Whenever I think of you, all I could think of is to escape. The love I have for you is nowhere near enough to keep me going down this path with you. For that, and everything else, I am sorry."

The atmosphere in the room was cold with solitude. He didn't speak. The silence was desolate.

After a long while, he spoke. "What would you like me to do to make you stay?" he asked quietly.

I was momentarily startled and didn't know what to say.

Taking advantage of the moment, he flipped me around so that we were face to face. "Scarlett, I'm trying very hard to save our marriage here. Tell me, what do you want?"

We locked eyes again. I felt exhausted and closed my eyes. I didn't feel at all like replying.

Yes, the problem was with me. I was crazy. I didn't know how to tell him what was wrong with me, because whenever we ran into the tiniest of obstacles, we would fight like cats and dogs until both of us were drained.

I knew that divorce wasn't the solution, but I really didn't know what is.

"Ashton, I..."

“I know. Whatever you want to do in the future, just let me know ahead of time. You can go on managing affairs of the White family, just don’t get yourself in too deep. Other than that, you can do whatever you like. We’ll have better days ahead. Stay with me, Scarlett, will you?”

I never knew he was capable of speaking with me this calmly. His tone was full of pleading and compromise.

As if from the start, our thoughts had been different. I wanted to run whereas he wanted to stay and fix things.

I didn’t speak; I felt awful. It was a restless night. Perhaps because I was mentally occupied, or maybe I felt lost.

I awoke naturally the next day. Upon opening my eyes, I found Ashton looking at me with a smile on his face.

“What is it?” I asked, startled.

“Have you thought about it?” Ashton lowered his gaze, his eyes dark as a stormy sea.

I felt strange.

I suddenly recalled my encounter with the herbal remedy, I had the suspicion that this discomfort had something to do with that.

I debated with myself for a moment, and got up and went into the bathroom. The doctor advised that in conjunction with the herbal remedy, I should massage myself and see if anything comes out.

I turned on the shower and got in. While I rinsed myself, I pressed my breasts gingerly. It felt strange; I must have done something wrong. No milk emerged, but it hurt like hell.

Ashton entered at a moment when I was pumping myself in desperation. I almost fell over from his sudden appearance.

He was silent for several moments in shock at my antics. "What're you doing?" he demanded.

I...

Can I be straight with him and tell him that I'm trying to induce lactation?

I grabbed my towel and wrapped myself up. I threw a casual glance at him and replied, "Nothing, I'm just taking a shower."

That excuse was so lame!

Ashton looked disbelieving. He blocked my path as I was leaving. "Tell me now or I'll ask Jackson," he threatened as his eyes narrowed.

I...

"Summer is Macy's baby. She was premature and because she had not had mother's milk, she has been sickly and frail, so that's why I'm..." I blurted out in a rush, not even completing my sentence. But he understood.

Ashton bit his lip, looking abashed. "So you were thinking of feeding her yourself?"

"What else do you need to do?" He sighed, looking resigned.

We were all adults. Anyway, I had delivered a baby before. I looked at him and said, "When I gave birth, I still had milk of my own. After that, when I lost my baby, I didn't have to feed. Which stopped the prolactin secretion."

"So is that why you were trying by yourself?" Ashton frowned, looking slightly unhappy. "What did you eat yesterday?"

"Some herbal remedy which would induce lactation," I replied truthfully.

"The doctor said, coupled with massages and other methods..." I bit my lip and left the sentence hanging.

"Massage and other methods?" Ashton chuckled. "Self-massage? And how would you carry out the other methods?"

"If you have something you'd like to say, spill it," I retorted angrily.

He fell silent at that.

After a long while, I said, "The child was premature and is very frail. Without the milk of a mother, she looks like a newborn despite being three months old. Ashton, I grew up as an orphan and my grandmother raised me. It was a blessing, but now that Grandma and Macy are gone, this child is now my responsibility and I will do my best to protect her."

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 370

I did not know how to love, or even how to receive love, but I did know that it meant to treat them well.

Love is the reason why I was considerate on his behalf. I felt this way for this child. All I could do, I would do for her, and do it well.

Ashton looked at me thoughtfully. "And what about me? Am I even somebody important in your life? All Marcus left for you are regrets. What about me? Does it make a difference to you that we are married?"

I knew perfectly well what Ashton wanted. He wanted me to need him and hold him in my heart.

The light in the bedroom was dim, but his eyes appeared strangely bright. We stared at each other; I was at a loss for words.

After a long while, Ashton let go of me and stepped back a few paces dejectedly. He smiled sarcastically to himself.

"Good for you, Scarlett." He turned to leave, but I reached out and grabbed his arm.

I had things I wanted to say to him from my heart, and almost instinctively, I blurted, "I want more than anybody else to place you first, but I'm afraid that if one day I find myself unable to leave you, you'll be the one to leave."

He turned back and looked at me with a penetrative gaze. "Was that why you neglected my feelings? Out of all the people in your heart, you chose to hurt only me?"

I shook my head and felt terrible about the pain in his eyes. "No, I've never meant to hurt you. I just don't feel secure. I'm afraid that you would leave me and not want me anymore."



Ashton was startled. His slim frame stiffened as he pulled me in for a tight hug. "Don't be silly," he whispered huskily in my ear.

We hugged for a while, with my head on his chest. "No matter how badly we fight, we should never threaten to leave each other, alright? Scarlett, I will never let you go, and I'll never divorce you."

I said nothing. I was stupid for not knowing how to be married.

It was the end of the year. Most of the staff in the company were on leave, but Ashton was still here.

Mrs. Eriksen did not celebrate New Year's with us, so it was only me and Ashton left.

I brought him over to Glenwood. Nick was still hard at work as his company did not allow leaves, and Jackson was busy caring for Summer.

When he opened the door to me and Ashton, he froze in surprise. Swiftly, he rearranged his features into an expression of serene indifference and reported, "Summer just fell asleep."

I nodded and entered. "Was she alright last night?"

"Yeah, not too bad," he replied as his gaze fell on Ashton and quickly looked away.

I recalled his incident at the college and attempted to make introductions. "This is Jackson, my friend from college. You should be acquainted with him."

Jackson glared at me. Turning to Ashton, he smiled apologetically and said, "Mr. Fuller, nice to meet you."

"Nice to meet you too," Ashton responded.

Ashton exuded a cold and unfriendly presence; I found him unapproachable. After introductions with Jackson, he left to visit Summer.

I tugged on Ashton's arm and followed Jackson to Summer's bedroom. She had her milk formula and was fast asleep.

Ashton looked stunned when he saw Summer and raised his hand as if to caress her, but pulled back on second thought.

I guess all men are like that. They don't know how to deal with newborns.

Jackson brought Summer's dirty clothes to the laundry room. "Do you plan on taking the medicine today?" He turned to me and asked.

It was an awkward moment. I looked away at Summer's underfed frame and nodded. "Yes."

He stole a glance at Ashton and saw him watching the child too. Jackson raised his eyebrows and departed the room, leaving behind me and Ashton.

He was transfixed by Summer. After a long while of staring at her, he asked, "Is she Jared's?"

I did not expect him to ask this. "No..." I jumped and shook my head.

I sensed his inquiring gaze and lowered mine. The words that came to my lips went unsaid.

“Does Jared know?” he went on as he stroked Summer’s cheek with one long finger.

“No, he doesn’t,” I replied. As Ashton probably guessed everything at this point, I had no reason to hide it from him anymore.

He nodded and watched as Summer smiled in her sleep. It was a pretty sight. “We’ll let Mr. Kane make the preparations, and then we’ll register her. Since it’s the New Year, we could take her back to my family and let them meet her.”

Ashton noticed that I didn’t respond and frowned. “What is it?” he asked.

“Nothing.” I shook my head, but my heart was filled with a warm glow.

“Thank you, Ashton!” I said after a brief pause. Caring for Summer was something I had to do, and it really made matters easier for me that he decided to think of her as his own.

Jackson prepared the herbal remedy for me. It was a big bowl of dark liquid, and it made my stomach turn just looking at it. But it had to be done.

I pinched my nose and gulped it down. Almost by reflex, Jackson handed me a lozenge. “The doctor said that you need to massage yourself along with the medicine, and an adult should test it out.”

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He said it as a matter of fact, and it slowly dawned on him how inappropriate it sounded. Jackson glanced embarrassingly at Ashton and promptly left the room.

“It’s not good to take so much of that, you know,” Ashton said.

I grunted in agreement, as my gaze fell on Summer. “I want to visit the hospital in a while.”

“I’ll accompany you.” Ashton volunteered.

I wanted to reject, but Summer chose that moment to wake up and cry loudly.

I wasn’t good with comforting infants and did not dare lift her up, so I scrambled out to fetch Jackson.

He was in the kitchen. He did not know how to cook so he employed a housekeeper. He heard Summer too and was on his way over.

“She must be hungry,” Jackson said as he grabbed the milk bottles.

I followed close behind. He suddenly stopped in his tracks and I ran right into him.

“Jackson, you...” I clutched my nose which seemed to have received most of the force from the collision. He and I were both stunned.

When we returned, we found Summer already in Ashton’s arms, tiny and frail like a newborn.

Summer stopped crying. She stared adoringly up at Ashton with her large unblinking eyes.

Jackson was surprised. He strode over and gave the bottle to Ashton. "She should be hungry, try feeding her," Jackson said as he let out a cough.

Ashton sat down and coaxed the bottle to Summer's lips with tenderness.

Usually cold and haughty, he couldn't have been more different than when he sat there with the baby in his arms. I was at a loss for words, and thought privately to myself at how very sweet and lovely it was, but also pretty funny.

Jackson had no words to spare and promptly exited the room.

I walked over to Ashton's side and watched Summer drink vigorously, with her eyes still latched onto him. "When did you learn to feed babies?" I asked him.

And such a small one at that.

He looked up at me. "When you were pregnant," he said simply.

"When was that?" I was completely clueless.

He pursed his lips but did not speak. He said as he gazed back down at Summer, "Let's take her back to Peakville Estate. Jackson and Nick have their hands full with their own affairs. We can't burden them with her."

I was taken aback, for I had not considered that. For a moment I did not know what to say.

He sighed at my silence. "At Peakville Estate, you would have plenty of time and help, as I would be hiring a couple of housekeepers. You would be able to calm your thoughts and spend time with the child too. When Mrs. Eriksen comes back next year, she would be there to help you, as she has plenty of experience with young children."

He looked me in the eye. "Would you agree to that?" he asked seriously.

I nodded without realizing it. When I had regained my wits, I shook my head. "I need to ask Jackson and Nick. They have been caring for the child for so long, I couldn't just leave with her. They've grown attached too; I need to consider their feelings on the matter."

Ashton nodded but didn't object.

Nick came home for lunch at noon. He brought over some fruits as well. At the dining table, I noticed that he looked vastly different from the time I first met him.

Back then, he was a carefree and boisterous fellow from a rich family with no thoughts about the future. In the span of six months, he became more reticent and considerate, as he spent most of his time caring for other people besides himself.

He noticed that I was studying him. "What is it?" he asked.

"Are you going back for the new year?" The Harrisons were not a powerful family, but they owned a lot of property. Cameron, his mother, was responsible for expanding the family wealth. Though she had an heir, Cameron never considered for him to inherit the wealth.

Nick tidied up the cutlery and froze slightly at my question. "Go back where?" he asked sullenly.

I was embarrassed and did not know how to respond.

The rest joined us at the dining table. Nick turned to Ashton. "You two should bring Summer to the Registration Office and register her," he said.

I couldn't help looking at Ashton to see how he would respond to that.

"Jackson and I have no business officially raising her," Nick said placidly. "You two are a legally married couple. It's easier for you to follow along with the procedures to adopt her."

Jackson was startled, but at Nick's words, he fell into thought.

Ashton grunted in approval and cast his eyes on Summer. "I'll deal with this as quickly as I can," he assured Nick.

Nick nodded. "My mother would like to invite all of you for a meal," he informed after a pause.

Cameron?

I was startled. "All of us?"

Rebecca was her daughter. Though it was a while ago, the fact that I'd hurt her and made her famous for the wrong reasons remained vividly on everyone's minds. Cameron was willing to invite me for a meal after all that?

Nick nodded. "You and Ashton as well."

I glanced at Ashton instinctively. He nodded his consent as well.

After lunch, we parted ways. Nick made his way back to the office while Ashton and I took Summer for registration.



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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.

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 373

He held me even tighter. "Tomorrow we'll bring Summer over to live with us."

I nodded, not quite knowing what to say.

Ashton seemed exceedingly warm and gentle that night. I'm not sure what caused it, but I couldn't quell the suspicions that arose in my heart.

I woke up the next day and found no trace of him next to me.

He was already dressed and stood by the window. "Why don't you sleep a little while longer?" he said as he turned to me.

"Are you going out?" His clothes were prim and he was in a splendid mood; even went out of his way to style his hair. He looked even more dashing that way.

Ashton came closer and pecked my forehead. "I'm leaving to fetch Summer," he informed me. "Just trying some clothes to see if they're a good fit."

I laughed involuntarily. "You're just picking her up, why do you need to dress so formally?"

And did his hair.

He chuckled and passed his necktie to me. "I'm a father now. I have to look good for my daughter."

I tied his tie neatly for him. "She's only three months old, what impression are you hoping to leave?" I giggled.

He bent down and examined his tie. "How does it look?" he asked happily.

There was nothing much I could say but nod.

I stretched and was prepared to get up from the bed when I was struck by a sudden bout of intense pain. I stared at him in a fury. "Ashton you b\*stard!"

He was taken aback at my outburst. "What is it?"

I pursed my lips and was about to get out of bed when he scooped me up in his arms. "I'm sorry, I'll be more careful next time."

I glared at him again as he carried me into the bathroom. I washed my face and brushed my teeth, as I was still held by him.

"Ashton, if you're going to do this again, we'll sleep in separate beds," I said.

He raised his eyebrows and put me down. "How about what you did?"

I froze in surprise. What have I done?

He bit his lip in a terrible attempt to keep from smiling and looked at me knowingly. It was a while before I noticed a patch of white fluid on his shirt.

To my horror, I realized that it was my breast milk! My face grew red hot. "I... I didn't ask you to carry me!" I stuttered.

“Noted. I’ll be more careful next time,” Ashton said as he smiled wickedly.

I...

“That’s fine. As long as you keep feeding Summer, it won’t be uncontrollable like this. It’s normal for women who were recently pregnant. By the looks of it, Summer would have more than she needs,” Ashton said as he took off the soiled jacket.

I ignored him. After I shoved him out of the bathroom, I proceeded to clean myself up.

When I got dressed, I found Ashton downstairs preparing breakfast.

“Have some breakfast before going!” he called out when he saw me.

“Let’s go now,” I declared as I picked up my purse. I was in no mood for breakfast.

Ashton felt helpless at my petulance. He scooped up two boiled eggs and handed them to me. “Eat them in the car.”

He then grabbed his keys and left the house with me.

Throughout the journey, I was reluctant to speak to him. “I found two housekeepers,” he said, in an attempt to break the awkwardness. “Give them a go, and if you think they’re not a good fit, we’ll find new ones after the new year, okay?”

“Alright,” I said, and lapsed back into silence.

I could sense that Ashton was looking for ways to remain conversational with me. "When we get Summer, we'll drop by the hospital." He tried again.

"For what?" I asked, in spite of myself.

He raised his eyebrows and smiled. "You don't plan on undergoing treatment every time you feel discomfort?"

I...

"How would you treat this sort of thing?" This was a psychological problem, not a physiological one.

"All illnesses can be treated. It depends on the doctor."

After a pause, he continued. "Furthermore, you've been losing sleep. It won't do to let this problem drag on."

"It's been much better recently," I retorted in an effort to defend myself. He wasn't aware that I had trouble sleeping when I lost my child. But it's been much better since I knew that Summer is coming to live with us.

He bit his lip again, barely suppressing his amusement. "If every night is going to be like last night, are you planning on wringing me dry?" he asked, with a mischievous glint in his eye.

I...



I looked up at him and said in a level voice, "If you don't come on to me, how would I wring you dry?"

"When did you become this confused?" Ashton frowned as he held the wheel.

As he said that, he took my hand in his and kissed it. "If your reaction has slowed down, and if it's happened multiple times, it won't heal up as well. You still need to visit the hospital in the future."

I stared at him defiantly. "If you didn't touch me, it wouldn't have happened!"

His gaze darkened. "So your plan is to deprive me to death?"

This man and his filthy mouth. How could he say such wicked things!

"That's fine by me too. If you're dead, Summer and I can inherit your money and we wouldn't have to worry about anything for the rest of our lives." I was in a huffy mood.

"You wish!" He stopped the car at a red light. Taking the opportunity, he bit me on the hand, hard.

It felt like a punishment.

He raised his eyebrows at the two eggs still clutched in my hand. "Hurry up and eat them."

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 374

"I won't!" I pouted.

The light turned green. "Last night wasn't enough for you?" Ashton asked as he eyed the way I fiddled absentmindedly with the eggs.

I was taken aback for an instant. It slowly dawned on me as I looked down at the eggs in my hand.

"Ashton, what kind of crap do you have in your brain!" I yelled, furious. There he is spewing all sorts of rubbish!

He smiled devilishly again. "Watch your tongue!"

Ugh, I'm sick of him.

He became serious when I ignored him again. "Why don't you want to go to the hospital?"

"It wouldn't fix anything even if I went," I said sullenly. The past few trips had been in vain; this was not something that could be fixed with prescription drugs. Every session was just a chat with the psychologist, which yielded nothing in my opinion.

He looked down and didn't speak again. As the car pulled up to Glenwood, he parked outside of the block.

He got down and turned to look at me. "Would you like me to carry you?"

I shook my head and followed him.

We called ahead and asked Jackson to pack Summer's things. When we showed up at the door, he gave us an update. "These couple of days she has been falling asleep rather late. She's not used to her new surroundings, I think."

