

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 51

Maybe because of my guilty conscience, I stiffened. Sensing it, Ashton became more cautious.

After listening to the recording about him and Rebecca, I began to resist him.

He turned, but...

After a long time, he got out of bed and changed into his pajamas. Walking to the balcony, he stood there for a smoke.

Lying in bed, there was a mysterious feeling creeping into my heart.

Following suit, I walked to him. Wrapping my arms around him, I pressed my body against his back. "Let's go back to the bathroom and try again."

I could feel him stiffen as he stubbed his cigarette out. He turned around, and with some hostility in his voice, he asked, "When did it start?"

I was stunned. Did he mean how I was rejecting him?

Lowering my head, I gritted my teeth and uttered, "Maybe after the miscarriage..."

His relationship with Rebecca will always be like a knife lodged in my heart. Even as time passed, the wound only festers.

Taking a long look at me, he pushed past me and commented, "I'll wait in the study room."

Instinctively, I grabbed his arm. I pleaded, "Did you buy over Macy's bar for Rebecca? Macy was framed. Can you help me?"

I knew he would be furious if I asked him now. After all, I did not satisfy him, but I could not delay the question any longer.

He lowered his gaze and matched mine. His eyes narrowed, and he scoffed coldly, "Did you come back because of that?"

Startled by the look in his eyes, I fervently shook my head and denied, "No, I..."

"You wanted to persuade me with your body. Is that why you allowed me to do whatever I wanted to you?" He chuckled and mocked me, "Scarlett, don't you even realize that you are no longer attracted to me?"

I shook my head. Regardless, while his words made me flustered, he was right.

Staring back at him, I choked, "Ashton, you have Rebecca and many other friends. However, I have no one else but Macy. Please, I beg you."

"Haha!" He sneered, "You don't have anything but Macy? Scarlett, what a surprise!"

He was evidently livid. However, I had no other solution for this.

If I had another way out, I would never have asked him. Unfortunately, he was my only way of helping Macy.

Grasping his hand, I looked away from his furious gaze. I bit my lips, and with tears in my eyes, I apologized, "Ashton, I can only plead with you. I'm sorry."

The temperature in the room had dropped several degrees, and with the little clothes I had on, I was chilled to the bone.

Ashton saw me falling into despair, and his anger slowly dissipated. After a pause, he sighed. He grabbed my arm and sternly ordered, "Go to the bathroom."

I was taken aback but quickly realized what he meant. At that instance, he carried me bridal style and headed for the bathroom.

"Scarlett." He called out hoarsely.

I turned to look at him with teary eyes. He lowered his head and covered my eyes.

I gasped, "Ashton, please be more gentle!"

I was afraid that something would happen to my baby.

Suddenly, I felt a throbbing pain in my lower abdomen. Startled, I stammered, "Ashton, please stop. I'm...bleeding."

He froze and lowered his head to see a pool of blood that had accumulated at my feet.

I twitched in pain and tugged his arm. With sweat dripping off my forehead, I panted, "Hurry, take me to the hospital!"

The sensation I felt this time was a different type of pain.

Ashton's mood dropped instantly, and his gaze scattered. He took a towel beside him and wiped off the water on my body before he carried me out.

Laying me on the bed, he searched for his clothes and dressed me with them. Then, he called Jared. I grabbed the end of his shirt and huffed in pain, "There's not much time left. Ashton, you need to take me to the hospital now!"

"F\*\*\*!" This was the first time I had ever heard him curse.

He immediately carried me to the car and started the engine. His eyes darkened, and his lips were pressed into a thin line. I could not tell what he was feeling.

Along the way, he sped and ignored many red lights. When we finally arrived at the hospital, he rushed me inside, and a nurse greeted us with a wheelchair.

"What happened?" Someone in the crowd asked anxiously.

Ashton coldly glanced at me and demanded, "Scarlett, will you tell them, or should I tell them?"

