

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 56

Such an idiot!

“Get out!” My whole body was trembling with anger.

“Hahaha! Take care, Ms. Stovall.” He continued to laugh on his way out.

My head was pounding again, and I was very close to losing my sanity. Having two auditors working for one company is just ridiculous!

“Ms. Stovall, should we get AC Credit to take over the whole job? Mr. Harrison doesn’t seem very reliable,” Stacey suggested.

You’re preaching to the choir, sister. But Ashton explicitly said he wanted Nick to handle this job.

I paused briefly before telling Stacey, “I’ve got to talk to Ashton about this.”

On top of the matter with Macy, now I had a plateful of contractual issues to worry about, and my head was about to explode. Speaking of whom, Ashton still hadn’t indicated if he was going to help her or not.

I could no longer sit back and do nothing. As I packed up my stuff, I instructed Stacey, “Keep an eye on Nick for me. In the meantime, I’ll speak to Ashton about the other matter. Also, see if there is any need to go outstation for inspection and put everything in a report for me.”

Stacey was worried about my well-being. “Ms. Stovall, are you sure you’re all right?”

I assured her that I was fine and headed out. Since Ashton took my car, I had to take a cab to the police station.

There was not much progress in Macy’s case, and she was to be held for fifteen days for further investigation.

After arriving at the police station, I managed to talk to the officer who was interrogating Macy yesterday. Unfortunately, he just reiterated what I already knew; there was no substantial development.

Just as Jared had said before, the security cameras in the hotel were broken that night. In other words, there was no admissible evidence.

As such, I was not allowed to see Macy until they concluded their investigation.

Feeling helpless, I headed over to Hour Bar only to find out that the bar was cordoned off and no one was allowed in.

It was times like this that made me realize the cold hard truth of the invisible caste system that governed this society. The whole network was complicated yet interconnected. It would be nearly impossible for me to gather enough evidence to free Macy all by myself.

I thought Ashton would be at one of these two places, but I guessed I was wrong about him again. His call came in while I was sitting in front of Hour Bar like a deflated balloon.

His background was noisy, but his voice was clear. "Where are you?"

"I'm in the office." I dared not tell him where I really was.

However, I immediately came to regret the lie I just told when his voice became cold and distant. "Since when is your office in such a dump?"

Stunned, I looked up to see my own car plate six feet away from me, and there it was, the unmistakable pair of icy obsidian black eyes which were staring at me.

Uh oh...

That explained the noisy background... Oh, I might as well.

At that thought, I walked over and climbed into the passenger seat. As I leaned back against the seat, I puffed out about a gallon of air and asked, "What are you doing here?"

"That should be my question for you," he retorted, sounding displeased.

Ignoring his rhetorical question, I closed my eyes and massaged my temples. “Nick from Harrison Credit said they are only responsible for Fuller Corporation’s audit. They want nothing to do with Quinn Corporation.”

“Let AC Credit handle it,” he replied succinctly and started the car.

I was still confused. “Both companies, or just Quinn Corporation?”

Driving past a traffic light, he looked at me and scoffed, “Do you plan to breach a contract you just signed?”

Ah, I did just sign a contract with Harrison Credit. So it’s only natural that Quinn Corporation’s audit is to be handled by AC Credit.

Right then, my shoulders and back were acting up again. I was trying to get comfortable on the seat when I realized we were not heading home. “Where are we going?”

“Dinner.”

He had always been cold and distant, so I continued to keep my mouth shut. But as he parked the car in a shopping mall’s underground car park, I could not help but ask, “We’re having dinner at a shopping mall?”

Is he taking me shopping before dinner?

That’s quite... romantic of him.

Still not answering any of my questions, we got out of the car and walked into the mall together. I never liked walking next to him. He was tall and handsome but detached, just the right combination that was bound to attract unwanted attention.

Naturally, most of the attention came from women; some were shy and inward, while others stared at him openly.

Marching behind him with my head down, I muttered, “Show off.”

Abruptly, he came to a halt, causing me to bump into his back. “Ouch! Why did you stop all of a sudden?”

“Don’t space out while walking.” He then pulled me into a branded store and ordered, “Pick something nice. We’re meeting a few people tonight.”

What people?

I froze momentarily as I knew that fashion was really not one of my strong suits.

Seeing that I failed to choose something he considered good enough, he instructed a shopping assistant to come to my rescue.