I nodded. "Where is Summer?"

"She's in her room. Nick is feeding her with the formula."

I went in and felt startled. Nick was there in a suit of black; he looked dashing. He appeared to be ready to leave for work.

"I've fed her, she won't be crying for a while," he said as he caught sight of me.

"Let me!" I said as I took the bottle from him. "Please look around for any of her belongings that we might have missed out on."

He nodded. As he was about to leave the room, I asked him to shut the door.

"What's wrong?" He frowned.

Before I could answer, Ashton swooped in from behind. "She wants to breastfeed. Are you planning to watch?"

I...

Nick flushed red and left without a word. However, Jackson voiced his surprise. "You've only had the herbal remedy twice! Have you been massaging and..."

His voice trailed off. He looked at me and Ashton as sudden comprehension dawned on his face.

“D\*mn, I’m overstepping my bounds,” he said sheepishly as he closed the door behind him.

I...

I glared at Ashton in spite of myself, blushing like the setting sun. He’s horrible.

“You too, get out!”

“I’ll be here to guard you.”

“Get out!” I repeated, staring fiercely at him.

Ashton ignored me and helped himself to the seat on the balcony. He browsed his phone.

I...

He is so thick skinned.

Without much energy left to deal with him, I turned away from him and lifted Summer. I foresaw this scenario earlier that day and dressed conveniently for it.

I had the notion that Summer wouldn’t know how to suckle as she had never done it before, but I was worried for nothing. The little thing latched on and suckled away joyfully, as though she had known how to all along. I sighed with relief.

After a while, Ashton stood intrusively at my side, casting a long shadow over me and Summer.

I looked up and found him staring down at me. I turned away from him instinctively. If Summer weren't here, I would have berated and cursed at him.

I willed myself not to. "Ashton, please have some sense of shame," I said through gritted teeth.

"It pleases me to watch my wife," he replied coolly.

I...

After Summer had finished, Ashton carried her out of the room. Jackson watched him with amusement "Mr. Fuller looks like a paraplegic when he's carrying the child."

I shot Ashton a look. Strapping tall at six feet but hunched in half as he carried Summer carefully like she was a grenade. Each step was taken with measured caution; his body looked awfully stiff from doing this.

I struggled not to laugh at the sight. Nick turned to me and said, "Summer doesn't have much. Jackson and I will send them over afterward. She usually cries at night from hunger. Try to let her sleep by your side for a night or two, you can just reach over and feed her easily."

I nodded with gratitude. "Come to Peakville to spend New Year's Eve with us. It's rare that all of us are at J City together."

Nick looked at Jackson and read his mind.

Jackson nodded. "Yes, why not. I'm not returning to K City anyway. It would be nice to spend Summer's first New Year with her."

Nick nodded in agreement as well. "I'll send you the address and time afterward. My mother reminded me many times: if it's not convenient for you at night, bring Summer along."

I was taken aback, forcefully reminded of Cameron's invitation.

"It's not safe to bring Summer," I blurted. "I won't be going tonight, you guys go ahead."

Nick turned to Ashton with a meaningful look in his eye. "Mr. Fuller, are you coming?"

I thought that Ashton would adhere to his habit and decline. It surprised me when he said, "Yes, I'll be there."

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Ashton carried Summer in his embrace as he tiptoed out of the room. A smile tugged Jackson's lips upwards, and he tried to stifle his laughter when he saw Ashton's expression.

If Ashton didn't always have a cool and stoic demeanor, I suspected that he would have burst out laughing immediately.

I was plagued with a pounding headache and had no desire to meet Cameron.

As I followed Ashton to the car, he carefully placed Summer in the back seat and strapped her in the toddler seat. After that, I made my way to the back of the car.

Jackson and Nick had already moved all of the stuff to the car. Unfortunately, Nick was forced to leave after a quick greeting because he had to hurry to his office.

Ashton started the car and exited Glenwood residential area. "I thought that you didn't like attending dinner functions?" I asked him while on the journey.

"Didn't you notice that Nick has been extremely busy lately?" he replied coolly as he pursed his lips.

"Yeah, a little!" I jolted in shock before answering in response to the sudden change of topic.

"Have you figured out the reason for that?" Because of Summer's presence in the car, his driving pace was slower than usual.

"He comes from a wealthy family and has a great fortune under his name. It doesn't matter if Cameron controls the Harrisons' family business as Nick is still the rightful heir of the Harrisons. He formed Harrison Credit in part of his interest in the field while sharpening his skills. Seeing as it's the year-end now, there shouldn't be any audit assignments. However, he seems really busy. Does he lack money? Or has he bumped into something troublesome?"

“Good analysis!” Ashton said approvingly, “It shows that you’re not that stupid.”

What is he implying?

“So, what trouble did Nick run into?” I asked again while I played with Summer.

“Have you heard about the butterfly effect?”

“Does it mean that the gentle flutter of a butterfly’s wings will ignite a storm?” I asked him quizzically.

“Yeah,” he replied. His eyes were fixated on the road ahead with unwavering focus.

Ashton added, “Cameron’s affairs do not only affect the development of her personal assets, but rather, all businesses in connection to her. This means that all businesses under the Harrisons have subsequently taken a hit as well—including Harrison Credit under Nick. That being said, Cruise Corporation is a well-established company. Hence, they have the necessary capital to buffer the pressure during this critical period.

“However, the same can’t be said for Harrison Credit. It has been established for only two years. Sure, it has gained a good reputation and sizeable income over these two years. However, those alone would not be enough to withstand the adverse external forces. This is especially true in the case of a credit company. In fact, many big companies have terminated their contract with Harrison Credit.”

I was stunned at Ashton’s explanation. With a furrowed brows, I asked, “Before the year ends, Nick needs to find a few companies to work with to keep his company afloat?”

“Yup!” He nodded in confirmation.



“Is Fuller Corporation not working with him anymore?” At that moment, Summer raised her chubby fingers to wind them around my hand. Curiously, she peered around her surroundings with a bright, round gaze.

“Nope, the contract signed between Fuller Corporation and him last year only includes the branch in J City. This year, I moved the head office to K City. By comparison, our capital has been reduced by half.”

“Isn’t there still Quinn Corporation?”

As the car entered Peakville Estate, he pursed his lips in deep thought. “Quinn Corporation is in a similar situation. Have you forgotten? Quinn Corporation has assigned the job to AC Credit.”

Right! I was once kidnapped by Savini because of that.

I couldn’t help but frown at the thought of that unpleasant memory.

It was already noon when we reached the villa. “You should go check on her. I’ll move the stuff back,” Ashton said after he carried Summer to the baby room.

I nodded in agreement. After a few steps, I turned to look at him again. “Ashton, I’m hungry.”

Having not eaten anything since morning, I began to feel the effects of skipping breakfast right then. I didn’t eat either when I was at Jackson’s earlier.

Ashton raised his head before he burst out laughing. "Are you blaming me? What happened to the egg that I gave you this morning?"

"I left it at Jackson's house!" I pouted with a jut of my bottom lip as I looked at him with a helpless gaze.

Ashton chortled at my pleading expression. "What do you want to eat? I'll cook it for you later," he asked.

"Anything is fine!" I replied with a large grin painted across my face as I watched him unload the stuff from the back of the car. "Ashton, you look like the perfect househusband right now!" I teased him with a giggle.

"Come and shut the car door," he instructed as he glanced over to me.

I nodded and made my way towards him. After I shut the door, I trailed behind him back to the villa. "If you could breastfeed and have a child of your own, it wouldn't be a bad idea if you remain unmarried. Right?"

"What are you trying to say?" Ashton turned around and asked with a pinch of his brows.

"I'm trying to praise you!"

"You should reward me in a more practical way!" Ashton retorted as he placed the stuff in the baby room.

Without hesitation, I sidled closer and tiptoed to raise myself before planting a delicate kiss on Ashton's cheek. "Is this good enough?" I asked cheekily.

His eyes darkened as I stepped away. "I'll settle the scores with you tonight," he said.

Summer was an obedient child. She would not make a fuss as long as she was well fed and had enough sleep, staying quietly where she was, watching her surroundings. Occasionally, she would reach out to grab items that piqued her interest.

Meanwhile, Ashton was busy in the kitchen. He had left his phone in the baby room after moving the stuff.

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When the phone buzzed in the room, Summer turned towards the direction of the noise and listened intently in a curious manner.

I did not bother picking up the call. "Ashton, your phone is ringing!" I yelled towards the kitchen.

"Pick it up!" he answered curtly as the sound of splashing water echoed from the kitchen.

I glanced towards his phone and noticed Rebecca's name flashing across the screen.

Instinctively, a frown graced my face when I caught sight of her name. Once I answered her call, I was instantly greeted by her loud wails that echoed across the phone.

"Ash, you should come to visit me. I don't know why my mother insists on me staying in the hospital. Why isn't she letting me return to Pear Garden? Do you think that she doesn't want me anymore?" Rebecca sobbed in anguish.

Cameron doesn't want Rebecca back in Pear Garden? Why not?

"Ms. Larson, I suggest you contact Mr. Quinn for your problems. That would be more appropriate. Right now, your beloved Ash is cooking for his daughter and wife. I'm sure that he does not have the spare time to handle your affairs," I said coldly.

Upon hearing my voice, Rebecca's mood seemed to take a drastic turn. "Why did you pick up Ashton's phone? Scarlett, do you have no shame?"

Gosh, this woman has a rotten mouth. It seems that anything that comes out of her is malicious.

“Why can’t I pick up the call on my husband’s behalf? You don’t think you share an intimate relationship with my husband, do you? By the way, you should take this opportunity to reflect upon your actions—even your parents detest you! Don’t harass my family and me anymore!”

“Scarlett, you...”

I ended the call before she could finish her sentence. There was no point continuing when I knew that she would be cussing me out.

I tossed Ashton’s phone aside as soon as I hung up the call. Before I could react, I was enveloped in a back hug.

“Say it again,” Ashton’s magnetic voice sounded.

There was a hint of oil and smoke that clung to his body. However, the smell did not affect his charming presence. “What do you want me to say?”

“What did you call me just now?” he asked in a deep voice.

His question left me stunned for a moment. “Husband?”

Ashton laughed delightedly as his stubble rubbed against my cheek when he kissed me. “One more time,” he demanded.

“Aren’t you going to help Rebecca?” I asked him with an angry huff and pushed him off my body.

“I thought you asked her to look for Joe? Why do I have to go to her still?” Ashton said with an amused grin.

I couldn't help but roll my eyes in exasperation. "Has Cameron been neglecting Rebecca?" I asked while I walked towards the crib to gaze at Summer.

It was clear that Rebecca's health was deteriorating. Not only did Cameron forbid her from nursing her health in K city, she even moved her to J City. Furthermore, why did she ban her from Pear Garden?

Seeing as I changed the subject abruptly, Ashton asked helplessly as he face-palmed, "That's none of your business. When did you become such a meddler?"

"I'm not meddling. I'm just curious," I argued. Summer clutched onto my head while her tiny mouth gaped open repeatedly.

It looked like she was hungry.

It seemed like Ashton held no interest regarding Rebecca. "Jackson will help her if needed. Summer is hungry. Are you going to eat first or feed her first?" he asked.

I am going to feed her first, of course!

"You should leave and give me some privacy!" I glowered at him.

"Which part of your body have I not seen before?"

"Don't you think that you are acting strangely?"

“You’re my wife. How is that strange?” Ashton replied in a tone full of self-confidence.

I didn’t expect Rebecca would come to Peakville Estate herself. Summer was already in a deep slumber by then.

I was halfway eating when the doorbell rang, and Ashton rose to his feet to greet the door. After a long moment of silence, I couldn’t help but look over to the door.

Much to my surprise, Rebecca was on the front porch. Her complexion was extremely haggard and sickly pale.

In the few days that we hadn’t met, she looked like she’d become even skinnier than before.

Initially, I didn’t plan to head over. However, it would seem rude and inappropriate.

I caught wind of Rebecca’s faint voice as I padded over to the door. “I want to stay out of your life as well and leave a good impression on you. At least, you would still think of me once in a while. Unlike now, I’m nothing but an annoyance to you! However, I have no choice. Ash, I came looking for you because you are my only hope.”

“Come in and talk,” I interjected before Ashton could reply.

Ashton whirled around to meet my gaze for a brief second before he stepped aside indifferently to let Rebecca in.

Rebecca didn’t show any surprise when she caught sight of my figure. Instead, her face darkened. “Ash, I’ll face death if you don’t help me,” she continued to beg him desperately.

Ashton had always been an aloof person. When it came to Rebecca, his stance gravitated towards responsibility rather than affinity. "What do you want?" he asked her icily.

Rebecca took a deep breath. She didn't anticipate for Ashton to treat her in such a harsh manner. "Bring me to my mother," she said with a pale face.

I was stunned by Rebecca's request. Why did she need Ashton's help to meet her own mother?

"Alright," Ashton replied brusquely. His demeanor remained as cold as ever.



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He gave her a cold stare. "Joe will be responsible for taking care of you. Please refrain from coming here unless there's something critical."

Rebecca's face paled even further. "Okay!" There was a slight tremble in the tone of her voice as she spoke. She nodded her head as she tried to conceal the hurt gleaming in her eyes.

"It's late now. Scarlett and I have matters to attend to later. You should head back first," Ashton continued emotionlessly, unmoved by Rebecca's wounded expression.

It was clearly an order to leave. Both Rebecca and I could decipher the strict tone of his voice.

"Okay." There was a trace of bitterness that flickered in her longing gaze. She left after that.

I pursed my lips as I watched her figure leave the villa. It was as if I could glimpse a hint of my past self in her lonely back. "Ashton, do you treat all women so heartlessly?"

"I won't treat you that way." Ashton turned to me. His dark gaze resembled the night sky.

I decided not to tease him any further. "Why does Rebecca need your help to visit Cameron?" I asked curiously.

What happened between the two of them?

"Have you ever thought of looking for your biological parents?" Ashton asked me as his stare clouded over.

"Why did you change the topic so quickly?" For a moment, I was left speechless in shock.

"Answer my question," Ashton's brows pinched together.

“I’d be lying if I say no. However, it has been so many years. I wouldn’t know how to react if I ever meet them again. I suppose we wouldn’t have the chance to reunite. Besides, I believe they had no plans to reunite with me when they abandoned me back then. So, quite frankly, I no longer want to look for them anymore,” I said after a fleeting thought.

“Why did you ask me about that?” I asked as I met his strange gaze.

He shook his head. “Go upstairs and change. We’ll head out in a while!”

I couldn’t help but scowl when I recalled the message Nick sent me: Are we really meeting Cameron for a meal?

Ashton merely nodded—an indication that I should change my clothes.

At first, I wanted to deny his request. But on second thought, I decided to go along with him.

After freshening up in the bathroom, I put on a fresh outfit and dressed my face in a layer of light makeup. When I descended the stairs, Ashton had already packed Summer’s diapers and milk bottles.

“Ashton, did you change Summer’s diapers?” I asked casually as I saw his smooth and practiced movements.

He nodded in reply and moved the milk bottles into Summer’s stroller. “Let’s go,” Ashton called out.

I couldn’t help but feel useless when Ashton swiftly prepared Summer’s things before we headed out.

After pushing the stroller out of the villa, Ashton headed to the garage. While Ashton started the car, I waited patiently for him in the yard as I braced the stroller in one hand.

The sight of a kneeling woman outside the yard gate left me stupefied. Realization dawned upon me after a few moments. Rebecca hasn't left the villa!

At the same time, Ashton noticed Rebecca as he drove over. Promptly, a deep frown graced his face.

Yet, he did not comment on Rebecca's presence. "Let's go," Ashton called out to me as he carried Summer onto the car.

When Rebecca heard the commotion, she rose to her feet from the villa steps and dashed in. Hurriedly, she stood in front of the car's path to block its way.

"Ash, are you going to meet my mother? Bring me along!" Rebecca pleaded when she saw Ashton.

"Joe will pick you up later," Ashton replied in displeasure.

At Ashton's rejection, Rebecca's eyes reddened with sorrow. "It's freezing! Ash, please! I'm begging you to bring me along!"

"Come in!" I said in annoyance, "Ms. Larson, you do not have to resort to such wretched measures to gain our pity."

Rebecca's face turned pale when she heard my comment. Yet, she still shifted her pitiful gaze towards Ashton.

Ashton's mood turned foul at the sight of her pleading stare. "There's no more space in the car! Wait for Joe!" he snarled brusquely and started the car. Immediately, he drove around her and sped out of the villa.

I peered at Rebecca's motionless figure from the rearview mirror before turning to Ashton. "Could you really bear to treat her that way?"

"Do you want me to take pity on her?" Ashton rebuked.

"Focus on the road!" Ashton's mercy towards her made no difference to me.

During the ride, Summer behaved very obediently. The reason for her well-behaved mannerisms must be due to her love for car rides. She was always very excited when she was in the car. Occasionally, she'd reached her hands out to grasp at empty air.

Ashton stopped at the entrance of Pear Garden. Cameron and Zachary were already standing by the gates when we arrived. It seemed as if they had been waiting for us for a long time.

"Welcome! Dinner is ready. We have been expecting your arrival." Cameron stepped forward with a warm beam.

As Ashton carried Summer out of the car, Zachary and Cameron shared an equal look of shock in my direction. "T-The child is alright?"

"Ms. Anderson, are you planning to make another move on me?" I asked her in a frigid tone.

Cameron's bright eyes reddened with unshed tears as she shook her head to deny profusely. "It's not like that. My dear, please don't think too much about it. I'm just glad that your child is safe."

"Let's go." Ashton did not comment any further. Instead, he cradled Summer to his chest and turned to me.

The dining hall was located on the first floor. Alongside Jackson and Nick, even Jared, who was rarely seen, had attended the occasion. Jared was accompanied by Kristina.