My heart pounded wildly, and I broke out in cold sweat. Despite so, the pain in my lower abdomen left me with no choice. I grabbed the nurse beside me and exclaimed, "I've been pregnant for less than two months, and there are signs of a miscarriage. Please make sure I'll be able to keep the child!"

The nurse nodded understandingly and comforted me, "Don't worry, we'll bring you to the operating room first."

In the midst of the chaos, I gradually loss consciousness.

I felt an overwhelming sense of regret for being so careless. Initially, I thought I would be fine since I had been to the hospital several times before but ended up fine.

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However...

When I woke up, the sky was dark.

The moment I opened my eyes, a man's sleeping face caught my attention. There were dark eye circles around his eyes, and light stubble appeared around his chin.

He was here the whole time?

I looked around to see four white walls. This was the hospital ward.

Out of instinct, I stretched out my hand and touched my tummy uneasily. Fortunately, there was still a slight bulge on my stomach, and it no longer hurt.

"You're awake?" The man beside me gruffly commented.

I was momentarily stunned. When I turned to look in his direction, I realized that Ashton was awake. He got out of the chair and walked to my side to pour a glass of water.

He placed the cup on my bedside table. "Do you want some water?"

His emotions were hard to decipher, and I cautiously asked, "Am I still pregnant?"

His pair of obsidian eyes pierced through my soul. He looked cold and terrifying. My heart was palpating extremely fast as I widened my eyes and waited for his response.

He took some time before breaking the silence, "How long were you planning to hide it from me?"

There was no good answer to his question. Given this situation, there was no use in arguing with him. I held back my tears and stammered, "Rebecca forced you to make me abort the child by threatening suicide. I could not bear to do it, so..."

I saw his expression turn ugly, but I continued, "I didn't want to lie to you. If you don't want anything to do with the baby, we can get a divorce. Once we file for it, we can go our separate ways. I will not let the baby affect your future with Rebecca, don't worry."

"Scarlett!" He raged, and his eyes burned with anger. "Do I seem so pathetic to you that you don't even think I'm worthy as the father of our child?"

Taken aback by his words, I croaked, "It's nothing of that sort. I was only worried that you wanted nothing to do with the baby given your relationship with Rebecca..."

"Therefore, you decided to call the shots on your own?" He sneered. I was sure that he would tear me into bits if I were not lying in the hospital bed then. "Scarlett, listen up. That is my child, and you better bring the child up well."

This was the first time I witnessed Ashton ever being angry and yet happy at the same time.

Judging from his reaction, it was clear that I was still pregnant, so I kept my silence.

Not long after, a doctor in a white coat walked in and explained the situation. He awkwardly looked at Ashton and advised, "The first trimester of a pregnancy is a crucial period. You should try to control yourself during this time."

I bit my lips and watched Ashton nod with an uneasy look on his face.

Luckily, there was nothing wrong with the fetus. The bleeding was only caused by the stress I was under recently.

The doctor gave some advice before he left Ashton and me in silence.

I knew he was angry and did not want to stay in the hospital any longer. I glanced at him. "Ashton, let's go home, okay?"

He gave me a cold hard look. I sighed and explained, "Last night, I did not have dinner, and I'm famished now." Pointing to my belly, I gave him a pitiful look, "The baby needs to eat too."

At first, I expected him to ignore me. However, I did not expect him to stand up and even suggest, "What are you craving? I'll buy it for you!"

Stunned, I cheekily smiled. I supported myself up and tugged on his clothes to reply, "I want to eat pork, grilled fish and also the noodles that you always cook!"

In fact, I wanted to trick him so that I could go home. It was unbearable to stay in the hospital for too long.

Studying my expression, he reluctantly agreed. "I'll settle the discharge papers now."

Then, he sternly chided, "In the meantime, you should lie down!"

Seeing him exit the ward, I looked at the IV drip. There was not much left, so I pressed the bell for the nurse. She came in and took it out.

"Is there any more medicine for me?" I could not wait to go home.

The nurse replied, "There is no more. Mrs. Fuller, you should lie down and rest."

