

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 11

When I arrived at Rebecca's ward, she was already asleep. There was a middle-aged lady in the room who turned out to be the caretaker that Ashton had hired. The lady greeted me politely as she informed me that she was going to take care of Rebecca under Ashton's orders. This meant that I no longer had to stay.

I walked out of the hospital and hailed a cab to bring me home.

After a night that was full of hassle, I found that it was dawn by the time I returned to the villa. I found that I was frequently exhausted; perhaps it was because of my pregnancy. Hence, I went to my bedroom at once as I fell into a slumber on my bed.

The heavy smell of cigarette smoke roused me from my deep sleep. Opening my eyes, I was shocked to see a figure in black sitting at the edge of my bed. It took me a while to realize that it was Ashton.

I didn't know when he had returned, but the bedroom was full of thick smoke. The doors and windows were all shut tightly. There was a burning cigarette between his fingers. It seemed like he had been smoking for a long while.

"You're back." I sat up and gazed at him.

I had never seen him smoke prior to this. Something must have happened, seeing as he was smoking to such an extent.

He said nothing as his gaze landed on me. I couldn't read his mind at all. The smoke was choking me, so I rose to my feet to open the window.

Meanwhile, Ashton was lounging on the sofa. When I walked past him, he pulled me into his arms abruptly. As his grip tightened, I grew increasingly afraid.

"Ashton!" I didn't know the reason behind his sudden action, but I couldn't stand the stench of the smoke. Thus, I struggled while he remained unfazed.

Calming down, I looked back at him. "You're drunk?" I didn't realize it earlier, but now that I was in his arms, I could smell the alcohol on his breath.

"You don't hate me?" he blurted out suddenly. I was confused as I studied him carefully. He was frowning unhappily. I noticed that there were beard stubs on his jaw. He must have been occupied recently, seeing that he had yet to shave.

"I do!" I answered truthfully as I reached out to pry his hands off. Nevertheless, he refused to release his hold on me.

"What's wrong, Ashton?" I questioned.

"Will you stop?" He was staring at me in a daze.

"Stop what?" I inquired quizzically.

He stopped talking immediately. As his palms began to explore my body, I was keenly made aware of what he wanted from me.

I instinctively stopped him as my brows furrowed. "Ashton, I'm Scarlett, not Rebecca. Look carefully."

He said nothing as he picked me up, devouring my lips greedily. I only felt attacked by his alcoholic breath.

"Ashton, I am Scarlett! Look carefully!" I held his face in desperation, forcing him to look at me.

Exhaustion rimmed his eyes as he gazed at me silently. "Mm!" he grunted in reply, resuming his actions.

His suit that was once crisp was all wrinkled now. He removed his blazer as he flung it onto the bed.

When I noticed that our clothes were strewn across the ground, I snapped back to reality. I'm pregnant. We can't do this.

I shoved him off and covered myself with the covers. "Ashton, you're drunk," I told him.

With that, I left the bedroom.

After changing into a fresh outfit, I headed out. I was afraid that I wouldn't be able to keep the child if I remained in the house.

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I was at a loss, so I went to Macy.

She was at Hour Bar.

It was still early, so there weren't many customers. Macy ordered a cocktail before she handed it to me. "Why are you here at this hour? Did something happen?"

My gaze swept across the girls spinning around the poles. Hearing the tremendously loud pop music and yells, I shook my head. The cocktail was already on my lips when I put it down. "No. I came here to wind down."

"Did Ashton bully you again?" Macy asked in exasperation. "If you've had enough of it, get a divorce. You're pretty enough to get other men whom you're attracted to. Why would you stay with an ice sculpture forever? Isn't that tiring?"

Macy was always this outspoken. We were good friends, so she hated seeing me mope over Ashton.

I handed the pregnancy report to her as I uttered helplessly, "Even if I'm pretty, would any man accept me if I have a child?"

Grabbing the pregnancy report from me, Macy studied it carefully. Her eyes widened as she asked me, "You're six weeks pregnant? I'd thought that you never had sex with Ashton? How did you get pregnant?"

"Remember how I got drunk last month? Ashton came to pick me up." I took the pregnancy report from her.

It took her a while to regain her composure. "So what will you do now?"

I shook my head. To be honest, I was at a loss too.

“Abort the baby,” suggested Macy. “Ashton and you don’t belong together. George is dead, so being pregnant spells trouble. You should abort it and get a divorce. Life isn’t short. He’s not the only man in your life.”

I was in a daze. As the crowd was growing, I told Macy, “You should head back to work. I’ll stay here myself.”

It was evident that I wouldn’t heed her advice. Seeing as such, she changed my cocktail to a glass of orange juice, rolling her eyes before she left.

As night fell, the bar became crowded and rowdy. Macy was too busy to talk to me, so I sat in a corner and stared into space blankly.

The people milling around in the bar fascinated me.