It was a surprise to meet her here.

Jackson once told me that most of Macy's troubles were caused by Kristina. I could feel my anger growing the more I looked at her.

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“Scarlett, come sit here!” Jackson beckoned me over when he caught sight of me.

I walked over to Jackson and took a seat next to him as Ashton pushed the stroller aside.

The Pear Garden villa was possibly the most luxurious in J City. The dining hall alone spanned over one hundred square meters. It was much larger compared to an average hall.

The round table was equally huge. I figured that the guests seated opposite would not be able to hear me unless I raised my voice.

There was a hint of tenderness in Cameron’s gaze towards me. Together with Zachary, they took a seat next to Ashton and me as Cameron instructed the butlers to serve the dishes.

“She is adorable. I think that she is around four months old now,” Cameron peered towards Summer in her stroller as she cooed with a bright smile.

Zachary’s expression seemed to drop when he caught sight of my stony face. “Scarlett, Summer seems to be a little smaller than most children. Are you giving her the proper nutrient intakes?” he asked with concern.

“As an infant, she has faced countless struggles. That’s why she’s much more petite than most children,” I replied as my mood soured upon hearing Zachary’s question.

Cameron tugged on Zachary’s sleeve with a hurtful expression. “It’s all my fault,” she murmured.

Why are they acting so strangely? I turned to Ashton with a puzzled look, and he clasped my hand in his palm comfortingly. “Thank you for inviting us to dinner!” he said and shifted his gaze to Cameron and Zachary.

As if sensing my displeasure, both Zachary and Cameron merely murmured in acknowledgment.

I couldn't help but feel utterly bewildered at their demeanor due to two main reasons. Firstly, their attitudes towards me were a stark contrast to their past mannerisms.

Secondly, Zachary must have found out about Cameron's past through the videos. Yet, he remained as cool as a cucumber.

Is there such a husband who holds no regard for his wife's past? There were even more to those that I haven't seen. How could Zachary face her with such a calm composure?

"Since the dishes are served, let's dig in while they are warm." Cameron gestured for the guests to begin eating.

Before she could finish her speech, a discordant noise resounded through the hall. "Mom, what have I done? Why won't you meet me?" Rebecca's voice echoed through the hall.

Rebecca and Joe appeared in the room. She was still dressed in the same clothes as she had on when she visited Peakville Estate. Her disheveled clothes gave her a very ragged and pathetic appearance.

Cameron leaped to her feet in an instant. It was clear that her mood had turned foul at the sight of Rebecca. "I thought I told you not to come looking for me?"

She was about to storm over towards Rebecca. Yet, Zachary yanked her to a screeching halt.

"Sit down and share a meal with us," Zachary said coolly as he addressed Rebecca.

Rebecca remained standing despite his invitation. "Dad, what did I do for you and Mom to abandon me?" she asked with swollen and reddened eyes filled with anguish.

Zachary sighed heavily as if he had nothing more to say. "Since everyone is present, why don't we talk after dinner?" he asked.

Rebecca opened her mouth to retort, but she was yanked away by Joe before she could cause a commotion. He dragged her to the table, where they both took a seat.

Rebecca glared at me in a haze of murderous rage when she saw how Ashton helped to pick my favorite foods.

"I heard that you have a sweet tooth," Cameron beamed. "I asked the cooks to prepare a matcha dessert for you. Why don't you try it? You should drink more soup to replenish your energy since you are still breastfeeding Summer. Ah, you should put on more weight! It's also important to remain healthy if you are breastfeeding."

As she spoke, she sliced a piece of cake and placed it in front of me. Cameron even helped to fill up a bowl of warm soup.

I was not accustomed to her sudden warm hospitality. Warily, I turned to Ashton and looked at him with a confused look.

"You should try it and see if you like it," Ashton replied.

Reluctantly, I took a small bite of the cake. Although it tasted great, the sweet taste of the dessert was muddled by my chaotic thoughts. I pushed it aside after a single nibble.

Next, I decided to sample the soup. To my surprise, I found it rather delectable.



Upon seeing that I savored the soup, Cameron quickly leaped to refill my bowl. However, Ashton stopped her in her tracks. "It's alright, Ms. Anderson. I can take more for my wife if she likes it."

Although it was a minuscule movement of kindness from Ashton, Rebecca still met my gaze with fury.

In the stroller, Summer babbled loudly. With a single glance, Jackson could tell that she was hungry.

"Have you brought her milk?" he asked me.

Before I could reply, Ashton was already one step ahead of me. He had already prepared her milk powder and was ready to feed Summer. Yet, the little rascal refused to drink from her bottle. Instead, she clutched onto my hand tightly.

Gently, I cradled her as she continued to warble in my arms. "What's wrong, my dear?" I cooed at her fondly.

"I think she doesn't want milk powder. Scarlett, you should head upstairs to feed her," Nick broke his silence and uttered.

"I'll show you the way." Cameron hurriedly rose to her feet. "Your child is only a few months old. They tend to prefer breast milk."

I decided not to comment any further and followed Cameron to the second floor with Summer in my embrace.

“You can feed her here. She must be starving,” Cameron said warmly as she guided me into an empty room.

Without any lingering suspicions, I took a seat on the chaise lounge and began to breastfeed Summer.

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Originally, I thought that she would leave as I began feeding Summer. Instead, Cameron remained rooted in her spot as she watched me breastfeed Summer.

Summer's antics as she suckled on my breast were awfully adorable. She would clutch her feet in her hand as her bright eyes remained wide open.

"Scarlett, you are too skinny. Although you just gave birth, you've lost all of the fat around your abdomen. The two of you are still young parents. You don't know how to take care of yourselves. Now that the New Year is almost here, why don't you stay in Pear Garden for a few days? I heard from Nick that you plan to celebrate it with Mr. Fuller. We have experienced chefs and nutritionists working in Pear Garden. They can help to strengthen your body. What do you think?" Cameron asked.

"It's alright, Ms. Anderson. Thank you for your offer," I rejected her offer politely.

A flicker of awkwardness painted her face upon my refusal. "Scarlett, are you still holding on to the past?" she asked tentatively. "The two of you are safe and sound right now. Besides, I've already received punishment for my actions. The Moore family does not acknowledge me. As a result, Zachary had to accompany me to J city. Now that everything is in the past, let's start afresh, shall we?"

Upon hearing her words, I felt smothered with a haze of irritation. "Ms. Anderson, you can always regain your status and wealth. Yet, you stole the life of a living person. How do you plan to repay for your irreversible actions?" I asked her with a twitch of my lips.

Her face paled. "Please give me some privacy when I'm feeding my child," I said firmly.

Cameron opened her mouth as if she wanted to say something. Yet, she remained silent. Without another word, she exited the room.

As I remained seated on the chaise lounge, I observed my surroundings. The room was beautifully decorated in lavish and pink designs.

In an instant, one could tell that the room belonged to a woman. Although Nick visited the Pear Garden occasionally, there was no way that such a girlish room would belong to him. Cameron was also out of the picture. I concluded that this room must have been Rebecca's.

After she had her fill, Summer reached out her hand. Her sudden touch jolted me out of my daze as I turned to gaze at her with a smile. Gently, I lifted her and pressed a delicate kiss on her adorable face. My heart seemed to warm affectionately every time I saw her face.

All of a sudden, the bedroom door burst open. I quickly yanked my shirt down in haste. I looked up to see Rebecca. Her face turned as cold as ice when she saw me sitting in her room.

"Scarlett, why did you steal everything from me? First, you stole my lover and loved ones. Now, you're even in my bedroom."

I was puzzled by her words. "Ms. Larson, your inability to retain what's yours has nothing to do with me. I have no interest in your bedroom nor your loved ones. So why would I try to steal them away? As for the person you like, why don't you elaborate a little more? I am his legally married wife. How is that stealing from you?"

Her eyes reddened in a mixture of anguish and anger. "If it weren't for your meddling, Ash would never have married you! You are but a responsibility to him! Who do you think you are?" Rebecca snapped angrily in response.

I nearly burst out laughing upon hearing her remark. "Ms. Larson, at least he is willing to take that responsibility and marry me. What about you? Do you think that he loves you? If it was true love, why doesn't he spare you a single glance? Why do you think that Ashton loves you when he can barely tolerate your presence? Is that what you call love?"

"Y-You..." Rebecca stuttered as she was at a loss for words.

In a furious rage, she raised her hand to deliver a vicious strike. However, I managed to stop her. “Ms. Larson, it’s best if you reconsider your actions. You’ve played your cards at the wrong time. Your downfall is the result of your loss. Have you ever considered why your parents decided not to meet you?”

I did not wish to squabble with Rebecca as I had Summer in my embrace. I would suffer greatly if Summer got hurt in our crossfire.

As I prepared to leave the room, Rebecca stood in my path and barricaded the exit. “Scarlett, what are you planning to do?”

“Ms. Larson, I should be the one asking you this question instead. What are your intentions?” I rebuked her question.

Why is she not letting me leave? Does she plan to harm me?

“I’m willing to let go of Ash. However, don’t ever show up in front of my parents again. If you do, I’ll make sure you regret your actions!” she threatened.

I felt puzzled at her remark. “I hope I will never have to meet you or your parents again. So please move aside. In the future, you should think before you act,” I replied coldly.

Rebecca seemed helpless at my reply. Although she still harbored a deep hatred, she could not lash out recklessly. Instead, she stepped aside and stormed out of her bedroom.

When I entered the dining hall again, Ashton hurried over and took Summer into his arms. “What happened? You don’t look too good,” he asked worriedly.

"I'm fine."

When we returned to the table, Ashton continued to help me load my plate. After a few more bites, he left to play with Summer.

My appetite must have increased because I breastfed Summer earlier. Ashton grinned as he fooled around with Summer playfully. On the other hand, both Cameron and Zachary's gazes were fixated on me.

Although I felt uneasy under their scrutiny, I could not question their actions. After a few moments, everyone had their fill. Subsequently, I decided to stop eating.

"What's the matter? Are you full?" Ashton asked with a smile as he placed a piece of barbequed pork on my plate.

"Yup!" I nodded my head.

"Do you want to take a walk after eating?" Cameron asked. "The winter roses in blossom at Pear Garden are absolutely stunning around this time of the year." As she spoke, her gaze shifted to Summer.

At the sight of Summer's sleeping figure, Cameron called out for a housekeeper, "Come and take care of the child."

"It's alright. It's already dark outside. We should head home now." I turned down her offer. "Thank you for your generosity." Cameron and Zachary remained silent as I bid them farewell.

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 380

It felt odd that we were here at Pear Garden for a meal.

Zachary glanced at Ashton with a smile and asked, “Mr. Fuller, the Moores’ company is facing some problems. Do you have a moment for a chat?”

Ashton did not reply to him right away but turned to look at me with pursed lips. “Go take a stroll—it aids in digestion. I’ll be home after I’m done here. Summer can stay with me.”

I glanced at Zachary and asked Ashton, “Looks like both of you are having a discussion. Is it appropriate to bring along Summer?”

“Sure. Just go ahead!”

I had a feeling that Ashton was deliberately setting up bonding opportunities for Cameron, Zachary, and me.

So Ashton thinks that I can easily forget how they have hurt me previously?

Pear Garden’s yard was huge—exactly how Cameron had described earlier. I was mesmerized by the breathtaking view of the blooming winter roses.

“Scarlett, there are some freshly baked cookies in our kitchen. I’ll let you bring some back later,” Cameron said cheerfully as she trailed behind me.

Feeling uneasy about the change in her attitude, I pursed my lips and rejected her offer politely, “Ms. Anderson, it’s alright. I am cutting down on sugar as it is bad for health.”

She looked at me and asked warily, “Scarlett, you still loathe me because of what I’ve done earlier, don’t you?”

My brows furrowed as I responded impatiently, “Ms. Anderson, what do you want from me exactly? Stop beating around the bush! I don’t have time to play the guessing game with you.”

She shook her head at once and explained nervously, “I don’t have any bad intentions. You don’t have to worry. My heart is filled with remorse for what I’ve done previously, and I’m just trying to make it up to you.”

“You don’t have to do that. There is nothing you can do after all that you’ve done. The best is to stay away from one another.” I quickened my pace after my speech to avoid further conversations.

She caught up to me and continued, “I know that I’ve no right to beg for your mercy. I really regret what I’ve done. Scarlett, both Zachary and I really hope that you can give us a chance to make things right.”

Rebecca suddenly emerged and glared at me as she yelled, “Mom, what are you doing? Why do you need to beg her? She has caused us so much trouble!”

The next moment, she raised her arms and shoved me impetuously. There was an outdoor swimming pool right behind me, with a certain depth of water in it.

It never crossed my mind that Rebecca would get so agitated all of a sudden. I didn’t manage to duck her in time and fell backward into the pool.

It was a shallow pool. The water was freezing during winter. Being completely drenched, the coldness pierced through my body. I struggled to get out of the pool frantically.

The moment Cameron saw me fall into the pool, she yelled anxiously, “Help! Someone has dropped into the pool!”



Two bodyguards dashed out of the villa and pulled me out of the pool.

Cameron took off her coat and wrapped it around my body. Then, she instructed the bodyguards, "Send her to the bedroom at once so she can take a hot shower in the washroom."

Next, she looked at the maid and ordered, "Boil some chicken soup for her."

It was a chaotic scene then.

Rebecca tugged Cameron and asked furiously, "Mom, what're you doing? You don't have to rescue her. She deserves it. Just let her meet her end!"

"Shut up!" Cameron snapped at her in exasperation, "Why did you do that? If anything happens to her, I won't let you off easily."

"Mom, I'm your daughter!" Pointing at me, Rebecca shrieked hysterically, "Why are you still speaking up for her even after what she has done to hurt you?"

Cameron pushed her away and sent me to the bedroom together with the bodyguards.

I was still trembling, and my body had stiffened due to the extreme coldness. It took me a while to regain some warmth after soaking myself in the bathtub.

When I was out of the washroom, Ashton was waiting outside with Summer in his arms. There was rowdiness outside the room.

The moment he saw me, he asked with knitted brows, "Are you feeling better? How did you end up in the pool?"

"It's my fault. I should have looked after her well." Cameron explained to Ashton guiltily and asked me concernedly, "Scarlett, are you all right? How are you feeling now?"

I looked at her and replied coldly, "I'm fine."

Next, I turned to ask Ashton, "Are you done with your discussion?"

He nodded and asked, "Do you want to go home now?"

I just nodded and turned to look at Summer. She was staring at me with her pair of sparkling round eyes. It really melted my heart to see her adorable face. I was about to take her from Ashton, but he moved aside swiftly.

"Let's go home first. Don't catch a cold."

I nodded silently and followed him out of the bedroom. Coincidentally, a maid was holding a tray with a bowl of chicken soup. Cameron immediately advised, "Scarlett, take some chicken soup first to warm yourself up."

Suddenly, Rebecca appeared out of nowhere and snatched the bowl of chicken soup from the maid. With a vicious look on her face, she splashed the bowl of soup at me.

Ashton was moved to shield me from her attack.

I was stupefied and looked at him worriedly. He just frowned slightly with an intimidating look.

Fortunately, Jackson was responsive and took Summer away from him at once.

He turned to look at Nick. "Bring Mr. Fuller to go for a change now. Check his back to see if it is scalded."

Nick nodded in acknowledgment and gestured to Ashton. "Mr. Fuller, this way, please."

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 381

Ashton's face darkened as he glared at Rebecca in silence. At that instant, it was as if there was a drastic drop in the room.

After he walked away with Nick, Cameron raised her hand abruptly.

Slapping hard on Rebecca's face, she bellowed, "Rebecca, what is wrong with you? Are you looking to stir up trouble!"

Rebecca's eyes widened in disbelief as she covered her face and asked in despair, "You slapped me because of her?"

Cameron snapped at her with a stern look, "This slap serves as a reminder for you to behave yourself! I wanted you to have a good rest in the hospital, yet you refused. Thanks to you, we are in a mess now!"

"I'm not sick. Why do I need to stay in the hospital? Mom, you've changed. What's going on? It's Scarlett's fault, yet why are you punishing me?" Rebecca wailed in grief.

She cried her eyes out, and her high-pitched tone triggered Summer instantly, causing her to burst into tears.

Jackson tried to soothe Summer by all means to no avail. Pursing my lips, I took Summer from him and let her rest on my chest. Patting her back gently, I ignored the mother and daughter duo.

Without hesitation, I descended the stairs and decided to leave at once.

My ears caught the faint voice of Zachary's indifferent tone from far. "Rebecca, it looks like both Pear Garden and the Moore Residence are not suited for you. I've assigned my personal assistant to purchase a landed property for you in South District. Just stay there for your recuperation. Don't ever cause any troubles again."

I quickened my pace, not keen on hearing the rest of the conversation. I bet she could only refute Zachary's words by repeating those few sentences.

Once we were in the car, Summer stopped crying and looked at me with a puzzled look. I cheered up again at the sight of her adorable face.

Ashton came down as well five minutes later. He had changed into a black shirt.

However, the shirt was a bit too fitting for him. His body feature was apparently different from Nick's, although they were about the same height.

Ashton went to the gym frequently so he had a fine physique.

On the other hand, Nick had a slender body and fair complexion—like a teenage idol.

Sensing that I was gazing at him, Ashton asked me with a glint of mischief in his eyes, "You're not concerned if my back is feeling pain?"

I raised my brows and asked instinctively, "Is it painful?"

He chuckled and replied teasingly, "A kiss from you would help soothe the pain."

I pretended to scoff at him and looked away at once in order to conceal my flushed cheeks.

He smiled knowingly and started the car without saying anything.

The journey from Pear Garden to the Peakville Estate took approximately one hour. Not long after Summer was asleep in the Moses basket, I dozed off as well.