It took me by surprise. How did she know I was Mrs. Fuller?

The nurse packed the medicine bottle and looked at me with some envy. "Mrs. Fuller, your husband is very good to you. When you were sent to the operating room earlier, Mr. Fuller did not leave and looked very worried. Although he is an adult, he seemed like a helpless child waiting outside the operating room."

I was puzzled, and my mind was buzzing. Ashton was worried for me? Or was he worried about our child?

"A penny for your thoughts?" A low voice sounded beside my ear. I looked up and realized that the nurse was not there anymore.

Instead, Ashton came in at some point in time and had a stack of documents in one hand and a bunch of medicine in the other.

"What are those?" I lowered my head and looked at the medicine bag. In response, he stretched out his hand and helped me up.

He carried me out of the hospital, but I quickly tried to get down. "Ashton, let go of me. I can walk by myself."

It was so awkward!

"If you want to go home, then you should listen to me and stop moving!"

That was how I got carried out from the hospital. I was embarrassed.

After he put me down in the car, he took the driver seat. Taking a look at me, he moved closer to me.

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It took me by surprise as I thought he was going to kiss me.

Instinctively, I shrank back and stammered, "Ashton, there are people outside..."

Far from what I imagined, he took the seatbelt from the other side and strapped me in. He smirked at me with his eyes gleaming. "What were you thinking?"

I...misunderstood the situation!

I did not expect him to be reaching for my seatbelt.

I forced a smile before turning my head to look outside the window.

Unexpectedly, I felt a warm touch on my fingertips, and the warmth started spreading through my body. Surprised, I look down to see Ashton holding my fingertips with one hand while driving with another.

Sensing my gaze, he brought my hand up to his lips and kissed it. "Apart from pork, grilled fish and noodles, is there anything else you want to eat?"

My heart raced. It was rare to share such warm and peaceful moments with him. As my face started to flush, I could only think about the warmth that lingered on my fingertips after he kissed them.

I retracted my hand and voiced out, "I can eat anything!" Any food would sound good to me at this point.

His deep laughter sounded through the car. Anyone could tell that Ashton was in a good mood today.

When we arrived back at the villa, Ashton opened the door and helped me out of the car before I could even open the door for myself.

"I can walk on my own!" I was not that delicate that I had to be carried in and out of the car.

"Come here!" He demanded. Domineeringly, he picked me up and headed into the villa.

He placed me on the sofa in the living room, then took out the medicine he brought back from the hospital. After taking a closer look at the bottles, he divided them and handed me a few black pills. He ordered, "Eat them!"

Unwilling to eat them, I frowned.

In response to my reaction, he went to the kitchen and emerged with a white...rock candy.

"After you take your medicine, you can eat this, and it would not be bitter anymore."

I...

Of course...sometimes men can be dumb. These pills weren't even that bitter, so why would I have to eat it with rock candy?

Taking the black pills in his hands, I plopped them into my mouth. After I gulped the water to swallow them, I returned to the bedroom.

If I stayed with Ashton any longer, I was worried that I would be clingy towards him.

At first, I tossed and turned when I was in bed. Yet, I unknowingly fell asleep.

Perhaps because I slept like a dead log, I did not realize that Ashton joined me in bed.

The next day, I only woke up when it was way past noon.

Opening my eyes, I saw Ashton's handsome face before me. He was so close that I could see the pores on his face. I had to admit that he had flawless skin.

His facial features were sharp and attractive, exuding confidence. I could not help but reach my hand towards his face and gently caressed his stubble.

He probably slept late last night and had been going back and forth for business trips recently. Therefore, he was still suffering from jet lag and fell into a deep sleep.

I played with it for a while before my stomach rumbled. Since he was not awake, I wriggled in bed and wanted to get up to look for food. Unexpectedly, he lifted his leg and pressed me down.

Maybe he thought of something and moved his leg.

"Ashton!" I complained and tried to shift his leg away.