I didn’t even realize it when the thugs had arrived. It wasn’t until people started yelling and stuff went crashing on the ground that I snapped back into reality.

A few thugs were in the bar; all of them were surrounding Macy. Most of the customers had fled. Even the booming music was now silent.

I was sitting in the corner in the shadows, so no one noticed me. The thugs who were surrounding Macy were holding wooden sticks.

It was evident that they were here to find fault. To my surprise, Macy was eerily calm. Eventually, she asked them, “Are you here to find fault or to have fun?”

“To find fault, of course. Missy, if you’re bold enough, let’s have fun together!” the leader spoke lewdly as he reached out to touch Macy’s cheek.

Slap! Before the pervert could touch Macy, I flung the glass of orange juice right at him.

At the sudden interruption, the thug roared in pain. “Who did that to me?”

“Me!” I stood up from my seat as I boldly approached them. Macy seemed anxious to see me. “Why are you still here?”

I was speechless. She thought that I had left earlier.

Rolling my eyes, I quipped, "Where else would I be?"

"What a fool!" Macy chided. She stood in front of me in a defensive pose as she whispered, "If we end up fighting later, you should escape."

I knew that she was worried for me, so I didn't explain further. Looking straight at the thug who I had hit earlier, I inquired, "Are you ganging up against a young lady?"

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"Why not?" the thug replied with an evil smile. "You flung that glass at me, right?"

I inclined my head. "I didn't do it on purpose. Sorry about that."

"Damn it! Do you have a death wish?" yelled the thug as he waved his baton at me menacingly. Macy and I avoided his attack. Seeing a beer bottle on a table aside, I picked it up and hurled it at him.

The other thugs were enjoying the show before Macy and I retaliated. They immediately grabbed their batons and charged at us.

Macy and I were skilled in fighting, so we weren't taken advantage of. When the police arrived, everyone was lightly wounded. We were brought to the police station together.

After recording our statements, Macy and I had to be bailed out. We were the victims, but we had fought back in the fight.

Macy was an orphan. I was her only friend in J City. Hence, she had to rely on my connections to bail us out.

I spent my days at work and at home. As I was an introvert, I didn't have many friends. Hence, I decided to call Jared for help.

The call was answered after a few rings. As the person on the other end of the line remained silent, I felt slightly awkward as I spoke, "Dr. Crest, I'm sorry for disturbing you at this hour. Can you do me a favor? I'm at the police station. Can you come to bail me out?"

As there was still no reply, I hurriedly added, "Dr. Crest, please."

Soon, someone uttered, "Scarlett Stovall!"

Isn't that Ashton? Why did he answer Jared's phone?

I was both shocked and terrified. "Ashton, you—"

"Where are you?" Before I could finish, he interrupted me rudely.

I could sense his displeasure even through the other end of the line.

"Metropolitan Police Station!" Once I gave him an answer, he hung up.

Macy was staring at me. "Why didn't you call Ashton directly? Look what you've gotten yourself into."

I massaged my temples. "When I left the villa, Ashton was drunk. I thought that he'd be sleeping by now and I called Jared instead. I didn't know..."

I didn't know that he would answer Jared's phone.

Half an hour later, Ashton entered the police station with an entourage. He was cool and imposing, like a Greek god.

Besides, his name would appear in the financial paper almost every other day. Almost everyone in the police station came to greet him.

At the sight of that, Macy bumped my shoulder. "I get why you're so infatuated with him. He's an outstanding man, I'll give him that. Women drool all over him, vying to be his wife. I can't believe that you get to sleep with him every day."

I shot her a look. Earlier, she was urging me to get a divorce. Look at her now...

Women are so fickle.

As soon as Ashton signed the papers, Macy and I were free to go.

At the entrance of the police station, the police officer who arrested us earlier told us, "If something similar happens in the future, don't take action. You can call the police directly."

Macy and I looked at each other. We smiled at the police officer as we thanked him profusely.

The moment we turned to leave, Macy muttered, "Damn it. If I hadn't taken action, the police would've already arrived to collect my dead body!"

I wanted to say something, but suddenly, I felt a chill traveling down my spine. Whipping my head around, I saw Ashton standing by his black Jeep in his black suit silently.

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I knew that he was upset, so I bade goodbye to Macy softly as I walked toward him. Lowering my head, I expressed my gratitude. "Thank you!"

Ashton merely glanced at me as his expression turned thunderous. "Get into the car!" he ordered.

I entered the car obediently.

On the way back home, I received a text from Macy informing me that she was back home safely. Hence, I replied and texted her: Good night!

Looking out the car window, I realized that we were almost back home. The man was still as cool as ever. If he refused to say a word, I would remain silent too.

At long last, the vehicle came to a stop in front of the villa. He alighted the car as he soon made his way inside. I trailed along behind him as I explained, "Ashton, I thought that you were drunk. That is why I called Dr. Crest. I didn't mean anything else."