The next time I woke up, I was already lying comfortably on my bed in the Peakville Estate. Surprisingly, Ashton was not lying next to me.

I scanned every corner of the bedroom, but there was no sign of him. A while later, I got up and walked toward the baby room. In the baby room, Ashton was holding Summer in his arms and trying to coax her.

I was dumbfounded and asked, "Was she crying?"

He nodded and asked in concern, "Did her cries wake you up?"

I shook my head and told him that I wanted to breastfeed Summer. Although I've just woken up, I was still feeling drowsy. In the midst of breastfeeding, I almost dozed off and dropped her. Fortunately, Ashton was by our side and reacted immediately by taking Summer away from my arms.

Considering that I still needed more rest, he refused to let me continue breastfeeding Summer and talked me into catching some more sleep.

I had a deep sleep. When I woke up again, it was already the next morning. Again, there was no sign of Ashton in the bedroom.

I headed straight for the baby room after a quick wash-up. As expected, Ashton was sleeping on the bed next to Summer.

Seeing the both of them sleeping soundly, I tiptoed into the bedroom to check on them. The dark circles under Ashton's eyes indicated that he did not have a good night's rest.

When the doorbell rang abruptly, I rushed down to open the door. To my surprise, Cameron was standing outside the door.

In a split second, I started to get frustrated and asked impatiently, "Ms. Anderson, what brings you here early in the morning?"

Upon hearing my hoarse voice, she asked anxiously, "You sound different. Did you catch a cold after falling into the pool last night? Have you taken any medicine?"

I was at a loss for words.

What is exactly playing in her mind?

"Ms. Anderson, thanks for your concern. I'm fine. Are you here for Ashton? He is still sleeping. You may need to wait for a while." Trying to suppress my displeasure, I hinted at her.

As if she could not sense my displeasure, she said with a smile, "Infants cry a lot at night. I figured both you and Ashton are still young and maybe inexperienced in taking care of Summer. Hence, I've brought along two experienced nannies for you. Not only can they take care of Summer, but they can also nourish you. That way, you guys can have a good night's sleep."

After her speech, she introduced the two kind-looking middle-aged women behind her. However, I was repulsed by Cameron's pretentious look and replied coldly, "Ms. Anderson, you didn't have to do that."

Nevertheless, she ignored my words and began to brief the nannies on Summer's conditions. Later, she glanced at the kitchen and caught a glimpse of my pot.

"You haven't taken your breakfast, right? Let me prepare for you now. You can try my cooking and give me some comments as well."

Before I could say anything, she had made her way into the kitchen.

I was stunned again and stood motionless.

There must be some hidden motives behind her unusual kindness!

My expression of displeasure and impatience did not deter her from showing her concern. I was almost drowned in her nagging—from the food I eat to the way I take care of Summer.



## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 382

I gave up saying anything since she would turn a deaf ear to my words. Half an hour later, she served me breakfast and urged me to give it a try.

At the same time, she instructed the two nannies to clean up the house.

She turned to me again and advised, "You need to take foods that are rich in protein now as you're breastfeeding."

When Ashton woke up and saw the nannies, he asked quizzically, "What's going on here?"

Cameron chimed in before I could open my mouth, "I bring them here to help take care of Summer. You two could take a breather and have a good rest yourselves."

Ashton glanced at both of the nannies who were cleaning the house at the moment and thanked Cameron courteously, "Ms. Anderson, sorry for the trouble."

"Not at all! Don't mention it," Cameron replied jubilantly as he did not turn her down.

After that, she urged Ashton to give the breakfast a try. Surprisingly, Ashton was not repulsed by Cameron at all.

Cameron stayed in the villa the whole morning. She juggled between monitoring the nannies cleaning up the house and looking after Summer in the baby room.

Ashton was busy with his work matters in the study. As I was reluctant to be together with Cameron in the baby room, I chose to stay in his study.

After quite a while, he raised his head and asked me, “You’ve been here for quite a while. Anything you want to discuss with me?”

I put down the book and asked him directly, “Do you sense that there’s something amiss about Cameron?”

He shifted his gaze from his laptop momentarily and looked at me. “Anything wrong?”

“Why did she suddenly invite us for a meal at Pear Garden. What’s more, she brought along two nannies and prepared breakfast for us! What has gotten into her? She has done so much for us. Even our own friends might not have done that!” I was really baffled.

Ashton walked toward me and crouched next to me. With smiling eyes, he asked, “You don’t like it?”

I shook my head in response.

Holding my hand, he planted a few kisses on it and said softly, “Perhaps she’s doing all these to make it up to you?”

“Feeling guilty? If she really feels guilty, she shouldn’t have done so much to hurt me previously!”

My expression turned grim as I continued, “Ashton, I really feel uneasy with her around. Can you ask her not to appear before us again? The New Year is just around the corner. We should make time to visit Grandpa and Grandma’s grave. Not to forget about Macy as well—it’s time to bring Summer to visit her.”

He stood up and pulled me into an embrace. “You’re right. We should visit them. But it’s not appropriate for Summer to follow us to the graveyard. She’s still too young.”

I nodded and asked again, "When are we going?"

"Tomorrow," he replied briefly and lowered his head to kiss me passionately.

Coincidentally, Cameron entered the room with Summer in her arms. She smiled in embarrassment and said, "Don't bother about me. You go ahead. I'll bring her down for a walk."

Ashton recollected himself and asked placidly, "Is Summer hungry?"

Cameron nodded and replied, "I made her some milk with the milk powder, yet she was reluctant to drink and kept sticking her tongue out. I guess she must be yearning for breast milk. That's why I bring her up now."

Ashton immediately took Summer away from her and handed her to me.

After that, he left the study with Cameron.

I had a hunch that Ashton was hiding something from me. However, it could be just me being over-sensitive.

When I walked out of the study after breastfeeding Summer, Cameron had left. Ashton was on a call in the living room. It sounded as if he was assigning Joseph some tasks.

The moment he saw me, he hastily concluded his conversation and hung up within seconds. Taking Summer away from me skillfully, he looked at me and asked, "What do you feel like eating?"

I held onto his arm and replied softly, "I'm fine with anything. You decide then."

We had more time to ourselves ever since the nannies were here. Ashton and I no longer had to take turns waking up in the middle of the night anymore. Since Summer was in their care most of the time, Ashton cherished the time spent with Summer even more. Basically, he brought her along everywhere he went. Life seemed to be peaceful and relaxing for all of us.

Due to the stress-free lifestyle, I had put on quite some weight. As J City was located in the South, the weather would usually turn warmer towards the year-end.

On New Year's Eve, Nick and Jackson visited us at our home. The Peakville Estate was engulfed by a lively atmosphere with the arrival of our guests.

John gave me a call, requesting me to pick him up from the airport. As Ashton was just seated beside me, I passed the phone to him and let both men communicate on the arrangement.

After hanging up the phone, Ashton said casually, "Just go, but take care alright."

I squinted and looked at him curiously. "Be frank with me, what did he tell you? I'm surprised that you willingly let me be his chauffeur without a second thought."

He replied with a chuckle, "Louis is with him and requested for you to go fetch him from the airport. If I accompany you there, do you think you can cope with the things at home later?"

I shook my head at once. Preparations for reunion dinners were a real challenge for me. Without hesitation, I grabbed the car key and left.

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 383

The journey from Peakville Estate to the airport would usually take only around forty minutes. However, the traffic was bad due to New Year's Eve.

Cars were crawling along the road. Looking at the Ferrari in front of me, I could not resist gaping. This must be a millionaire!

Bang! The sudden hit sent me into a tizzy. I didn't even start my car!

My car had been stationary for quite some time in the long queue. It did not make sense for it to suddenly move forward and collide into the race car in the front!

A man in sunglasses got out of the royal blue race car. The man was dashing in his custom-made outfit.

Thud! Thud! He knocked on the window of my car.

Rolling down the window, I gulped and raised my head to greet him, "Hi, I was..."

The man cut me off with a stern look, "It's my fault. I'll be responsible for any damages done. Can you get out to check on the condition of your car?"

I was stunned for a while before getting out of the car. After taking some photos of the incident, I was about to inspect the condition of my car.

Suddenly, I was overcome by unusual dizziness. Within seconds, I could feel my eyelids becoming heavier and my energy draining off my body. Sensing something amiss, I was about to make a call. However, I sank into unconsciousness the next moment.

I understood that no one could spend the rest of their lifetime peacefully without any hiccups. However, it never came to me that there would be another massive blow awaiting me just right before the arrival of a brand New Year.

By the time I came to my senses, I was already on the hotel bed. After struggling to sit up, I discovered that my entire body was naked. My clothes were all over on the floor. I was devastated the moment I saw a used condom on the floor.

There was a sudden excruciating pain in my heart, and the extreme helplessness creeping into my mind was choking me up.

I got down from the bed hastily, yet I collapsed to the floor. I didn't have the strength to walk!

Reaching out my hand, I grabbed the clothes scattered on the floor with great difficulty.

Bang! The door swung open abruptly. I stiffened as Ashton emerged with a grim look.

As we locked gazes, his face darkened. The profound coldness in his eyes was piercing through my heart.

Gripping my clothes to cover myself, I began to tremble and quiver, "I-If I say I don't know anything, do you believe me?"

I am telling the truth! The only thing I could remember was when I got out from my car on the highway.

Ashton looked at me with a glint of indecipherable emotions in his eyes. After what seemed like ages, he finally raised his head again and took a deep breath, obviously trying to stifle the erupting emotions within himself.

Walking calmly toward me, his voice sounded unusually low and raspy as he replied, "I believe!"

Crouching down beside me, he covered my body with his jacket silently. However, his pupils constricted when he caught a glimpse of the used condom on the floor.

At the sight of his reaction, the throbbing pain of my heart deteriorated. Tears started to trickle down my face, yet I could not utter any words.

Twitching his lips, he raised his hand to wipe off my tears. "Don't cry. Let's go home now!"

He lifted me and strode out of the hotel room without hesitation. When I stole a glance at him, I noticed his chiseled jawline tightened. At that very moment, there was not the least bit of warmth in his movement.

The main entrance of the hotel was already crowded with reporters.

Someone had apparently set me up and deliberately dug a pit for me.

One of the reporters stepped forward but retreated due to Ashton's intimidating stare. Nonetheless, another reporter was daring to blurt out, "Mrs. Fuller, rumor has it that you were drunk last night and had a one night stand with a stranger. Are you having any problem in your marriage with Mr. Fuller?"

That was indeed a provocative question.

Ashton's face fell as he glared at the reporters blocking his way. "Get out of my way!"

The painful blow earlier on had turned him into a vicious predator with burning flames in his eyes. If not for the bodyguards holding him back, he might have thrown a punch on the reporters blocking his way.

After squeezing his way through the crowd, Ashton placed me gently on the car seat and instructed the driver to speed off.

Once we reached Peakville Estate, I jumped out of the car and stumbled all the way toward the villa.

Thump! Only after a while, I fell and knelt to the floor. As my knee knocked onto the ground, the stabbing pain seemed to wake me up.

Upon hearing the sound of hasty footsteps behind me, I clenched my fists with my eyes tightly shut.

“Just leave me alone!” I growled like a trapped and injured animal in despair.

The sound of the footsteps came to a halt as Ashton froze in his steps. With gritted teeth, I supported myself up. I tried to bear with the throbbing pain and dragged myself toward the villa.

Once back to the bedroom, I locked myself in the bathroom and scrubbed my entire body frantically.

After a long moment of scrubbing, it felt like a layer of my delicate skin had been peeled off. However, I could not stop scrubbing. I was shameful and felt disgusted with myself. I did not know what I had encountered earlier!

How did I end up in the hotel room? Why did I have to go through that!

Knock! Knock! Ashton was knocking on the door as he yelled anxiously, “Scarlett, come out now! Please open the door. We can go through this together!”



Covering my ears with my hands, I slumped onto the floor. The running water from the showerhead continued to flow onto my face and my entire body. My heart ached when I heard Ashton's voice. I really did not have the courage to face him at that moment. It looks like there is no end to my misery. I thought that I could finally lead a simple and peaceful life.

Having a loving husband and an adorable baby—I'm really looking forward to a better life.

Now that this has happened... What have I done wrong? It's the New Year, yet I'm in such a piteous state!

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 384

“Scarlett, listen to me. Come out of there!” he instructed in a serious tone.

“I’ll barge in if you don’t open the door now!”

“Leave me alone!” My voice was hoarse, as my throat was still hurting.

Bang! The bathroom door was forced open by Ashton. He then directed his dark gaze onto me.

With his lips pursed, he scooped me up from the bathtub and carried me onto the bed. I tried my best to struggle to no avail. “Ashton, let me go!”

After laying me down on the bed, he subdued me to prevent me from hitting him. His voice turned chilly as he uttered, “I will never let you go!”

My tears started pouring down incessantly like a running faucet.

A long while later, I finally ceased my crying as he embraced me. “No matter who it is, I’ll make sure he pays for his deeds.”

I remained silent as my throat was still in extreme pain.

When John arrived, I was finally able to calm myself down for a bit. As soon as he saw Ashton, he abruptly went up to him and gave him a strong jab.

And just like that, the two of them started throwing punches at each other.

Peeved, John grabbed a cup in the bedroom and smashed it against Ashton. “You’re a piece of sh\*t who can’t even protect your own woman. You call yourself a man?”

John was livid. He had no intention of backing down as he kept on hitting him with everything he managed to get his hands on. “Last time when she lost her child, I gave you a chance to make it up to

her. Now, look at how that ended up! You let her get hurt again and again. You dare call yourself a man?"

The bedroom was all thrashed up after their fight. Ashton had a somber look on his face.

Upon walking into the room, Louis glanced at him with a pale face before querying, "Do you know who did this?"

Ashton replied with a frown, "I'm still investigating!"

"You're so full of sh\*t!" John was getting riled up again and threw something at him.

With his quick reflexes, Ashton was able to dodge his attack.

Louis, who was able to maintain his composure, glared at John and said, "Go get a cigarette. Don't make a scene here."

Irritated, John blurted out, "Relax my a\*\*! I will bring Scarlett home today."

He then turned his gaze toward me and uttered, "Letty, go pack your things now and leave with me."

Louis looked gloomy as he stared at John. "Stop messing around, will you!"

Seeing that Louis was miffed, John solemnly responded, "I'm going to smoke outside!"

After John left the room, Louis asked, "Do you have any suspects?"

Ashton frowned and went silent for a bit before answering, "Let me investigate first!"

“Is it the Moore family?”

Ashton shook his head. “The possibility is low!”

“But it’s not out of the question.”

Before Louis could finish his speech, Ashton interrupted him. “Louis, we should let Scarlett rest first. Let’s take this to the study room.”

Stupefied, Louis paused for a while before nodding his head.

It was impossible to fall asleep. I couldn’t take my mind off the incident.

When was I drugged? Have I been targeted for a while now? How was I not vigilant about any of this?

I remembered that I was still sober when I got down from the car to take pictures. That man was wearing sunglasses—both his voice and face features were unfamiliar to me.

He was not someone I knew. I ended up spending half a day trying to wrap my head around all of this, but with no success. Annoyed, I covered my head with my hands and pulled on my hair.

When Ashton came back, he saw the state I was in and quickly embraced me. “Scarlett, don’t be like this. Don’t hurt yourself, okay?” he murmured in a deep tone.

“It was a car from K City—a royal blue Ferrari. I don’t recognize the man, but perhaps there were other people in the car.” I lifted my head to gaze at him after I had settled down my emotions.

He nodded in response and kissed me on the forehead. “Yeah, I’m already investigating on this. I’ll have an answer soon.”

His phone rang at that moment. Ashton picked up the call swiftly. It’s Joseph!

“Mr. Fuller, the royal blue Ferrari belongs to the White Corporation. After Benjamin left, this car was left unused in the garage at the White residence. Someone must’ve taken it out a few days ago.”

Ashton pursed his lips. “Who’s responsible for these cars?”

Joseph went quiet for a second before replying, “It’s Sally, your aunt.”

The atmosphere in the room suddenly tensed up. After a while, Ashton suppressed the anger fueling up in him and instructed, “Carry on with your investigation.”

Joseph nodded before adding, “Mr. Fuller, one more thing. The man who abducted Mrs. Fuller was Sally’s assistant, Hudson.”

Having heard what Joseph said, Ashton gave no response.

Joseph cut straight to the point and queried, “Mr. Fuller, what do you need me to do?”

“Find Hudson. Use whatever means necessary to get him to speak,” answered Ashton. His gaze was malicious.

After he hung up the phone, I stared at him silently for a long time.

He then embraced me in silence since he was probably as conflicted as me.

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 385

Is Sally the one behind all of this? If she is, then what's her motive? What benefit does she gain from doing this?

"Stay at home and get some rest. Try not to think too much into this," he comforted me with a soft voice.

Seeing as he was about to leave, I grabbed hold of him and glared at him. "Can you take me with you, Ashton? I don't want to be alone here."

He paused for a while and nodded. "Sure!"

Since Summer was away with Jackson, there wasn't anyone else at home. If I were to stay in the house alone, I would be too anxious to sleep at night.

As it was New Year's Eve, there were fewer people on the streets. After driving out of the urban areas, Ashton stopped the car in front of an abandoned factory and helped me down from the car.

We were immediately greeted by two men in black suits who were standing guard outside the factory. They bowed to Ashton respectfully. "Mr. Fuller!"

"Yes," Ashton responded tersely and dragged me into the factory. He seemed rather callous and detached.

Upon seeing the man with the sunglasses again, my body began to shiver. Ashton hurriedly embraced me and said in a deep tone, "Don't be afraid. I'm here!"

He then signaled Joseph to bring out two chairs. After helping me onto the chair, he crouched down beside me and held my hand.

“Close your eyes if you’re scared, okay?” His voice sounded warm and gentle.

I then nodded in response.