His eyes fluttered open, and in a daze, he looked at me with sleepy eyes. "You're awake already?"

I nodded and tried to wriggle out of the blanket. However, his long arms stretched out and encircled me. With a mesmerizing expression on his handsome face, he looked at me with a slight smile. "Don't move."

I...

Although I usually seemed indifferent, but...

"I'm hungry!" I whined with a slightly flushed face.

He gave a short acknowledgment with his hoarse voice and pulled me closer to him.

I...

"Ashton, you really are a pervert!" I scorned.

He was doing it again. I almost felt like a masochist for putting up with him time and again. Entering the bathroom, I washed my mouth out many times but I could still smell it on my breath.

Following that, he entered the bathroom too and hugged me from behind with a devilish smirk on his face.

I ignored him and squeezed some toothpaste onto my toothbrush. He seemed excited and raised his eyebrows as he commented, "You'll be fine after a few more times."

Annoyed, I raised my head and gave him a death glare. Then, I quickly brushed my teeth and left the bathroom.

Somewhat affected by the pregnancy, when I sat in front of the dressing table, I felt like I had gotten even fatter.

After applying some cream, I put on some light makeup and dragged myself to the closet to look for some decent clothes to change into. Meanwhile, Ashton came out from the bathroom and saw my changed outfit. Frowning, he demanded, "I want you to change into another outfit!"

"Why?" There's nothing wrong with my clothes! It was summer in J City soon, so it was not ideal dressing in long sleeves.

He walked to my side and scanned the closet. Grabbing a pale pink suit jacket, he passed it to me. "Put it on!"

I wanted to rebut, but he gave me a serious look.

Without a choice, I silently put on the jacket.

Shortly after, when we were heading downstairs, I heard a crackling sound from the kitchen. It shocked me, and for a moment, I thought it was a thief. However, Ashton seemed calm.

Looking downstairs again, I realized that it was Mrs. Eriksen.

At the sight of us, Mrs. Eriksen stopped her preparations, and with a smile on her face, she exclaimed, "Mr. and Mrs. Fuller, you are up! Breakfast is ready, you should eat it while it's hot. Don't starve yourselves!"

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With a big grin on her face, Mrs. Eriksen did a thorough clean-up of the villa. I couldn't help but look at Ashton for any indication.

He did not utter a word but gestured for me to sit down and eat.

"Ashton, did you get Mrs. Eriksen to come over?"

He waited till he swallowed the food in his mouth before finally saying, "Yes. It's better that she stays here to look after you."

He was probably right, but I was still worried about Macy. After drinking some soup, I asked tentatively, "Ashton, Macy is still detained at the police station. Could you—"

"Finish your meal," he ordered before I could finish my sentence.

What the...

My morning sickness was getting more serious these days; there was more food coming out from my mouth than going in. I already lost all appetite after taking a few bites of food.

Putting down my fork, I was about to go to the living room and wait for him to finish his food so that I could talk to him about Macy.

However, I had not expected him to smack the table and bark, "Finish your food!"

"I can't." My brows were pulled together into a frown.

I couldn't take in any more food. Besides, I did finish a huge bowl of soup.

He scowled at me. "Finish the eggs, and we'll talk later."

That sounded like there was possibly room for discussion.

With that, I sat at the table again.

However, I soon came to realize that I had been too naive. Right after I managed to force down the fried eggs, Ashton shoved a slice of cake and a glass of milk in front of me and said, "Have these too."

I couldn't take it anymore and barked back at him, "I'm not a pig, you know!"

Ignoring my protest, he continued to order me, "Just eat. It's nutritious!"

This man could really rile me up to no end. "I'm on the brink of bursting, and I really can't stuff food down my throat anymore," I retorted.

Despite my pleas, he remained silent and motionless, as though the world was hinging on me finishing my food.

My head was pounding so badly that I had to massage my temples as I tried to gain his sympathy. "Please, I really am full. If I stuff anymore food down my throat, it's just gonna come right back up. That's the worst part."