After some time, we finally agreed on a floral dress with a beige blazer. I was actually quite satisfied with the attire. In fact, it would be perfect if paired with nice heels.

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Unfortunately, Ashton rejected my request to wear heels. In his own words, pregnant women shouldn’t wear high heels.

There was just no winning with him. But 3cm heels are not tall at all!

It wasn’t until we got back into my car that I realized he took me to the shopping mall just to get an outfit.

“Ashton Fuller!” I pouted my lips and protested as he started the car.

“Yes?” This man was a serious driver. He took a quick glance at me before his eyes were back on the road.

“I’m mad at you.” I wasn’t sure why I was irritated, but my anger had to be vented. I thought he was finally being nice to me and going to take me shopping.

The man raised his eyebrows, seeming bemused by me. “What are you mad at?”

What am I mad at?

Err...

I have no idea either!

I just kept quiet and tried to suppress my frustration. My hand was suddenly enclosed by his. A warm feeling channeled from my hand to my heart. A dulcet, pleasant voice flowed out of Ashton's mouth as he spoke, "Being emotional is bad for the baby, so don't be angry."

Yeah, right!

Some sweet moments could really last forever. Years later, memories like this one would be the only thing that I could still hold on to.

Our car stopped in front of a lavish and elegantly designed villa. I was befuddled. "So when you said we'd be meeting a few people, you actually meant we're visiting someone?"

Ashton gestured for me to get out of the car and handed the car key to the valet parking driver. He then leaned into me and whispered in my ear, "Just meeting a few friends."

Why did he have to make everything so secretive!

I followed him into the villa and saw a well-dressed middle-aged woman welcoming us with a broad beam across her face. "It's been a while, Ashton."

Then, the woman turned to me and smiled politely. "And this must be Mrs. Fuller?"

Ashton nodded and extended his hand to shake hers. "Good to see you, Ms. Anderson. Sorry that we kept you waiting."

Ms. Anderson? After sizing this woman up, I finally recognized her. She was Nick Harrison's mother, Cameron Anderson!

I wonder what Ashton had in mind taking me here.

After we exchanged some pleasantries, Cameron led us upstairs to where the dining hall was. A few people were already seated at the table. They appeared to be a few middle-aged men and their wives.

Cameron got us all seated and arranged for her helper to bring out the food, after which she turned to all the guests. "Thank you for being here today. It's been a long while since we were able to invite everyone for a gathering like this. So, let's all have a good time, and please make yourselves at home."

"Haha, hold on, Cameron. You have yet to introduce this young couple to us." The voice came from a middle-aged, slightly plump man. Although he said that with a smile, his stately demeanor was apparent.

Cameron laughed. "What's the hurry, Mr. Clinton? This is the young and successful Mr. Fuller whom I was always telling you about. The lady next to him is his wife, Mrs. Fuller."

The hostess went on to introduce her guests to us one by one. After a round of introduction, it finally dawned on me that this was no ordinary dinner gathering. These were all prominent and powerful people in politics and business.

While we were dining, Cameron mentioned some interesting local news she had come across lately. I wasn't sure if she did that deliberately, as she was now talking about kyanine and how difficult it was for her to source some for medical use. According to her, it had not been seen on the market for decades.

Clinton joined in, "Speaking of which, I did come upon a case involving kyanine yesterday. But if you're only after medical use, just a few grams should do."

Cameron shook her head and quickly added, "That's the problem, Mr. Clinton. I was just sharing this with Mrs. Fuller the other day. Bless her, such a nice girl. She actually got a friend of hers to go looking for it. And guess what happened? Her friend's now being locked up at the police station!"

I was stunned for a few seconds and then realized she was referring to me when she said 'Mrs. Fuller.'

She said we met the other day? And since when were we this close?

I turned to Ashton to gain some clarity, but he was looking at Clinton casually.

Clinton was a clever person. After all, he did not climb all the way to his position by being insensitive. He knew in an instant that Cameron was dropping hints. His weathered eyes, however, were looking for my way when he said, "I didn't know you and Cameron are so

close. May I know what's your friend's name so that I can check on this? If it's indeed a misunderstanding, it'd be unfair to your friend."

I got up and held out my glass of orange juice toward Clinton and thanked him in my sweetest voice possible, "Thank you so much for your help, Mr. Clinton. Her name is Macy Markle, about my age. I'm pregnant, so I'll toast you with this orange juice instead. Really appreciate your help."