Glancing menacingly at Hudson, he stood up and toned his voice down a few levels before threatening him, “Speak up now! Or I’ll make you.”

Hudson’s face was already badly disfigured from the beating. It seemed like he had gone through quite the torture before we even got here.

“What more can you do to me?” he sneered.

Ashton pursed his lips and had a minatory look on his face as he violently kicked Hudson in the face. The kick left Hudson lying on the ground, with blood coming out of his mouth.

Ashton gave him a cold stare. “So, you feel like talking now? Or do you want me to continue?”

Hudson was laughing as he groveled on the ground. He really didn’t seem to care about his life. “Kill me if you have the guts.”

Infuriated, Joseph sent another kick towards his stomach. “Let’s see how long you can keep this up.”

Ashton gazed at Hudson, who was beaten half to death, with revulsion in his eyes. After a while, he finally signaled Joseph to stop the beating.

Sitting on the chair, Ashton was emitting an intimidating aura. “It’s fine if you don’t want to talk. I’ll bring your parents and fiancée here to join in on the fun.”

Ashton seemed heartless and evil when he said that to him.



Furious, Hudson gazed at Ashton with his eyes wide opened and yelled, "You son of a b\*tch! You can kill me now if you've got the balls to do so. Don't you dare lay a hand on my family members!"

"Ha!" Ashton chuckled. "You think you're in a position to make demands? By the way, I heard that your fiancée is pregnant. What if I told her about the things that you've done? Do you think that she'll be so shocked and end up having a miscarriage?"

"You..." Hudson climbed up from the ground and lunged himself toward Ashton.

Joseph was quick to react by kicking the back of his feet, causing him to lose balance and fall onto the ground.

Meanwhile, Ashton continued to stare at him with contempt in his eyes. After a while, he instructed Joseph, "Bring his parents and his fiancée over here right now."

Hudson got up from the ground again and grabbed Joseph by his collar. His gaze turned toward Ashton as he exclaimed, "You're despicable!"

Ashton glared at him apathetically. "I can be even more despicable. Do you believe me?"

As they stared down at each other, Ashton was confident that he had the leverage against Hudson.

"Okay, I'll talk! What do you want to know?" Hudson finally budged.

Ashton averted his eyes from him to glance at Joseph. "Go get Mrs. Fuller a glass of fruit juice and some pastries too while you're at it."

Joseph was stunned for two seconds or so before glancing at me with a perplexed look. After that, he simply nodded and went on his way.

Slumping on the ground, Hudson seemed chagrined as he looked at me and uttered, "I didn't lay a finger on her. You guys can go and check for yourselves if you don't believe me."

Ashton stayed quiet as he gazed at him nonchalantly. That being said, he looked like he was able to kill someone with just his cold stare.

Hudson stopped for a while before adding on, "I only did what Ms. Fuller told me to, which was to bring Ms. Stovall to the designated hotel. As to what happened after that, I have no idea."

The Ms. Fuller that he was referring to, was Sally Fuller.

"That's it?" Ashton queried, with his eyes darkened.

Hudson nodded. "Yeah, that's it. I didn't recognize the guy waiting inside the hotel. As I was escorting Ms. Stovall into the hotel, he had his back against me. He looked like he was about six feet tall. He had this cold demeanor about him."

Ashton remained silent. Since Joseph was nowhere to be seen, Hudson was worried that Ashton was still planning to threaten him with the lives of his parents and fiancée.

He spilled out as much as he could to deter that from happening. "Ms. Fuller gave me three hundred thousand. The money is in the Ferrari. I desperately needed the money to pay the dowry to my fiancée. I wouldn't have done such a thing if it wasn't for that."

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 386

Glaring at Ashton, Hudson feigned a pitiful look. "Mr. Fuller, please, I beg you. You can do whatever you want with me. Just please don't hurt my family."

Ashton continued to remain silent. After a while, Joseph came back with a bag filled with pastries and a glass of fruit juice.

He got someone to bring a table over to me and placed the pastries and the fruit juice neatly on the table. "Mrs. Fuller, please help yourself!"

After that, Joseph immediately turned his gaze toward Ashton and reported, "I've already brought them here. They're outside right now."

Hudson thought that his family was brought here and got furious. He glanced at Ashton with his fiery eyes and uttered, "Ashton, you're an abhorrent piece of sh\*t. You said that you weren't going to harm my family if I told you what I know. You mendacious scoundrel!"

Joseph ordered two big strong men to hold him down before replying, "Who told you that the people outside are your family?"

At that moment, the sound of high heels clattering could be heard approaching. The person who was walking in was none other than Sally herself.

It was a warm and cozy day in J City. Although it was only January, the temperature had already risen.

She was wearing a dress paired with shiny high heels, which made her seem classy and elegant.

That being said, her classy attire didn't quite fit into the setting. It made her look out of place.

Following beside her were two men in black suits. She was probably forcefully brought to this place.

After taking a scan around the place, Sally's face turned pale when she saw Ashton. "Ashton, why are you here?"

Ashton stretched his back and gazed at her with his eyebrows raised. "Why can't I be here?"

Seeing how severely hurt Hudson was, Sally suddenly felt queasy and almost fell to the ground.

Ashton pinched his forehead while staring at Hudson. "Repeat what you've just said."

Hudson's facial expression relaxed after he realized it wasn't his family who was being brought here by Joseph. Having calmed down, his train of thoughts became clearer.

"Five days ago, Ms. Fuller gave me a call after taking her annual leave. In the call, she asked me to do a task for her. The award for completing the task was three hundred thousand. Normally, I wouldn't accept a task like this. However, I desperately needed the money to pay off the dowry to my fiancée's parents. If I couldn't pay the dowry, we would have no choice but to abort our baby."

He took a breather before continuing, "My parents are farmers. We struggled to build a house with the meager income they make. Eventually, we ended up borrowing a lot of money. Not to mention, my family obviously wouldn't have three hundred thousand lying around. So, to get three hundred thousand, I promised to do the task."

"What utter nonsense!" Sally was enraged. "I don't recall ever calling you, much less giving you money. Enough with your false accusations!"

Hudson glared at her. "The money is still in the car. Since you were paranoid of anyone finding the car key, you hid it under the wall surrounding the White residence. Didn't you tell me all of this yourself? The three hundred thousand were in cash, and you've stashed them all inside the Ferrari."

“The money is still there. You can go and have a look yourself. I’m not lying!”

Ashton stayed silent as he directed his eyes toward Joseph. Joseph then nodded his head before saying, “I’ve checked inside the car. There was indeed three hundred thousand worth of cash inside it. Since the notes weren’t marked, they probably weren’t taken out from the bank. And because of that, I wasn’t able to trace the origin of the money.”

Sally was feeling despondent as he glanced at Ashton. “Ashton, I’m your aunt. There’s no incentive for me to hurt your wife. You know that, right? You can’t just blindly trust what he’s saying.”

Joseph passed his phone over to Ashton and said, “Ms. Fuller here has met Ms. Larson once before in J City.”

After looking at Joseph’s phone, his cold gaze turned toward Sally. “You came to J City in advance?”

Anxious, Sally’s face turned pale white. “I-I came to see my father,” she stuttered.

“Then why did you meet with Rebecca?” Ashton was running out of patience. His eyes were ice-cold.

Sally’s body was shivering as she responded, “She was the one who wanted to meet up. She blackmailed me into tricking Scarlett. If I didn’t comply, she would inform Cameron of the things I did behind her back, which would then lead to a fallout between us.”

“Ha!” Ashton sneered.

A while later, he gazed at me and noticed that I hadn't yet touched the fruit juice and pastries in front of me. "Are they not to your liking?" he queried while frowning.

"No!" I shook my head.

"Are you tired?" He reached out his hand to grab my arm.

I nodded in response. I don't know if we should continue to dig deeper or not. Would doing so further complicate the situation? If the culprit behind all this really was Sally, what would Ashton do?

Not to mention, Rebecca is also now involved in all of this. Since he has such close ties with both Rebecca and Sally, I don't think he could bring himself to hurt them.

Exhausted, I uttered, "Ashton, send me back home."

He took a glance at the two people on the ground before looking at Joseph. "Call the police. We'll leave these two to them."

Having heard his statement, Sally panicked. "Ashton, you don't have any concrete evidence. You can't do this to me."

Ashton glared at her intently. "Don't worry. After the police are done with their investigations, we'll use other alternatives to solve the problem."

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 387

Another method?

In a flash, Cameron went limp, and she collapsed onto the ground helplessly.

After leaving the factory, I got into the car. Then I leaned back against the seat and closed my eyes. Instantly, weariness held me captive.

Out of the blue, a sense of warmth traveled up my palm. I opened my eyes and saw that it was Ashton. Holding my hand, he started the car and comforted me in a cool voice, "Don't worry. Everything will be fine."

However, I merely pursed my lips and said nothing. Who could it be?

Upon returning to the villa, I was a tad drowsy, so Ashton escorted me back to the bedroom. Then, he left some instructions for the confinement nanny before leaving.

After he left, I lay on the bed, feeling extremely sleepy. Yet I just couldn't fall asleep.

Thus, I took out my phone and gave Stacey a call. A few rings later, she picked up the phone.

"Ms. Stovall, are you... okay?" she asked tentatively.

Grunting in affirmation, I then asked, "Have you seen the news?"

"Yeah." Pausing briefly, she then continued, "I've asked a friend to investigate this matter as I can't find anything on my side. The hotel's surveillance footage has been destroyed, so there's no way to investigate further."

Nodding, I inhaled before replying, "There's no need to investigate this further. Rather, find someone to keep an eye on Kristina. If possible, find out whether she has been in contact with Rebecca and Sally lately."



A touch puzzled, she hesitated for a moment before questioning, "Kristina? Why are you investigating her?"

"It's just a hunch that hasn't been verified, so check her out first. I'll tell you the specifics later."

On the other hand, Ashton and John were far swifter than her in investigating all else that was pertinent, for they'd investigated basically everything crucial.

After a long time had passed, she nodded. "Alright, got it!"

After hanging up the phone, I remained on the bed, but still, I couldn't sleep with the myriad of worries assailing me.

I was finally dozing off groggily after having lain there for what seemed an eternity, only to hear a commotion downstairs.

Irritated by the racket, I got out of bed and left the bedroom.

"Have Scarlett Stovall come out at once!" Rebecca roared as though having lost her mind in the living room.

The confinement nanny and the housekeeper tried their best to hold her back, pulling her outside. Even the bodyguards in the villa came rushing over and carried her out.

As I descended the stairs, I drawled, "Is something the matter, Ms. Larson?"

At this, the bodyguards stopped in their tracks though they still restrained Rebecca, who was struggling wildly.

“How could you shove the blame of your accident on me, Scarlett Stovall? You were only set up because someone detests you, so why are you making me the scapegoat?”

She struggled mightily. If it weren't for the fact that the bodyguards had a tight grip on her, she would probably have charged forward and ripped me to shreds.

Upon hearing this, I pursed my lips. “When did I make you the scapegoat?”

“Who else could it be besides you? Ashton wants to send me away, and even my parents don't want me. They all blame me, thinking that it was me who did that to you when I did nothing at all. If it were truly me, I would've ensured that you're dead, no doubt about that!” she sneered.

As she said that, she wanted to rush forward to hit me, but to no avail, since the two burly bodyguards kept her securely restrained.

Just then, a few people tore into the villa. I looked up and saw that it was Cameron and Zachary.

When Cameron saw Rebecca kicking up such a fuss, her control snapped. Striding forward, she swung her hand at her without bothering to ascertain whether she was steady on her feet.

All at once, Rebecca fell to the ground from the blow. She then covered her face and lifted her eyes.

The moment she caught a glimpse of Cameron, her eyes abruptly went red. “Mom, you've never treated me in such a manner! What gives? How could you slap me because of this woman? I'm your daughter!” she exclaimed incredulously.

Nonetheless, Cameron stared at her indifferently. "How did I treat you in the past? You know full well how I treated you, yes? Just look at yourself right now. Look at what you're doing at this moment! Why won't you repent, Rebecca Larson?"

Rebecca abruptly broke down at that. "I didn't do anything wrong, so why should I repent? The whole lot of you are at fault, yet you're all blaming me. Why? I didn't do anything wrong!"

Livid, Cameron wanted to hit her again, but Zachary held her back. "That's enough. Things are already a mess, so don't add to the chaos."

He turned around to take a look at the bodyguard and then ordered, "Help her up and send her back."

The bodyguard went to pull Rebecca up, but she slapped his hand away and bellowed, "Stay away from me! Don't touch me! I didn't do anything to her, so why are you all framing me?"

She pointed her finger at me with stark grievance written all over her face.

Meanwhile, Cameron gazed at her with abhorrence and repulsion in her eyes, her compassionate expression a thing of the past. "Who else could it be if not you? Did you think I'm unaware of the many times you rendezvoused with Sally furtively and the matter you both discussed?"

"Mom!" Tears streamed down Rebecca's face. "Why won't you believe me? My meeting with Sally has nothing to do with Scarlett. If I truly made a move against her, I would've ensured that she's dead. I wouldn't have allowed her a chance to live!"

Slap! Cameron landed a solid slap across her face.

Rebecca gaped at her, her face a mask of incredulity. "Do you remember how many times you've slapped me because of her?"

“Shut up!” Cameron snapped, still as enraged as ever. “If it weren’t for you, would she have been hurt time and again? Yet, you’re crying here? If I’d known about this, I wouldn’t have allowed you to join the Moore family!”

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“That’s enough!” Zachary thundered, his gaze ebony. “The result of the investigation is clear as day, and we’re also partly responsible for Rebecca’s actions. Let’s just send her away.”

Hearing that, Rebecca stared at him in disbelief. “Dad, I’m your daughter. Where do you want to send me? Don’t you want me anymore?” she wailed at the top of her lungs.

“Listen to me, Rebecca. Neither I nor Cam can protect you when you’ve done such a grievous thing. Besides, Ashton won’t let you off the hook so easily. Sally is his aunt, so he can’t do anything to her, but it’s different with you. Despite his promise to your brother, no one can guarantee that he’ll spare you. The Moore family can’t take any more hits. Hence, if you don’t leave, neither we nor the Moore family will be able to withstand this disaster. Louis Stovall will do everything in his power to attack the Moore family, so everyone will be destroyed at that time!”

Rebecca shook her head as tears poured down her cheeks. “No, it wasn’t me. I don’t have the ability to do that, and how could I possibly be so stupid? I would’ve just killed her off.”

As she was dragged out of the villa by the two bodyguards, I suddenly blurted, “Don’t give her hell anymore. Perhaps it truly wasn’t her doing.”

Both Cameron and Zachary were momentarily taken aback. Staring at me, they started, “Ms. Stovall, you don’t need to...”

“I’m not trying to help her,” I asserted. “Ashton, Louis, and even the Moore family couldn’t find anything about the man in the hotel room. Do you think Ms. Larson has the ability to do as much?”

I know better than anyone that Rebecca Larson hates me and wants me dead, but there are too many uncertainties in this matter. Hudson claimed that it was Sally who phoned and paid him, but he never had direct contact with her, nor had he ever heard her say all that personally.

Everything hinges on the phone, but a person’s voice can be changed, and the phone could’ve been borrowed or lost. If someone had done something here, there’s no way to ascertain it. Furthermore, the man in the room had also told Hudson that he’s very mysterious.

Upon hearing this, both Cameron and Zachary went silent. Pausing for a moment, they looked at me and murmured, "Ms. Stovall, you..."

"Just go back first. After all, a decision can't be made before the matter is cleared up."

"Stop feigning kindness, Scarlett Stovall. Don't think I'm unaware that you were fooling around out there because you were feeling lonely. Yet, you're now shifting the blame on me to cover up your misdeed. How shameless!" Rebecca lambasted me harshly.

At this, Zachary motioned to the bodyguards to take her away with slight distaste. Then, he cast a glance at me, but in the end, he left without saying a single word.

As Cameron looked at me, she hesitated for a moment before saying, "Rest well and don't worry. The cops will investigate this matter."

However, I didn't respond to that. My drowsiness was all but gone, so I wearily sat in the living room after seeing them off.

"Madam, Mr. Ashton called and asked what you would like to eat tonight. He said he'll bring it back for you later," the confinement nanny remarked while walking towards me.

Frowning, I shook my head. "It's okay. I'll be going out in a while."

The confinement nanny was just about to counter, but she then swallowed her words when she saw my grim expression.

After sitting in the living room for some time, I gave John a call and asked him to accompany me to the police station.

John drove over and waited for me outside the villa. To my surprise, he drove a very low-key Mercedes-Benz.

Hence, after climbing into the car, I couldn't help but ask, "Why are you so low-profile all of a sudden?"

Starting the car, he answered, "If I'm too ostentatious, it'll bring Uncle Louis trouble."

At this, I shrugged without commenting further. I threw him a glance and then queried, "Can you find out the grudge between Ashton and Jared?"

Upon hearing this, he frowned. "A grudge? Aren't they good friends? What grudge do they have?"

"Just investigate it for a bit. I don't know the specifics either." I can't think of any valid reason for Rebecca or Sally to deal me such a lethal blow, so they may have been unwittingly dragged into this as scapegoats when the real target is Ashton.

He nodded with his brows furrowed. "Alright, I'll check it out."

Meanwhile, at the police station...

Stacey, who was waiting at the entrance, was slightly stunned upon seeing John with me. Stepping forward, she tugged at me and whispered, "Ms. Stovall!"

She seemed a tad apprehensive, and her nervousness was for no reason other than the fact that she needed to talk to Felix later.

Patting her hand, I comforted her while murmuring, "It's fine. Just talk to him for a bit and treat it as bidding him farewell."

When the police had escorted her into the visiting room, John looked at me and demanded, "You asked me here just to be your driver?"

"Is there a problem?"

At this, he pursed his lips, having rendered speechless. "Nope!" After a brief pause, he noted, "There's basically nothing to be gained from Felix, so don't waste your energy on him. Rather, you might get something from Sally."