"Just eat, and we'll deal with that when it happens"

Son of a...

"Why are you being such a jacka\*\*!" I shot him a deadly look while stuffing the stupid cake into my mouth and washing it down with the milk.

Seeing that his will was obliged, he was pleased with himself, cocking a brow. "I thought you already knew that from the beginning."

I did? Forget it. I need his help to settle something more important.

"As I was saying, Macy has already been held at the police station for one whole day, so could you..."

"And you're worried about her?"

Obviously!

However, Ashton did not seem concerned at all. He was now sitting comfortably on the couch, sipping the tea Mrs. Eriksen brought him as though he was on a freaking holiday.

The little warmth that I had felt in the morning was now fumes coming out of my ears.

I looked at my watch and realized that it was already one in the afternoon, but Ashton did not seem like he was going to the office or the police station. At this rate, I might as well take matters into my own hands.

I went upstairs to get my handbag and was about to head to Hour Bar when Ashton stopped me midstride and asked nonchalantly, "Where are you going?"

"To the police station!"

Frankly, I felt that he had no intention to help me at all.

He pondered over something for a while before jumping into the driver's seat of my car. "Come in"

I got into the passenger seat, still oblivious to his plan. After a while, I realized he was not driving to the police station. Instead, we were on the way to the office.

"Ashton, you..."

"I'll deal with Macy. You're going to stay in the office and not cause any trouble, okay?" That did not sound convincing at all, and why was he talking to me like I was a child?

But it didn't seem like I had much of a choice, considering that he was the one behind the wheel.

I took a deep breath and zipped my lips. When we arrived at Fuller Corporation, he dropped me off at the lobby and drove away.

Once I stepped into the office building, I bumped into none other than that jerk, Joe.

I was not in the greatest of mood and wanted to just ignore his presence.

"It's already noon. Did you go for a meeting?" Such an annoying person.

"Mr. Quinn, are you working in the HR department now? If not, why don't you just mind your own business?" I shot him a glare and retorted calmly while pressing the elevator button.

Joe seemed equally irritated as he snorted, "Well, I was told that your good friend is currently locked up at the police station. And here you are, waltzing in casually at noon as if all's good. You're more cold-blooded than I thought."

After being bossed around by Ashton this morning, I had had it up to here, and now he just struck the match that kindled my explosion. "Is it because you've been such a lapdog to Rebecca for so long that you forgot how to talk like a human? Your loyalty to Rebecca is really commendable, but I can't help but wonder, is it because she plays catch with you all the time or because you get to learn tricks from the greatest pretentious snob in the office?"

As I fired away, something suddenly came to mind. "Oh, and there's something you should know. Although Hour Bar is registered under Rebecca's name, her assets basically all came from Ashton. If it pleases me, I can always hire a lawyer to repossess them. As Ashton's legal spouse, I don't foresee it being an issue."

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"You think you're better than me!" He was not prepared for my counterattack and now looked like he had swallowed a bitter pill, fumbling for more insults.

At that moment, the elevator door opened, and I shot him one last dirty look. "I sincerely hope to see you upgrade from a second-rated bootlicker to a first-class minion. See you around!"

Imagining smokes coming out of Joe's ears made me forget about Ashton pissing me off this morning.

When I stepped into my office, there was already someone waiting for me.

Stacey quickly walked up to me and said, "Ms. Stovall, Mr. Harrison from Harrison Credit has been waiting for you all morning in your office."

After nodding in acknowledgment, I told Stacey to fetch me a glass of warm milk.

Upon entering my office, I saw Nick sitting comfortably in my chair with his legs up and eyes closed as though he had been resting for a while.

He heard me walking in but did not bother to open his eyes. "Ms. Stovall, do you always come to the office whenever it pleases you?"

Ignoring his sarcasm, I set aside my handbag and sat down on the couch. Stacey came over with my milk and asked, "Ms. Stovall, do you want me to bring over all the audit reports for Fuller Corporation?"