Clinton let out a hearty laugh and said, "I like your attitude. Cheers!"

Phew, it sounds like Macy would be okay after all.

As we continued to drink and dine, the guests were more loosened up.

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Clinton and Cameron had had quite a few to drink and were now reminiscing the past.

The man looked at Cameron and spoke empathetically, "All these years, you've been searching for your kid. Are you getting any closer to finding her?"

A hint of desolation crept over her refined features. "It has been more than twenty years, but there's not a single piece of useful information. I'm not even sure if she's still alive."

Clinton sighed and offered his consolation, "Don't give up. I'm sure things will start looking up soon."

I had eaten quite a bit of food, so when the next dish was served, I felt my stomach churned.

And so, I left my seat and headed to the toilet.

Ashton came over to check on me. "Are you all right?"

"I'm okay, just a little nauseated." I only started experiencing morning sickness, so this was considered mild.

When I was well enough to speak, I asked him, "Do you understand what Mr. Clinton and Ms. Anderson were talking about just now? I thought she only has a son?"

He then led me out of the toilet and seated me down at a chaise longue in the corridor. Placing his big hand on my lower belly, the man slowly explained, "Ms. Anderson had another marriage before she married Nick's father. She and her ex-husband had a daughter, but he abandoned the child, and Ms. Anderson has been looking for her since then."

Ashton's warm palm did not leave my lower belly as he spoke. I had never seen such a gentle expression on his face. With a smile, I looked at him and asked, "Ashton, do you really like babies?"

We had been married for two years now. Previously, I was nothing more than a walking wallpaper to him. But since he learned that I was carrying his child, his attitude had taken a positive change.

I had always believed that there were only two types of love between a man and a woman; it was either love at first sight or people falling in love with each other gradually over time. But with Ashton, it was neither. To him, the only catalyst seemed to be his unborn child.

He dodged my question and walked me back to the dining table.

It was a lengthy and drawn-out dinner. By the time we left Pear Garden, it was already past my bedtime.

I soon fell asleep in the car.

When we arrived at our villa, Ashton carried me to the bedroom without waking me.

The next morning, I was woken up by my ringing phone, and Ashton was nowhere in sight.

I looked at my phone and was surprised to see that it was Macy calling.

"Babe, I'm free! I'm free!" Macy's voice was full of excitement, sounding as though she was panting and running.

Still perplexed, I wanted to double-check with her. "You mean the officers have finished investigating the matter and finally decided that you were innocent?"

"Yes. The officer said the traces of kyanine they found in my cupboard was within the legally allowed amount of possession for medical use, so they let me go!"

Hearing Macy so elated made me heave a sigh of relief. "That's great! Try and get some rest now. We're going out to celebrate tonight!"

"Yes! Let's have barbeque, steak, seafood..." she rattled off all the food she could think of, and I agreed to all of them. "Alright. Go home now and take a nap. I'll call you when I get off work later."

"Okay!"

My mood was also elevated after hanging up the phone.

I remembered that when I was little, my teacher was always telling us kids that the world was a just place. Everything we did would fall under only one of two camps, either right or wrong. But over the years, I inevitably learned that there was no absolute right or wrong in this world.

Just as we shouldn't judge a book by its cover, we couldn't categorically declare a person as wholly good or evil.

After washing up, I went downstairs to see a feast already prepared by Mrs. Eriksen. She smiled at me and said, "Good morning. Come and try a few of these dishes. Let me know which ones you prefer."

My eyes searched one round for Ashton but to no avail. As I sat at the table, I was astonished by the amount of food laid out in front of me. "Mrs. Eriksen, this is too much food."

Still smiling, Mrs. Eriksen shook her head and said, "Not at all. Mr. Ashton said you ate too little. Pregnant women need more food intake."

"Speaking of whom, do you know where he is?" He was nowhere to be found since this morning.

"He has gone to the office. Someone kept calling him since early morning," Mrs. Eriksen muttered. I nodded in acknowledgment while planning my day ahead in my head.

Given my recent tough luck of always bumping into that good-for-nothing jerk Joe Quinn, I'd better make sure I was on time today.

I was ready to get out after taking just a few bites but was stopped by Mrs. Eriksen, who put some fruits in a container and insisted that I bring it with me.

Knowing she only meant well, I gave in and took it before getting into the car.

I was glad that I did not bump into Joe when I arrived at the office building. Stepping out of the elevator, someone grabbed hold of my arm and swung me around.