I frowned as a mild headache assailed me. "Still, I've got to try." Then, I questioned in a slightly irritable voice, "Is the DNA result out?"

He was startled for a moment before replying, "Yes, but procedures dictate that the result will be collected by Ashton."

"Can't I collect it myself when I'm the victim here?" I stared at him with my brows creased.



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Pursing his lips, John narrowed his eyes slightly. "You want to investigate the matter by yourself?"

"I just want to know the result. Or are you saying that I can't even know who hurt me?" I retorted mildly.

He stared at me intently. After a long time, he sighed and ordered, "Wait for me. I'll go check it out."

He'd just left when Stacey came out. She looked at me and was just about to speak when I interrupted her.

"It's rather late now, so let's eat together another day."

She was momentarily taken aback before noticing that John was making his way back. Looking at me, she nodded and answered, "Sure. Thank you for getting me in today." As she said this, she looked over her shoulder at John and murmured, "Thank you, Mr. Stovall."

John shrugged. "Why are you thanking me? It's no big deal. It's quite late now, so let's go and have dinner together."

"No, it's okay. I still have to rush back to the countryside, so you two go ahead. Please excuse me." After saying that, Stacey left.

John looked at me with pursed lips. "Your subordinate has the same temperament as you. So, what would you like to eat?"

"Anything." I slipped into the car after replying him. Then, I turned my gaze on him and asked, "Is the DNA report out?"

At this, he nodded. "It doesn't match Hudson's, so they're currently still investigating the matter."

"I know it's not Hudson's. I just want to know the identity of the man at the hotel, for he might have planned this entire incident. I'm guessing that Rebecca and Sally are likely scapegoats."

At this moment, my phone vibrated with a text message from Stacey, but I merely glanced at it before closing it.

As John drove in the direction of the city center, the sky had already grown dark. "Both Uncle Louis and I will investigate this matter, so don't fixate on it. Take good care of yourself instead. Jackson said your depression has gotten worse. If you truly can't stand staying at Peakville Estate, just move in with me and Uncle Louis. I don't like that b\*stard, Ashton, anyway, so you can just remain the pampered daughter of the Stovall family, and I'll support you for the rest of your life."

All at once, I giggled. "I'm only twenty-six years old, yet I can just laze around and do nothing?"

"Of course. With the Stovall family's wealth and my assets, it's not a problem even if you were to fritter a few million a day. After all, there's infinite money for you to splurge."

I chuckled, "Summer is probably the most blessed child in this world. The moment she's born, her grandfather and uncle have made all arrangements for her."

At this, he arched an eyebrow. "That's for sure. After all, look who her uncle is." After a brief pause, he shifted his gaze to me, turning serious. "Are you not planning to have your own child?" he queried.

Taken aback, I instantly clenched my hands tightly, at a loss for words.

After a long silence, I inhaled and muttered, "We shall see." Some heartache is more than enough to have just experienced it once in a lifetime. When my child left, I never thought of having another child, for that terror will plague me for the rest of my life!

“Makes sense. With Summer to keep you company, it doesn’t matter whether you have your own child in the future.”

I nodded even my heart clenched. Recently, I seem to be getting increasingly irritable, and I can’t even control my emotions at times.

The car then came to a stop before a restaurant in the city center, whereupon a parking valet came up to help park the car.

Throwing the car key at him, John took my hand and led me into the restaurant.

Perhaps his looks were too outstanding that countless gazes swung our way the moment we stepped into the restaurant. Even whispers drifted into the air from time to time.

With a grim expression, John dragged me into a private room hastily. After ordering, he looked at me and remarked, “You’ve lost much weight from breastfeeding Summer recently, so you’ve got to fatten up.”

I flashed him a smile even as a wave of misery flooded me, for I’d heard the whispers when we came in.

It wasn’t John they were staring at, but me. I’d almost forgotten that Ashton was a renowned young entrepreneur in J City, and news of his wife messing around with another man in the hotel hadn’t been suppressed yet.

Thus, the fact that I’m making an appearance here with John was making imaginations run all the wilder! News of me being a sl\*t is most likely making headlines every single day!

“What are you thinking?” John knocked my head even as he drawled in exasperation, “Stop spacing out. The food will be served soon.”

I nodded in acquiescence.

Upon noticing my dour expression, his brows furrowed. “Scarlett, someone who’s overly concerned by others’ perception and opinions can never go far. Look at the celebrities out there. Which of them aren’t disparaged and condemned with scathing comments? Besides, we all know the truth of this matter. Listen to me and don’t take it to heart, okay?”

“I’m fine. I just feel like eating a lobster. Do they have lobsters here?” I mused as I snagged the menu.

John propped a hand against his forehead in exasperation. After staring at me for a long while, he declared, “Alright, I’ll go out and get you some lobster, but you’ve got to pander to me in the future!”

He then got up and left. In the meantime, I remained sitting in the private room, my mind a chaotic mess. How could I possibly not bother? I’m human, not a robot! No matter how calm and unruffled I pretend to be in some matters, there’s simply a thorn stuck in my flesh at the end of the day!

“Tsk-tsk. Your life is rather colorful, Ms. Stovall.” Joe’s voice sounded out of nowhere – his appearance was quite the surprise.

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Pursing my lips, I threw a placid glance at him. "Your life is rather colorful as well, Mr. Quinn." After all, there are only a few possible people who'd come out to talk business during the new year.

Sure enough, the person following behind him was Rebecca.

Surprisingly, she blanched upon seeing me. She said nothing to me, merely tugging at Joe's sleeve and urging, "Joe, the food is here, so let's go!"

Taking her hand, Joe murmured in a gentle voice, "Wait for just a moment." Then, he shifted his gaze at me and proclaimed, "You're quite strong mentally, Ms. Stovall, to eat out and chat with another man after experiencing such a monumental event. Looks like Ashton has been worrying for nothing."

I frowned even as I suppressed my fury. "Do you always speak without thinking, Mr. Quinn?"

At this, he sneered, "Are you hurt? Ashton has been tolerating and indulging you time and again, drinking himself to oblivion when you get upset and throw a tantrum. Worried about your health after suffering a miscarriage, he had a vasectomy for your sake despite his pride. And look how you repay him now. Not only have you cheated on him openly, but you've started eating out with another man in just a few days. Do you know how many people will ridicule him if photos of this get out?"

His expression was wintry even as he stifled his emotions to the point of indifference. "Scarlett Stovall, do you never consider other people's feelings before acting? He's your husband, yet what do you take him for? A dispensable stranger?"

Stunned, I only snapped back to my senses after a long while. "What did you just say?"

He sneered as his eyes brimmed with disdain. "Do you know what a vasectomy means to a man? He doesn't even mind forgoing having his own child because of you and the child of your so-called friend. Isn't it ludicrous?"

For a few seconds, my mind went blank as my gaze remained fixed on him. “Why?” My voice was a smidge hoarse.

At this, his expression turned apathetic and mocking. “Why? He’s afraid that you’ll suffer the slightest pain and agony – afraid that you’ll again be put through the terror of having a child and that you’ll worry that he won’t be able to regard Summer as his own child. He has considered almost everything for you – all that is pertinent. Yet, what have you done for him?”

Not knowing what to say, I pursed my lips while a ball of distress lodged within me.

Upon hearing this, Rebecca couldn’t resist scoffing, her voice anguished and austere. “It’s ludicrous. It’s truly ludicrous.”

Finally recalling her presence, Joe looked back. As soon as he glimpsed her pale face, he called out, “Rebecca!”

Looking up at him, Rebecca appeared wretched and pathetic as tears trickled down her cheeks. “You know what? From the day I met him, I’d always felt that he’d protect me forevermore. How ludicrous!”

Perhaps Joe didn’t want me to witness her sorry state, for he supported her before casting me a meaningful glance. Then, he turned around and left with her.

When John returned with a huge container of lobsters, he threw a look at the two people who’d just left.

Placing the lobsters on the table, his gaze was a touch gloomy when he turned to look at me. “Did they pick trouble with you?”

I shook my head. When I saw the server serving the food, I blurted, “Can we have it to go?”

At this, John pursed his lips. "What's wrong?"

"I..." All of a sudden, Joe's remark of "do you never consider other people" flashed across my mind, and I swallowed the words that were right on the tip of my tongue at once. Gazing at him, I replied, "I was just thinking that Uncle Louis probably hasn't eaten, so why don't we bring some food back for him?"

Taking his seat, he countered, "No, it's fine. The maids will cook at home." As he said this, he lifted his hand and waved the server out. Subsequently, he looked at me and declared, "I've bought lobster with garlic butter. Try some and see whether it's to your liking."

I nodded even as I opened the container. It was very fragrant, but I just hadn't the appetite when something was troubling me.

When John noticed that I stopped eating after a few bites, he asked, "Do you not like it?"

"No, I just don't feel like eating it all of a sudden," I replied.

At this precise moment, my phone vibrated with a text message from Ashton: Where are you?

I replied: Outside.

Ashton then asked: When are you coming home?

I texted him back: I'm coming back in a while.

At this, Ashton responded: I'll be waiting.

To which I replied: Okay.

I looked up after replying to his text message, only to be greeted by John's unwavering stare. "You've got to leave?"

"It's rather late, so I should go back now." I nodded my head.

Pursing his lips, he murmured, "Okay."

We basically ate nothing, for I packed everything up to go.

In the car, John opened his mouth to say something upon seeing that I hadn't spoken much. Yet in the end, he said nothing even after a long time had passed.

It was only when we had finally arrived at Peakville Estate did he look at me and questioned, "Is your plan to return to R Province after the new year still on?"

I was stunned for a while before replying, "Yes."

At this, he nodded. When the car had come to a stop, he turned to me and urged, "Go on in."

When I stepped into the hallway, the lights in the villa were still blazing. Ashton was reading on the sofa, and he glanced over his shoulder upon hearing movement.

Subsequently, he placed the book down and focused his gaze on me.



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Looking at him, I hesitated for a moment before walking over. I sat down beside him and rested my head in his embrace.

Sensing that I was feeling down, he hugged me and asked in a gentle voice, "What's wrong? Is something bothering you?"

I raised my gaze at him before looking away. The next moment, I reached out to unbuckle his leather belt.

He stopped me suddenly, feeling amused. "Wait, we're still in the living room. Are you that desperate?"

I pursed my lips in silence before dragging him upstairs.

However, he swept me off my feet and carried me instead.

Sensing something was wrong, he frowned. "What's wrong?"

As he pinned my hand, I pursed my lips as I didn't know what to say. After a long while, I looked up at him. "When did you do it?"

He furrowed his brows. "Do what?"

"The vasectomy!"

His expression darkened while his tone grew solemn. "Who told you such a thing?"

My eyes reddened while my voice began to choke. "Did it hurt?"

Staring at me in amusement, he pulled me into his embrace. "It was just a minor surgery. I hardly felt a thing."

Feeling dejected, I wrapped my arms around his waist. "I'm sorry!"

"The operation went without a hitch. Besides, we already have Summer now and don't have to think about having children. There's nothing to be sorry about."

His voice was warm as he stroked my long silky hair. Lifting my hands to take a sniff, he asked, "What did you eat outside?"

I pursed my lips. "Crayfish. John bought them. I brought back some leftovers. Do you want to have some?"

Staring at me, he ignored my question. "I feel more like eating you now."

I was stunned as I looked at him. As if by reflex, I got up and headed to the bathroom.

I stood underneath the showerhead and desperately scrubbed every inch of my skin.

Knocking on the bathroom door, Ashton ordered in a deep voice, "Scarlett, come out!"

Pursing my lips, I still felt the sting in my heart. After taking a deep breath, I hugged myself and squatted on the ground.

Tears started to stream down my cheeks uncontrollably.

Probably because of what happened last time, he had changed the bathroom lock. Now, he could easily open it from outside.

After he entered, he turned off the shower and looked at my reddened eyes.

As I buried my head in between my legs, I murmured in despair, "It's hopeless. I just can't get over it. No one can!"

Squatting beside me, he threaded his fingers through my hair and sighed gently. "Scarlett, one can't just live in the past, and neither can we be sure of the future. But I will try my best to live the life I want. There will be the occasional pain which we must learn to deal with. However, no matter what you go through or become, I will still love you. As long as you don't change, we will strive to walk this path together."

I raised my gaze and wanted to say something, but no words came out.

After a while, he pulled me up and dried me with a towel. Sweeping me off my feet, he settled me in bed and comforted me, "Close your eyes and try to get some sleep."

He headed to the bathroom after which I could hear the sound of flowing water. Lying in bed, I couldn't fall asleep.

I was still disturbed by the unfortunate event. It felt as if thousands of old wounds had been torn open the moment I breathed. After that, an intense and stinging pain crept into my whole body.

As it was still early, Ashton lay in the bed reading after having taken his bath.

Although I couldn't sleep, I didn't feel like doing anything else.

After a long while, he put down his book and looked in my direction. "What are you thinking about?"

Pursing my lips, I looked at him with widened eyes. "Ashton, when do you have time to reverse your vasectomy?"

He frowned. "Hmm?"

"I did some research and found that a vasectomy is no good for a man's health. Besides, you're the only son of the Fullers. If Grandpa finds out, he will turn in his grave!"

I knew he did it for my sake, but this was a price too great for him. No matter how progressive our thinking might be, we still carried the burden of inheriting and passing down the legacy of our forefathers. Hence, our lives were not solely dictated by our own desires.

If we did not pass down our culture and continue our line, what was the point of us living on this earth?

He reached out and pulled me into his embrace. His body felt unusually hot today, giving me a warm and comfortable feeling. "Scarlett, we don't have to be altruistic and consider the interest of others. All you need to do is think for yourself. With regards to having children, why don't we talk about it again once your body recovers, alright?"

Pursing my lips, I still felt guilty as I lay in his embrace. I mumbled, "It seems my life is becoming more of a mess."

“As long as you have me, you won’t be lost. So don’t overthink it!” Hugging me, he reassured me with a gentle tone that everything would be alright.

That night, he hugged me to sleep and did nothing else.

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 392

The next day.

As the sky was still dark when I opened my eyes, I figured it was only four or five in the morning.

Ashton was still in deep slumber. Hence, I tried to get back to sleep but to no avail.

Staring listlessly at the ceiling, I felt a sharp piercing pain in my head.

I decided to get up after a while. Ashton still had his arm wrapped around me. His eyes were still closed while he was in a groggy state.

“What’s wrong?” he asked in a raspy voice.

“Nothing. I’m just going to use the bathroom,” I replied while gently moving his hand away. As I got out of bed, I went to the bathroom and got some water to drink.

Despite not having much going on, I knew I couldn’t keep staying awake like that. Hence, I rummaged through the bedside table.

Before this, I had gotten the doctor to prescribe me some sleeping pills.

“What are you looking for?” Ashton opened his eyes and looked at me.

Pursing my lips, I replied, “I’m looking for... something. Did I wake you?”

He shook his head as he pulled me back up to bed. “I threw the pills away. Jared says it may turn into an addiction. Hence, you shouldn’t take them often.”

Grunting in acknowledgment, I massaged my head to ease the splitting headache I had, which made me feel irritable. "Only this one time."

I wouldn't be able to manage without it. After not sleeping a wink the whole night, I would be quick to anger the next day.

As his gaze darkened, he tightened his hug on me. While his lips gently landed on my forehead, he began kissing me slowly as he trailed downward.

I was supposed to be lactating, but I didn't feel anything over the last two days. Perhaps, it was due to the sleepless nights.

Ashton noticed it too. "Let's bring Summer over tonight."

Pursing my lips, I tried to push him away but he didn't let go.

His actions were too...

Laying down, there was a gentle look in his eye. "Shall we give it a try?"

I didn't remember anything that night as my memory just drew a blank.

"Gasp!"

Seeing that I was lost in thought, Ashton pulled my hand and bit on it. "Why are you spacing out?"

Briefly stunned, I pulled back my hand the moment I regained my senses. I could already feel my cheeks burning.

Given that he had just gone through an operation and that the doctor ordered him not to engage in strenuous exercise, I shook my head and asserted, "I... I don't want to do it."

He froze for a moment before finally letting me go.

Getting up, I headed into the bathroom.

There, I felt my movements being exceptionally fluid.

I could already see that the sun was up as I looked outside. Sighing slightly, I proceeded downstairs.

My head was still buzzing from the pain. At the rate it was going, I was going to be driven crazy by it.

As the nanny was on leave, I entered the kitchen and checked the fridge. However, there was hardly anything inside.

After giving it some thought, I decided to prepare some oat porridge.

Meanwhile, Ashton had taken a bath when he entered the kitchen.

Standing by the door, he stared at me with his black obsidian eyes while looking amused.

I turned toward him. "The nanny is on leave today. What would you like to have?"



“Anything will do.” He hugged me from behind. Placing his face next to mine, he gently whispered, “Do you want to go out for a while?”

I shook my head. “Jackson will be coming by with Summer in a while. Uncle Louis and John will also be here.”

He nodded. When he saw how sluggishly I was at preparing breakfast, he stopped my hands. “Don’t tell me you’re planning to cook?”

I nodded at him. “Can’t I?”

He couldn’t help but laugh. “You can, but I suggest you remind them to eat before they come over.”

Taking over my preparations, he suggested, “Step aside. There’s some milk and juice in the fridge. You should have some first.”

Does he think I cannot do it?

Holding my head, I went back upstairs to change. When I got down, Ashton already had breakfast made.

There was oat porridge and some fried eggs. It all smelled delicious.

He smiled faintly when he saw that I had changed. “Come sit down and eat.”

Taking my seat, I wasn't in a hurry to eat. After staring at my food, I looked up at him with my hands cupping my chin. "Did Grandpa teach you how to cook when you were young?"