I shook my head and took a sip of milk before suggesting to Nick, "I suppose you have already received the message. Since you're here, shall we sign the contract right away?"

Nick finally opened his eyes, half squinting them at me while he said, "Does this mean you have decided to collaborate with us?"

Furrowing my brows, I took a deep breath to ease the numbing ache radiating from my lower back. Then I turned to Stacey and asked her to bring the contract over.

After receiving it, Nick merely glanced through the papers without an ounce of seriousness and signed the contract on the spot.

I was only responsible for the signing of the agreement, and the next step would be for Harrison Credit to liaise directly with our Finance Department. That part was out of my scope.

But Nick did not seem like he was ready to leave, so I shot him a questioning look. "Mr. Harrison, is there anything else?"

Hearing that, he stood up and walked over to sit next to me. "Let's have lunch together."

I really did not have the patience for this brat, so I turned to Stacey. "Go downstairs and get Mr. Harrison some takeout."

Stacey was a little startled but nodded her head nonetheless and retreated from my office to get his lunch.

Nick was disappointed and tried to protest, "Hey Scarlett, that was a sincere request to have lunch with you. Did you have to turn me down like that?"

Feeling annoyed, I gave him a cold glare. "Mr. Harrison, in terms of work, my job here is done. As for personal relationships, I'm married, so I'd appreciate it if you could keep your distance."

Massaging my temples, I walked back to my desk and pulled out HiTech's file. After settling Fuller Corporation's audit, there were still more HiTech cases to follow up. Just thinking about all these pending matters made my headache worse.

I could not understand what was going through youngsters' minds these days. Do they not fathom social cues at all? I thought I had made myself crystal clear about not wanting to have anything further to do with Nick, and yet he was still lingering in my office like a fungal infection.

Well, he could suit himself. I'd just get started with my work.

Right then, Stacey returned to the office. Placing the takeout in front of Nick, she said politely, "Mr. Harrison, your lunch."

Nick was not amused at all and replied sarcastically, "Well, thank you so much!"

Responding with a faint smile, Stacey walked toward me. "Ms. Stovall, Mr. Lowe from AC Credit has come looking for you a few times. Would you like to see him?"

I opened my inbox to check for new emails, but there were none. "Not at the moment, Stacey."

I knew this would come back to haunt me. We skipped over the winner of the open tender and gave the job to Harrison Credit. As expected, there was no way AC Credit would let this go so easily.

This was far from over.

"If you asked me, I'd say go see him. You may be surprised!" Nick interrupted while eating his takeout, "Ah, I almost forgot to inform you, Harrison Credit will only be responsible for Fuller Corporation's audit. We won't be dealing with any of your subsidiaries."

Furrowing my brows, I asked, "What do you mean by that?"

He slowly laid his fork down and looked at me. "You heard me. Correct me if I'm wrong. Fuller Corporation went public last year and merged with Quinn Corporation. So I suppose their finance falls under your supervision as well?"

At that point, he was starting to get on my nerve. "You're saying you will only handle Fuller Corporation's audit but not Quinn Corporation's?"

He nodded and said, "Fuller Corporation's financial reports are massive and complicated as it is. If we are to include Quinn Corporation's, we won't be able to catch up with the release of next quarter's financial statements."

I was almost hyperventilating after listening to his assertion. "That's nonsense! The two companies were already merged last year, and they're now operating under the umbrella of Fuller Corporation. If your company is going to handle the parent company's audit, you have to include Quinn Corporation as well."

He smirked and said, "Ms. Stovall, I don't think so."

Piece of sh\*t!

I walked right into his freaking trap.

"Stacey, please escort Mr. Harrison out of my office!" I wasn't sure whether I could stop myself from punching his stupid face if he stayed any longer.

I needed to discuss this with Ashton immediately. This was just the right recipe for chaos.

Before leaving with the takeout in his hands, Nick turned around and emphasized, "I shall remind you that we have just signed a legally binding agreement, so I'd advise you against screwing us over."