The world was still spinning before my eyes when a hand landed loudly on my cheek.

Slap!

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Pin drop silence filled the room instantly.

Right then, all I felt was the burning sensation in my face.

After a while, I narrowed my eyes and looked at the woman in front of me. Her face was distorted with rage, as if she had a lot of pent-up anger.

Rebecca tugged at me and yelled, "Scarlett, you lied to me!"

Did I lie to her?

Was it about the baby?

Seeing that she raised her hand again, I immediately grabbed it and scorned in an icy tone, "Ms. Larson, don't you have any self-respect? How can you be so impudent when you are a mistress? You're really shameless!"

The sound of rushing footfalls came from the corridor before she could respond.

Abruptly, Rebecca shook my hand off. The sudden loss of balance caused her to fall and hit her head hard on the desk.

By the time Ashton and Joe hurried in, they saw Rebecca lying on the ground in a disheveled state with blood on her forehead.

Meanwhile, I remained intact and stood condescendingly in front of Rebecca.

D\*mn it! What a waste of talent that she didn't become an actress!

"Rebecca, are you all right?" Joe immediately helped her up and scolded me, "Scarlett, you've gone too far!"

Did I?

I could not be bothered with him and turned toward Ashton, whose face was expressionless at that moment. "I didn't push her. Do you believe me?"

He then looked at the bloodstains on Rebecca's forehead and warned me with a cold-eyed stare, "Scarlett, know your boundaries!"

Those few words stamped out my trust in him. As I stared at him in disbelief, I let out a chuckle. "I'm so naive!"

He had fooled me into believing he was the right one with his change in attitude for the past few days.

How ridiculous!

Suppressing my sorrow, I walked toward Rebecca and sneered in disdain. "Ms. Larson, you need to improve your acting skills! Have you seen anyone, not to mention a pregnant woman, capable of pushing someone so far away?"

Right after finishing my sentence, I planted a slap on her cheek without giving her the chance to respond. The slap was so hard that my hand hurt as well.

As Rebecca covered her face in shock, I gave her a faint smile. "This is payback! Do practice the code of ethics for mistresses. Don't make a joke out of yourself!"

With the turn of events, the atmosphere in the office had become unbearably awkward, and I desperately wanted to flee the scene.

After shooting them one last glare, I stomped out of the office. Ashton grabbed my wrist when I passed him. Immediately, I retracted my hand from his grasp and said sarcastically, "Mr. Fuller, you'd better cheer your sweetheart up!"

Upon leaving the office, I headed straight to Glenwood Apartments but soon recalled that Macy was resting at that hour, so I made a detour to the supermarket to buy some groceries.

As she was away from home for the past few days, some of the groceries had expired and needed to be replaced. Besides, I had some spare time on my hands.

Unexpectedly, I bumped into Nick, who was being pestered by a young beauty on the street. It seemed like he had offended that girl and got himself into trouble.

Initially, I had no intention to interfere since I was in a grim mood.

However, Nick noticed my presence and came over, tugging at me helplessly. "Help me!"

Without waiting for my response, he quickly told that beauty, "Sarah, this is the lady whom I talked about. I have admired her for almost ten years. I'm really not interested in you. Could you please stop pestering me?"

Sarah looked pitiful after being rejected. "Nick, just because you fancy her doesn't mean she feels the same way about you. Besides, she should have been married at this age. What do you like about her?"

What? Do I look that old?

I did not want to be involved in their fight, but Nick was holding onto my hand tightly. With a stern expression, he explained to Sarah, "During our junior year, you once asked me about the picture of a girl in my wallet. Look at her carefully. She's the one. It's true that I've admired her since ten years ago."

The girl scrutinized me with her big brown eyes for some time before bursting into tears.

I was starting to get a headache seeing them bickering over such a trivial matter. "Nick, what are you doing?"

He gave me a helpless look. "I just want her to give up. It's really annoying that she won't stop pestering me all these years."

Give up? This is a waste of time.

I rolled my eyes at him, then turned around and walked away. Sarah's crying could still be heard behind me. However, Nick ignored her and ran up to me. "Scarlett, I really like you. Besides, I'm rich and powerful. Ashton doesn't have feelings for you, so why don't you leave him and consider me?"

I was in no mood for his gibberish, so I stopped abruptly and glared at him coldly.

Stunned, he paused in his tracks but soon regained his composure and asked again, beaming, "Could you please consider me?"