He shrugged. "Every Fuller knows how to do everything that's expected of him. Uncle Charlie and Grandpa know how to cook too. In fact, they are really good at it."

Nodding in acknowledgment, I gave it some thought. Uncle Charlie and Aunt Helen enjoyed a good relationship and were very loving. As Aunt Helen couldn't conceive, they chose to spend their lives as a "DINK" household.

Come to think of it, the men of the Fuller family were all committed in their relationships.

"Stop spacing out. Eat quickly!" He stuffed an egg onto my plate and looked at me. "When spring comes, let's take Summer on a trip together to K City."

I was briefly stunned when I realized the season holidays were coming to a close. Almost all companies have started to return to work.

I replied, "Summer is still young. I plan to take her to J City for a short stay."

He frowned. "Why aren't you willing to go to K City?"

I pursed my lips. "Not that I'm unwilling. It's Summer."

"That's just an excuse!" he exclaimed with an indifferent expression. "I will get to the bottom of what happened at the hotel and will never allow something like that to happen again. Although there's no

incriminating evidence against Aunt Sally and Rebecca, Aunt Sally has been arrested by the police for being involved. Scarlett, we will have to face this going forward. There's no point hiding from it."

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 393

Furrowing my brows, I sighed at his words as I understood what he meant.

“I know. I...”

“In that case, just go along with my plans.”

“I want to take her on a trip to R Province!” I insisted while glaring back at him.

“With who?” he put down his cutlery with a dispassionate expression.

“John!”

He pursed his lips in displeasure. “When was it decided?”

“Before the new year!” I didn’t know that something had happened to Macy back then.

“Were you not planning to tell me about this?” He was upset.

I pinched my forehead in a bid to relieve my headache and snapped, “Don’t you already know now?”

Having lost my appetite, I put down my cutlery and headed to the study.

The White Corporation’s AI project was still my responsibility. As they would be launching a new product after the new year, work for it would begin once the holidays ended.

However, I hardly had any mood to go on reading. Although I wasn’t sleepy, my head was still aching from staying up the whole night.

Leaning by the door, Ashton's gaze was cold but he didn't look angry.

I was annoyed by his stare and snapped, "What is it?"

He raised his eyebrow. "Summer is back."

Caught by surprise, I dropped what I was doing and headed out of the study. While he was blocking the door, he kissed me.

It took a while before he let me go and led me downstairs.

Jackson was sitting in the living hall playing with Summer, while John and Louis were also present.

John wasn't good with children. Hence, he preferred to keep his distance from them, especially since Summer was still an infant—unlike a one or two-year-old where he could play with them without having to worry about hurting them.

However, watching Jackson carry Summer, he would occasionally point out what Jackson was doing wrong.

Peeved, Jackson stuffed Summer into his arms and snarled, "Since you think you're so smart, why don't you carry her!"

The moment he held Summer, John didn't dare move a muscle. Despite his large frame, he carried Summer in a careful manner.

As John was stiff as a rock, Summer fiddled with his luxury watch curiously and not minding the fact that she was hardly familiar with him.

When he saw Ashton and I walk down the stairs, he heaved a sigh of relief and quickly remarked, "Stop dilly-dallying and carry your precious daughter."

As Ashton had taken care of Summer for a long time, he was experienced at handling her despite the lack of instruction.

When he received Summer from John, he instinctively carried her in his arms.

Jackson glanced at John in contempt. "Someone like you won't even know how to take care of his own child. Knowing nothing, how do you expect any girl to fall for you?"

John retorted, "I'm sure you know everything while I know nothing. But, aren't you still single despite being almost thirty?"

Jackson sneered, "And you're almost a step away from your grave? Do you only plan to find someone when you're dead? Do you think just wagging that tongue of yours is enough?"

Those two men were being extremely childish.

Sitting beside Uncle Louis, I made him some tea. When he saw how busy I was, he frowned. "Didn't you hire a nanny?"

“I did. But it’s her day off today,” I replied with a smile. “Ashton and I prefer some privacy. Hence, the nanny will only be here whenever Summer needs to be cared for. Or else, Ashton and I would prefer to be alone at home.”

Louis nodded. Glancing at Ashton inquisitively, he asked, “I heard you found a treasure recently. Aren’t you going to show it to me?”

Ashton raised his eyebrow and passed Summer to Jackson. After that, both men headed to the study as they obviously had something to discuss.

When I looked in John’s direction, I was surprised to see that he was observing Summer intently. “You’re already thirty-five. Aren’t you planning to find a partner to settle down?”

When he turned to look at me, Jackson cleared his throat and spoke up. “How can any girl be interested in someone who has no substance behind those good looks?”

“What do you care?” John shot him a glare before replying, “What’s the point of getting married? I’m happy just having you and Summer by my side.”

“Sheesh!” Jackson rolled his eyes. “Why do you need to dramatize having a crush? Give it a few more years and you will turn into a statue just from waiting.”

“It’s none of your business.” John stared daggers at him. “Don’t you plan to take Summer out?”

Sensing that John was about to lose his temper, Jackson was sensitive enough to carry Summer into the garden to play.

As the atmosphere calmed down, I looked at John and asked, "Has Uncle Louis found anything?"

Pursing his lips, his expression grew serious. "The report is out and seems to indicate that man may not have touched you."

I furrowed my eyebrows. "Didn't touch me? Then why..." Did he leave those things in the room on purpose?

"There were no traces of your DNA there and we have run a comparison. The police have two theories. First, the owner is an extremely powerful and mysterious person where his DNA information is hard to obtain. Second, that person may be dead, which is why they can't find a match too."

I frowned. "Can they retrieve it from the dead?"

"Within a specific timeframe, they are able to obtain it with certain scientific methods."



## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 394

Leaning against the sofa, he pinched his forehead. "My guess is the former. But, there are not many people who are higher in position than Uncle Louis. Besides, none of these people have any dealings with the Fullers. Therefore, he is still investigating."

I pondered briefly before replying, "It seems to me someone intends to sow discord between Ashton and me. However, the animosity doesn't seem to be directed at me."

After a brief pause, I continued, "Someone used the same modus operandi previously. When he kidnapped me, he forced me to listen to a disgusting movie. His motive then is similar to what happened this time."

He knitted his brows. "Do you know who he is?"

I shook my head. "I'm not sure. I'll need to take another look." Looking at him, I hesitated briefly. "About going to R Province, I may have to delay it, or perhaps Ashton may come along with us."

He pursed his lips in displeasure. "Why does Ashton need to follow you wherever you go?"

"Why can't I follow wherever my wife goes? Aren't you worried about being laughed at for constantly clinging to your sister?" Ashton and Louis came down from the study on the second floor.

At the same moment, Jackson came back in from the garden with Summer. Looking at me, he exclaimed, "It really is lively today."

Ashton looked at him with his eyebrows raised. "Who's here?"

Before Jackson could reply, Cameron and Zachary entered. Zachary had his hands full carrying stuff.

“It’s wonderful to see that everyone is here. I suppose none of you have had lunch yet. I brought some cakes. Why don’t all of you try some?” Cameron smiled warmly as she put the cakes she brought on the table.

Unwrapping them and taking them out, she looked at me. “Scarlett, try some. I heard Mr. Fuller say that you love chamomile-tea-flavored cakes. Hence, I made them for you.”

I was briefly stunned before accepting the cake she handed me. After taking a bite, I realized that it did taste good.

With regards to how warm Cameron and Zachary had been, I had a strange feeling about it but could never pin my finger on what it was.

Hence, I never brought it up.

After letting everyone try her cakes, Cameron brazenly marched into the kitchen to inspect the fridge. “I only knew the nanny took the day off after calling her in the morning to ask what you were having. With both of you youngsters at home, I expect you will end up not having a proper meal. Hence, I decided to come over. And now, it seems you hardly had any breakfast. The two of you should take better care of your body.”

Just as she spoke, she brought out the ingredients from the fridge and put on an apron.

Ashton and Louis hardly batted an eyelid. While John, who was focused on his phone, didn’t see a problem at all.

Instead, it was only Jackson and I that felt awkward. As Summer was already asleep, he lowered his voice and asked, “Aren’t you and Cameron rivals? Why do you behave like mother and daughter now?”

I shrugged my shoulders. “I would like to know the answer more than you do.”

Looking at all the other men who weren't bothered, he sighed and pursed his lips. "There must be something amiss!"

When Zachary asked about the case, Ashton updated him while I went to make some tea.

At that moment, Stacey called. I told her it wasn't a good time as we were having guests. Hence, I told her I would call her back in the evening.

Soon, Cameron had cooked up a feast and invited everyone to take their seats. In the meantime, I helped distribute the cutlery.

The moment we sat down, Zachary looked at me. "Scarlett, do you know how to cook?"

Hesitating a moment, I replied, "A little bit."

He smiled slightly. "Next time, you can get Cam to come over more often to cook. Recently, she has enrolled herself in some cooking classes and learned a lot from them. Hence, she is looking for an opportunity to showcase her skills."

"That's right. If you don't mind, I can cook every day for you going forward," Cameron exclaimed in delight.

I quickly replied, "You flatter us. However, it would be rude for Ashton and me to trouble you as our elders. Besides, we already have a nanny. Today is just one of her rare days off as she would be here most of the time. Hence, there's no need to trouble both of you."

Cameron smiled in response but didn't press on.

After all, everyone knew each other there. Despite their differences, it was still polite to initiate small talk with one another.

After dinner, Louis took his leave after receiving a call while John sent him off.

Meanwhile, Summer began to whine. Guessing that she was hungry, I carried her upstairs to nurse her.

As I wasn't well-rested over the last two days, I was feeling lethargic. Holding Summer while nursing her, I was suddenly struck by a bout of drowsiness.

However, I didn't fall asleep still. When Ashton came up to check on me, the sleepiness went away.

When he saw me lying down, he came over to carry Summer. He asked, "Are you tired?"

I shook my head and could still feel the pain in between my eyes. "I can't sleep no matter how hard I try."

Summer didn't make a fuss while Ashton carried her and coaxed her. Turning his attention back at me, he suggested, "Why don't you go to the hospital for a check-up?"

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 395

Lying in bed, I shook my head and replied, "Ashton, did you notice that Cameron and Zachary's attitude toward us recently has changed?"

Briefly stunned, he looked at me. "How so?"

"Disregarding how they treated us with contempt previously, they were never as warm and friendly until recently. In fact, they seem to be overdoing it. For the life of me, I can't think of what their objective of doing so is. Ashton, do you think that they are in the midst of plotting something?"

He was amused. "You're just overthinking it. Perhaps, they just hope that you can let bygones be bygones. So that everyone can coexist in harmony."

Is that possible?

Can rivals who are at each other's throats make peace all of a sudden?

Impossible!

Sighing, I cupped my chin in annoyance before adding, "Ashton, was there any bad blood between you and Jared?"

He looked at me intently. "You have asked me this question twice."

Frowning, I pursed my lips and didn't utter another word.

He gazed deeply at me, "Do you suspect Jared?"

Loss for words, I looked at him in silence. "I just want to go through all the possibilities."

He pursed his lips. "You don't have to concern yourself with Jared. I know what I'm doing. For now, you should just rest."

With that, he got up and headed downstairs.

I was left stunned and didn't know what to say.

After Jackson left with Summer, I lay down the whole day but couldn't sleep.

Meanwhile, Ashton only returned when it was dawn. He frowned when he saw that I was still awake, "Still up?"

"I'm about to sleep."

He grunted in acknowledgment before remarking, "You should turn off the lights and turn in." He then walked closer and kissed me gently on the forehead.

His voice was deep. "I'm going on a trip to M Country and will be back tomorrow afternoon. Mrs. Eriksen is already here, so just let her know what you want to eat. Sleep well and don't stay up late. Or else, I will take you to the hospital by force when I'm back."

"What happened?" I wondered why he needed to go to M Country at such an ungodly hour.

He stroked my hair and reassured me. "It's no big deal. I'll only be gone for a short while."

I frowned in response as I knew he wouldn't have informed me on purpose if it wasn't something major. Usually, he would just send me a text. Given that he came back just to tell me, it was likely that something serious had happened.

Grabbing onto his hand, I asked, "What happened?"

He couldn't help but laugh as he kissed my forehead. "You seemed reluctant to let me go. Are you preparing a farewell present for me?"

"I... Ashton! You pervert!"

He laughed. "I'm your husband, so how can I be a pervert? I'm just flirting with you. You should make it up to me when I'm back."

How can he always be so calm when talking dirty?

He stopped when he saw me blush. "Joe is waiting for me downstairs. So rest well and wait for my return."

He grabbed his jacket and a few simple items before leaving.

When I wanted to walk him out, he pinned me on the bed. "Be good and rest!"

A short while after he went down, I heard the roar of an engine and the car driving away.

Lying on the bed, I was still feeling restless as expected. Now that Ashton was gone, it was harder for me to fall asleep.

Having struggled till daylight, I got out of bed groggily. Every step I took would make me feel dizzy.

Mrs. Eriksen was busy in the kitchen. When she saw me staggering in, she quickly came to support me.

“Letty, did you not sleep well last night? Why do your eye circles look so dark?”

Massaging my forehead, I could feel my whole body ache. Hence, I sat down and requested, “Mrs. Eriksen, please get me a glass of water.”

She quickly nodded and poured one for me. Watching me drink, she suggested, “I’ll cook some oat porridge for you. After that, you should go and get some proper rest. If it gets any worse, I’ll take you to the hospital.”

Feeling the sharp pain in my shoulders, probably from the lack of rest, I meekly nodded.

At the same time, I took out my phone and called Stacey, getting through quickly.

“Ms. Stovall, I’ll go over in an hour as I was held up by something at home.”

I had made an appointment with her the day before but delayed it as I wasn’t feeling well.

Catching my breath, I replied, “I won’t be able to make it today. Why don’t you come over to Peakville Estate?”

She hesitated before agreeing. “Sure!”



“On your way here, please drop by the hospital and get me some sleeping pills.”

“What’s wrong?”

“I can’t sleep recently.” There was no way I could continue like that.

After a brief pause, she replied, “I’ll be there in thirty minutes.”

After ending the call, Mrs. Eriksen was ready with the oat porridge. When she saw how lethargic I looked, she asked in concern, “Why don’t I take you to the hospital for a check-up?”

I shook my head. “It’s fine.” After all, it was caused by insufficient sleep. After going through many diagnostic tests, the doctor would likely ask me to get some proper rest and nothing more.

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 396

I instructed Mrs. Eriksen, "By the way, I have a friend coming over soon. Can you please prepare some fruits and cake?"

She nodded and urged for me to finish my breakfast.

As I didn't have enough sleep, I could hardly eat anything. After just taking a few mouthfuls, I no longer had the appetite to continue.

I thought I might as well wait in the living room while watching TV. When Stacey arrived, she was shocked to see my dark eye circles. "Aren't you recovering well? What happened?"

I pinched my forehead and replied, "Ashton is hiring a secretary for his headquarters in K City. Are you interested?"

She was surprised. "The president's secretary? Doesn't Mr. Fuller already have Mr. Campbell? Furthermore, he never hires a female secretary."

My head was buzzing at that point. I took a sip of water and explained, "After the new year, the company is expanding. There will be many trivial matters that Joseph will have no time for. Since you have worked at Fuller Corporation before, you know his character and would fit right into the job."

She didn't understand the reason behind it. "Ms. Stovall, now that you're not as busy with work at White Corporation, you can come straight back to Fuller Corporation. So, why?"

"It's true that White Corporation is running well by itself. But, I won't join Fuller Corporation as I still have my own plans. Anyway, you can decline the role if you don't want it."

She shook her head. "You've misunderstood. Honestly, my current position is no different from being a receptionist. Hence, it is an honor to be offered the role of the president's secretary at Fuller Corporation. But what about the Moore family..."

“You have nothing to worry about that.” I had done everything I needed to do. The punishment had been meted out accordingly as well.

Since a year had passed, it was time to start anew.

Passing me the sleeping pills she brought, she was stunned by my words. “Felix knows a little about what happened between Mr. Crest and Mr. Fuller. He mentioned that when Mr. Crest was a teenager, he fell in love with a girl who was Mr. Fuller’s cousin. Later on, the girl committed suicide by jumping off a building. Since it happened a long time ago, the Fullers hardly talked about it. As for Mr. Crest, he probably hasn’t gotten over it yet. Hence, he wants to create a little trouble for Mr. Fuller at work.”

I couldn’t help but furrow my eyebrows. “Just a little trouble?” More than ten years had passed since that incident.

Furthermore, cousin? Doesn’t Uncle Charlie not have any children?

What’s going on?

There seems to be more to the matter than it meets the eye.

She grunted in acknowledgment before adding, “I’ve been watching Kristina recently. Other than being close to Mr. Crest, I don’t see her keeping in contact with anyone else. However, she has just gone on a trip to K City. But, I’m not sure what it was for.”

“She went there despite the holidays?”

Stacey nodded. “If I’m not mistaken, she has gotten in touch with the White family.”

I grunted in acknowledgment. In the meantime, Mrs. Eriksen had prepared the dishes. After my meal, I took the sleeping pills. Its effects came quickly. Hence, I went straight back to my room.

This time, I slept through the night and only woke up at dawn. Mrs. Eriksen seemed to have been waiting for me to get up.

When she heard a sound from the bedroom, she quickly came upstairs and brought some food. "Luckily, you're awake. Are you hungry? Mr. Fuller called to say that his return has been delayed. Knowing that you have fallen asleep, he asked me to prepare food for you the moment you wake up."

After sleeping a few hours, I finally felt better. Looking out at the sky, I realized it was still dark. The clock on the wall showed that it was one in the morning.

Having just woken up, I had no appetite to eat. "Mrs. Eriksen, why don't you leave the food here. I'll eat them later. Anyway, it's already late, so you should get some rest."

As Mrs. Eriksen was advanced in age, she looked a little tired. After nagging me to finish my food, she went back downstairs.