My explanation was possibly feeble, but I still spoke up even though I knew that he wouldn't care.

Suddenly, he came to a stop as he narrowed his gaze at me. "Anything else? Do you seriously think Jared likes you?"

I was at a loss for words.

He's right. Jared is Ashton's friend. I am also Ashton's wife. Even if I weren't married to him, Jared wouldn't like me.

I knew that Ashton treated me like dirt. If it weren't for George's help, I wouldn't even get to meet Ashton, let alone marry him.

Seeing that I had kept silent, Ashton glared at me as he stomped upstairs.

All of a sudden, he came to a stop, looking as though something had just occurred to him. Looking back, he ordered, "Buy some supper for me at Granger's."

I was stunned. Why didn't he say so on the way back? Granger's was on the opposite end of town. Besides, it was already midnight. Was he telling me to travel across town to buy breakfast for him?

"Do you need it by today? It's already midnight! Wouldn't the shop be closed?"

"It's open 24/7!" came his reply. He headed upstairs immediately.

He doesn't want supper. He wants to torture me.

After all, I owed him one. I headed out of the villa as I prepared to leave.

It was the rainy season, so the air was moist. It seemed like it would rain soon. I wanted to drive Ashton's Jeep, but he had brought the keys upstairs with him. Seeing as such, I walked to the garage and drove another vehicle with a lower base.

At one in the morning, I drove across town to buy supper. I was secretly pleased because it hadn't rained.

Nevertheless, by the time I stepped out of Granger's, it was already pouring.

I drove back home slowly, avoiding the tunnel. J City was famous for flash floods involving highways and tunnels. Hence, I took a longer route home to avoid the flash floods.

Alas, I never expected that the car would break down halfway. As I took a longer route home, I was still far away from home. I ended up being stuck in a desolate area. It was pouring, so I couldn't hail a cab either.

Whipping out my phone, I realized that the battery was about to go dead. Seeing as such, I hurriedly called Ashton.

I called him several times, but he never picked up. My battery was about to go flat, so I rummaged around in the car and found an umbrella. Grabbing his supper, I alighted the car.

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If I were lucky enough, I would possibly bump into a kind driver who would offer to give me a ride home. As it was pouring, the tiny umbrella didn't manage to serve its purpose. Soon enough, I was drenched.

I was seriously unlucky as I was still alone after walking for some time. My belly was throbbing painfully by now. After a while, I could no longer hold back the pain that was attacking my belly.

Worried for my child, I soon decided to stop as I hurriedly covered my belly. Eventually, I knelt on the ground in pain. I reached into my pocket, but my phone wasn't there. I must have left it in the car earlier.

Nevertheless, I was too far away from my car now. My stomach was throbbing so painfully that I couldn't make the journey back. I held on to a rock by the side of the road for support, limping forward slowly. As I was sweating buckets, I finally succumbed and got on my knees.

Suddenly, I felt something flowing down between my legs. Oh no, my child is about to leave me.

According to an old nursery rhyme, little girls were made of sugar, spice, and everything nice.

Alas, not all little girls were destined to lead a delightful life. Some of them were born in poverty and despair, destined for a life of pain.

When I heard the splitting sound of a car hitting its brakes, my vision grew blurry.

Forcing my eyes open, I saw a black Jeep with the plate number ACL999. It was Ashton's car.

Upon realizing that it was him, I mustered up all of my remaining energy as I struggled to stand to my feet.

Unfortunately, seeing as I had been kneeling on the ground for too long, and my head was spinning, I lost balance and toppled backward.

"Foolish woman!" The man's cool voice sounded in my ear. I struggled to open my eyes, but my eyelids were too heavy. I could sense Ashton bringing me into his car before I lost consciousness.

When I regained my consciousness again, I was in a daze. A white ceiling greeted me the moment my eyes fluttered open. I'm in the hospital.

Shifting uncomfortably, I realized that my body was aching all over.

Instinctively, I reached out to caress my belly.

"Don't worry. Your baby is fine." A sudden male voice brought me out of my reverie. Turning toward the voice, I saw Jared.

After a pause, I asked, "Why..." Why are you here? My throat was burning, so I couldn't even complete my sentence.

He arched a brow and left to pour me a cup of water. When he returned, he helped me up from the bed. I immediately tried to resist being near to him by putting my arms out between us.

Ignoring my actions, he placed the cup right by my lips. I reached out to take it myself, but he brushed me away. "Drink it!"

I obliged.

After taking a few sips of water, I felt better.

He helped me to lay down before placing the cup by the bed. I gazed at him as I parted my lips. "Thank you!"

He was looking at his phone and he soon murmured in response.

I contemplated for a while before asking, "Is Ashton aware that I am pregnant?" If I wasn't mistaken, it was Ashton who had brought me to the hospital last night. Since Jared knew about it, Ashton must have been informed too.

Jared froze before he squinted at me. "You don't want him to know?"