I warned him, "I'm not interested in you. Stay away from me!"

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Nick was unlucky for bumping into me that day as I was still feeling indignant about the misunderstanding that happened earlier.

I suppressed my anger and headed straight toward the apartment.

Unbeknownst to me, Nick was trailing behind me the entire time. All of a sudden, he grabbed my hand and asked with rage written all over his face, "Are you still treating me like a kid?"

D\*mn it! I can't get rid of him!

"Yes! You're really annoying. I... Ahh!" Right then, he wrapped his arms around my thighs and threw me over his shoulder before I could finish my words.

“Oh really? This kid will show you what he’s capable of!” he growled as he became increasingly flustered. After that, he raised his hand and slapped my buttocks twice.

I was rendered speechless.

Due to my pregnancy and the pressure exerted on my belly by his broad shoulder, I started feeling dizzy.

As he hurried away, I could not bear it anymore and shouted at him, “Nick, put me down! This is dangerous because I’m pregnant.”

Hearing that, he came to an abrupt halt and let me down. He then stared at me with intense curiosity. “Since when?”

Still feeling dizzy, I looked at him helplessly. “I’m two months pregnant, so keep your antics to yourself and stay away from me!”

D\*mn it!

“Is Ashton the baby’s father?”

I tried to hold my anger in and looked at him solemnly. “Of course! I’m his wife. Who else could it be? Please leave me alone!”

However, the man lost his temper and blocked me in. He then asked while gazing at me intently, “Does he know?”

Exasperated by his question, I replied, “Duh, he’s the father of the baby.”

He became deflated upon hearing that, but I was really upset and exhausted, so I ended the conversation and entered the apartment.

As expected, Macy was sleeping soundly in the bedroom. I supposed she did not get to sleep well in the lock-up.

It had been quite a while since my last visit here, and her place was in a mess. After cleaning it up, I prepared some fruits and swiped my phone in the living room while waiting for Macy to wake up.

Unexpectedly, I fell asleep as well. When I woke up, I realized that Macy had left a note on the coffee table, saying that she went out to buy some stuff.

It was almost midnight at that time. Thus, I decided to go home since my apartment was just next to hers.

When I got home, it was already eleven at night. At that moment, my phone vibrated a couple of times. Its screen displayed a string of unfamiliar numbers, and I did not want to answer the call.

However, that person kept calling and left me no choice but to answer, "Hello!"

"Scarlett!" It sounded like Joe.

Why is he calling me at this hour?

"Anything?"

"Ashton didn't go home, right?" He seemed to be gloating as he continued, "You thought that you would be treated differently after you got pregnant, didn't you? Honestly, I really pity you. Your husband is sleeping with another woman now while you are left alone at home. Are you upset?"

I pinched my glabella and replied impatiently, "Mr. Quinn, are you mad because Ashton and Rebecca are having sex and they left you behind? That's why you're calling me at this hour to treat me as your punching bag, isn't it?"

After a pause, I continued, "Don't call me to vent your anger! If you really like Rebecca, you can discuss with Ashton. There might be a possibility that the three of you could..."

"Scarlett, screw you—" I ended the call before he could finish his sentence.

It was an awful day with both work and relationship problems coming my way.

My apartment measured approximately one hundred square meters. It was not spacious but big enough for me to live comfortably.

Feeling irritable after having a bad day, I intended to sleep my worries away. But after taking that short nap earlier on, I couldn't fall asleep anymore, so I turned on my computer to study some data.

Upon logging into my email account, I was stunned by that conspicuous email in my inbox. I had almost forgotten about it. Harrison Credit was supposed to handle all of Fuller Corporation's audits. However, I had not expected Harrison Credit to set me up. It gave me no choice but to ask John for a copy of AC Credit's internal report over the years. That report was intended to counter the trouble caused by AC Credit.

However, that report became futile as Quinn Corporation's audit would be handled by AC Credit instead of Harrison Credit.

Hence, I decided to ignore the email. In fact, I wouldn't even have sought help from John if there was an alternative plan.

I felt that I should let bygones be bygones.

Suddenly, the doorbell rang. Assuming that Macy had returned from grocery shopping, I tried getting to my feet but ended up feeling dizzy, possibly due to long hours of sitting.

Right after opening the door, I bent down to get her a pair of indoor slippers. "You went out for quite some time. What did you buy?" I was still feeling light-headed.