Despite feeling recharged, I regretted sleeping for such a long time. Even though it was nighttime, there was no way I could sleep anymore.

In other words, I had to struggle through the night again.

Suddenly, the phone rang and it was Ashton on the line.

I answered with a gentle tone. "I just woke up."

"Mmm-hmm!" his voice was raspy but pleasing to the ear. "Try and eat something later. It's alright if you can't sleep. Coincidentally, I have nothing on now, so we can chat awhile."

I nodded. "Mmm-hmm!"

"I have to stay in M Country for a few more days. So, remember to have regular meals and don't stay up late. You should also get Jackson to bring Summer to you."

"Mmm-hmm!"

"Uncle Louis and John won't be in J City these few days. If you need anything, give Nick a call, and he will help you."

"Alright."

Ashton fell silent after that.

As I wasn't good with words, I didn't know what to say suddenly in that moment of silence.

After about half a minute of racking my brain, I replied, "Come back soon."

There was another long silence before his raspy voice rang out. "Alright."

Since I didn't have much to say, I looked at the phone and prepared to end the call.

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 397

Unexpectedly, Ashton's voice rang out again. "Don't forget to miss me."

Suddenly, a warm sensation enveloped my heart.

"Okay," I couldn't help but reply with a gentle tone.

After ending the call, I still couldn't sleep. Hence, I decided to head for the study. As usual, I spent the whole night awake. But having slept in the day, it wasn't as bad this time.

Mrs. Eriksen was very attentive in her care. Early in the morning, she had already arrived and made breakfast.

When she saw me come down changed with my hair bundled up, she was caught by surprise. "Are you going out?"

I nodded. "I'm meeting someone shortly."

"Do you need me to come with you?" she asked in concern. "The dark circles around your eyes seemed to have worsened. Did you stay up the whole night after you awoke?"

I grunted in acknowledgment and left after having breakfast.

Initially, I didn't plan to go out. Then, I received a message from Emery telling me that she was in town. She wanted me to show her around since we were friends.

As she had blatantly spelled it out, there was no reason for me to refuse. Therefore, I agreed to her request.

I went to the garage to look for a lower-profile car to drive. Unfortunately, they were all sent for maintenance. All that was left were the flashy ones that had just returned from service.

After some thought, I decided to drive Ashton's Maybach. To me, it was among the most ordinary-looking car in the lot.

As I wasn't familiar with driving it, I ended up traveling at a snail's pace on the road.

When I reached our agreed meeting point, I saw that she had already arrived.

She waved at me when she saw me.

Emery was truly the epitome of a lady from a rich family. On top of her illustrious family background, her features and figure were equally eye-catching.

She was older than me by a year or two and was still single. Furthermore, she was also a career woman—someone who was both savvy and decisive in her actions.

The moment I sat down, she called for the waiter without any hesitation and asked me, "What would you like to have?"

As we were in a restaurant that was new to me, I shrugged my shoulders and replied, "I haven't tried anything here before. Why don't you decide?"

Raising her eyebrow, she ordered without delay, "Butter-grilled salmon, seafood chowder, and seared lobster." She pursed her lips for a brief moment. "That's all for now. Thanks!"

As the waiter left, she looked at me coldly. "Why are your eyebags so heavy? What happened?"

"It's no big deal," I replied. "Are you here for work?"

She shook her head. “No, I’m here on a vacation. I wanted to go overseas. But come to think of it, I’ve been to most places already. So I thought I’d ask you out for lunch and have a little chit-chat.

I raised my eyebrows in surprise. “Is that all there is?”

She nodded. “Of course, what else can there be? Only three things matter to me in my life—my parents, friends, and money.”

I figured that the values of someone successful were certainly different.

Dressed elegantly, she looked at me and remarked, “Among all the friends I have, you’re the one who seems to be the more boring one.”

She didn’t mince her words at all.

I responded with a smile.

She added, “Both the Fuller and Stovall families businesses are enough for you to settle down and enjoy life. Hence, I’m curious as to how you managed to mess up your life to this extent? Don’t you feel meaningless when you focus all your efforts on love and hatred?”

I looked at her, stunned. As the waiter served the butter-grilled salmon, she changed the subject casually. “Try this!”



I took a bite and it tasted delicious. The chef here was renowned, and he used a wide range of ingredients that were of exceptional quality.

“How is it?” she raised eyebrows cheerfully.

She suddenly reminded me of how I was like when I first graduated. I wasn’t rich then but Macy and I would dress up and explore the city. In fact, we would often visit other cities too.

Wherever we went, we would see the famous sights and try the best food. At that time, we even agreed to travel the world when we were rich. This was so that we could try everything that all the different cities had to offer.

“It’s juicy and has a great texture!” I remarked as I gradually relaxed.

Next, the waiter served us some sorbet. Raising her eyebrow with a smile, Emery suggested, “Try this!”

When I took a sip, she commented, “The most important aspect of eating here is the VIP experience. After every course, the waiter will serve a sorbet. They are usually a mixture of juice and Champagne. Other than its refreshing taste, they also help whet your appetite.”

It was indeed as she described. Not only did it taste good, but it also increased one’s desire to eat.

As I smiled faintly at her, my mood improved significantly. “You really didn’t have to come all the way just to share this delicious food with me.”

Shrugging her shoulders, she clicked her tongue, “Scarlett, you are overthinking. Not everyone has an agenda in doing something. I’m here to see you and share a meal with you. That’s all!”

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 398

“So, you paid a few thousand for the air ticket from K City to J City just to lunch with me?”

She raised her eyebrows. “Mmm-hmm!”

Evidently, I didn’t understand how the rich think.

After the meal, we had a nice chat. And yet, I still didn’t know what Emery was really up to.

When I saw that she didn’t intend to leave, I got worried and asked, “Ms. Moore, we...”

“He’s here! He’s here!” Ignoring me, she looked at the person entering the restaurant in excitement.

Stunned for a few seconds, I turned to see who it was that could drive her to react so hysterically.

A man with exquisite features and an elegant swagger entered.

Prince Charming!

That was the only word that flashed across my mind.

“He’s called Hunter Zane. What do you think? Is he handsome?” Emery asked as she couldn’t peel her eyes off him.

I turned around with my lips pursed. “Therefore, you invited me to spend half a day with you just because you’re waiting for him?”

She shrugged her shoulders with an innocent smile. “You have to understand—eating alone for such a long time feels really awkward.”

In the end, I was just here to be her wingman.

Whatever. I'm here anyway.

Looking at her, I couldn't help but ask, "How long have you known each other?"

As if we had hit it off, she replied, "Four hundred and sixty-nine days. Including today, it is four hundred and seventy."

That's unusually precise.

After Hunter entered, he sat down at another table where a beautiful girl was waiting for him.

I looked at Emery in surprise. "You're stalking him?"

"Nonsense. Don't make it sound so degrading. This is a coincidental meeting."

Haha!

"He is a professor at J University and the lady sitting with him is his student," she explained while her eyes were still fixated on him.

"A nightclub boss and a professor. Tsk, you really are something, Ms. Moore," I quipped.

She gave me the side-eye in response. When she saw me struggle to hold back my laughter, she snapped, "What are you talking about? We're made for each other."

I couldn't help but cup my chin, "Didn't you just reprimand me for indulging myself in love and hatred? What about you now?"

She squirmed her lips. "Other than career and love, there's still life. Don't you know that?"

When we returned our attention to Hunter, the lady who sat with him had left.

Emery dragged me along and shamelessly suggested, "Come, let's join him."

I was speechless.

When she led me to Hunter's table, Emery's smile became exceptionally sweet.

"Professor Zane, it's been a while. What a coincidence to see you here. Are you here alone?"

Hunter looked at her before turning his attention to me. He raised his eyebrows in surprise while adjusting his black-rimmed specs. "And you are?"

I was shocked to realize that he didn't know her at all despite Emery declaring that she had known him for four hundred and seventy days.

"Professor Zane, I am Emery. I attended one of your talks at K University."

Hunter paused for a moment before he remembered. He then stood up and replied, “You’re Lynn’s younger sister, Ms. Moore!”

Emery’s face lit up when she saw Hunter remembered her. Before he said another word, she added, “Given this rare opportunity, I have many questions regarding economics for you. I wonder if now is a good time?”

Only Emery can make shamelessly joining someone’s table look so natural.

Hunter agreed with a smile. “Of course, please have a seat.”

The moment we sat down, Emery turned toward me. “Scarlett, don’t you have to pick your husband up from the airport? Will you make it in time?”

Dumbfounded, I nodded with a cheeky smile. “Mmm-hmm, both of you should go ahead. I’ll take my leave first.”

I knew it then—the reason Emery went through so much trouble to ask me out was just so that I can wait with her for her dream guy.

When I stepped out of the restaurant, the sky looked dark, as if it was going to rain.

As it had been two days since Ashton left on business, I missed him suddenly. Hence, I took out my phone and gave him a call.

After a few rings, I finally got through. "Scarlett, how are you doing?" Over the line, his voice was deep, as if he was sleeping a moment ago.

Looking at the time, it was likely dawn still at M Country. Realizing my mistake, I asked apologetically, "Did I wake you?"

"No," he replied in a magnetic voice. "I was just dreaming of you and missing you."

Standing at the restaurant entrance against the wind, I could feel a sense of warmth envelope me.

"I miss you too!" That's right! Love and longing should always be expressed.

Over the line, he seemed to be caught off guard. "Wait for me. I'll be back soon once everything is done."

"Mmm-hmm, I will."

Realizing that he still needed to work tomorrow, I added, "You should get some rest. I'm hanging up now."

Before he could reply, I ended the call. However, my heart was suddenly racing as I felt the urge to fly to M Country to see him.

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 399

After more than ten hours, I drove straight to the airport.

Along the way, I dropped Mrs. Eriksen a message, informing her that I won't be returning for the night.

As I needed to turn off my phone for the flight, I sent Ashton a message telling him that I was busy. After that, I arrived at the airport and boarded a flight for M Country.

As it was a long flight, I drifted in and out of sleep on the plane. By the time I woke up, there were a few more hours before arrival. Hence, I took out the books I bought at the airport to read.

Along the way, the flight made a transit stop. I went to the ladies and grabbed a bite at the transit airport.

When it was time to board again, I almost forgot my book and ran back to get it.

"Ah!" While rushing back out, I crashed into a lady in killer heels.

She was holding a can of Coke which spilled all over her clothes while the beach hat she was wearing dropped onto the floor, revealing her blonde hair.

"My clothes!" she exclaimed.

I quickly helped her clean up with a napkin. While I apologized profusely, I picked up the things she dropped.

Having calmed down, I finally got a good look at her. She had deep blue eyes, chiseled features, and flawless white skin.

She was so gorgeous that even I couldn't peel my eyes away from her.

“Luckily it’s just Coke and my clothes are dark in color. Or else, it would be impossible to remove the stains. Miss, you are really lucky!” she remarked.

Feeling bad for what I did, I apologized again as I handed her hat back to her.

Shrugging her shoulders, she didn’t say anything further. As she put on her cap, she mumbled, “Mr. White must be wondering where I am.”

With that, she headed to the boarding gate.

After getting my book from the cafe, I boarded the plane again. When I took my seat, I saw the blonde from just now sitting on the other side of the aisle.

She had put her hat back on together with a pair of sunglasses. Also, she was holding a book. When I glanced at it, I realized it was the same book that I was reading—“And Then There Were None.”

When John saw that I was reading “Murder on the Orient Express,” he complained that I was boring. I wondered who doesn’t like reading whodunnits on a plane.

Noticing that I was looking in her direction, the girl looked back at me in surprise as she removed her glasses, revealing her deep blue eyes. “It’s you again!”

I smiled slightly. “I’m sorry about just now. I’m really sorry.”

Shrugging her shoulders, she replied, “Stop apologizing. I told you it was nothing.”



When she saw the book in my hand, she gasped in surprise. "You're reading the same book as I am. Mr. White always says that the girl he fancies likes to read it too."

I couldn't help but find the girl adorable. I replied with a smile, "It's a very long flight, so I decided to read to while away the time."

She agreed. "Mr. White, says the exact same thing. He loves to read during flights to pass time. Even I have been influenced by him to do the same."

Despite sounding like she was complaining, I was amused at how she kept bringing up Mr. White in her conversation. "You seem too young to be married."

She seemed embarrassed. "Not yet. I just got engaged. The wedding will be in May."

As the plane was about to take off, the flight attendant adjusted the tray tables and inspected the cabin.

In the first few minutes the plane soared into the air, I put my book aside and closed my eyes to rest.

As most of the distance had been covered before the transit, we arrived at our destination shortly.

At the M Country airport.

Due to the long and strenuous flight and the fact that I didn't sleep for two days, I felt light-headed when I disembarked from the plane.

When the blonde noticed that I didn't look well, she approached me and asked, "Do you need help?"

I shook my head with a faint smile. "I'm alright. I'm just feeling disorientated from disembarking. I'll be fine in a while."

She helped me to a seat in the rest area and got me a cup of water. "I know people from your country prefer warm water but it's not readily available here. So, please make do for the moment."

I smiled as I received the water. "Thank you!"

My dizziness was likely caused by not having proper sleep over the last few days. After sitting a while, the girl looked at me and asked, "Are you in M Country to see a friend?"

I nodded. "My husband is here, so I'm going to see him."

She gasped in surprise. "You look really young still. I didn't expect you to be married."

I laughed. "Aren't you also engaged despite being equally young?"

The moment I brought up her fiancé, she easily became shy. "But we aren't married yet."

Just as she spoke, the phone in her pocket began to ring. Giving me an apologetic look, she remarked softly, "Let me get that first."

With that, she answered her phone in a sweet tone. "Hello, Darling, I have already landed. However, I just met another lady who isn't feeling well. So, I'm just helping her settle down. I'll be out in a short while."

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 400

Just as she spoke, she protested with a pout after hearing what the person on the other line said. "Hey, I haven't even finished!"

Putting her phone back into her pocket, she suggested, "Come, let's leave together. Where are you heading? If it's on the way, I can give you a lift."

Smiling slightly, I gratefully replied, "Thanks. However, I'll just get a cab. Thanks again."

She smiled and didn't insist. "I'm Camelia Alvarado, you can just call me Camelia. What about you?"

"I'm Scarlett Stovall!"

She nodded and replied, "When I'm married, I'll take on my husband's surname. So I'll be known as Camelia White then."

When we reached the airport's exit, she repeated, "Do you want me to give you a lift? I'm worried that you might lose your way since you're unfamiliar with the place."

Smiling, I found her adorable. "Don't worry Camelia, I won't get myself lost."

She puffed her cheeks and replied, "Alright. By the way, why don't you take down my phone number? In case you lose your way, you can always call me."

After taking down her number, her phone rang again. Having answered it, she looked in the direction of the airport's pickup area.

When she saw a black Ferrari parked nearby, she waved. "Darling, I'm here!"

She turned to me. "Scarlett, I'm going off. See you again!"

Camelia ran towards the car. After she got in, she wound down her window and popped her head out, "Bye! Scarlett!"

When I look in her direction, I was utterly shocked to see the man beside her.

Mr. White was Marcus!

How could it be? I saw Marcus lying lifelessly in a pool of blood with my own eyes.

Inside the car, Marcus shot me a cold glance before averting his gaze and driving away.

The look he gave me was no different from that of a stranger. It took me a while after the car left before I regained my composure.

Jolted back to my senses by my phone ringing non-stop, I quickly answered despite still being shaken.

The voice over the line was one of suppressed anger. "Where are you?"

I was stunned as it was Ashton.

"I'm at the airport." Looking up at the sky, it felt as if it was going to rain. Hence, I looked around for some cover.

Ashton was furious over the phone. "Where do you plan on going? It's already midnight in J City. Scarlett, must you always make me worry? You simply left me a message saying that you were busy and turned off your phone. Do you know how worried I was?"

"I'm at the airport in M Country," I stated as it began to drizzle.

Ashton's anger dissipated immediately as he asked in disbelief, "Where are you?"

Looking for a cab, I replied, "I'm at the airport in M Country. I'm about to get a cab to Fuller Corporation."

"What for?" He was suppressing his emotions.

"I'm here because I miss you!" I wasn't good at baby talk so I came off as being expressionless.

"Stay where you are and wait for me," he instructed with a deep and mesmerizing tone.

I was surprised. Looking around, I saw a cab approaching. "Aren't you at Fuller Corporation?"

He laughed in delight. "Mmm-hmm!"

Just when I was about to respond, I felt a sudden force tug me into a tight embrace.

When I caught a familiar scent, I was surprised.

After being in his embrace for a while, I looked right up at him. His black shirt was visibly wrinkled, probably from hugging me too tightly. Usually, it would be absolutely creaseless.

His dark obsidian eyes were a little bloodshot while his voice was deep and alluring. "Are you tired?"

I shook my head as I snaked my freezing hands underneath his clothes.

He raised his hands to cup my face. I could feel his burning palms as he planted a deep passionate kiss on my lips.

Engrossed in the kiss, he didn't care about the passersby at the airport. All he wanted to do was to ravage me right there and then.

If not for the fact that we were in public, he would have really done it.

After getting in the car, Ashton ordered us to be taken to the hotel. Closing the privacy screen in the middle of the car, he pressed me against the seat, unable to restrain himself.

I held onto his roaming hands and asked, "How did you know I was at the airport?"

He pulled me into his embrace and replied in a husky voice, "Mrs. Eriksen said that she couldn't get through to you on the phone."

I was stunned. "Were you on your way back to look for me?"

He smiled faintly in response. As traffic wasn't heavy in M Country, we reached the hotel shortly. Instead of letting me get down, he carried me out of the car instead.

The moment we closed the hotel room door, he pressed me against the wall and kissed me deeply.

Without anyone to disrupt us here, Ashton's actions were further unrestrained.