

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 76

“It’s my mom’s birthday tomorrow night. Wanna come along?” he asked. It seemed like our scandal meant nothing to him at all.

I massaged my temples, which were throbbing dully. “I’m not free. You should refute the rumor soon.”

Ashton was the only person I could ask for help to keep John away from us.

But right then, the rumor about Nick and me was a problem.

He fell silent for a moment before answering, “I’ll take care of that.”

“Alright,” I said tiredly. “Stop causing any more trouble!”

I didn’t know when John would come to J City. If Ashton got upset at me over the scandal and the nightmare from five years ago happened again, I’m afraid I couldn’t survive any longer.

Staying alive was the most important thing for me then.

After hanging up, I placed my phone aside before deciding to go to Ashton’s office.

This time, his office was quiet. Joseph wasn’t even there.

As the clacking sounds of the keyboard sounded from his office, I came to a stop outside and knocked on the door.

“Come in!” the man’s irresistible voice rang out.

I hesitated for a while before pushing the door open. When I came closer to him, my heart started thumping furiously.

He was still typing furiously on his keyboard.

I stood in front of his desk silently, watching him deal with work. Indeed, he looked hot when he was focusing on work.

“Put it down. I’ll sign it later.” As he was too focused, he didn’t realize it was me and ordered without looking up.

I remained standing without a word.

After a long while, he frowned and stopped typing. When he looked up and saw me, his expression darkened.

“What is it?” he asked icily.

“Ashton, we need to talk.” I had to explain to him about my so-called scandal with Nick.

He leaned back in his chair and arched a brow sarcastically. “Ms. Stovall, you need to talk about work?” he inquired in a tone dripping with disdain.

He sounded completely distant.

I pursed my lips and wrung my hands together tightly. “Ashton, I can explain the rumor about Nick and me.”

“You slept with him?” He raised a brow and inquired coolly.

I didn’t quite understand it at first, but it quickly dawned on me what he was insinuating. “No!” I declared, my face was ashen.

“Ha!” he sneered loudly. “Scarlett, do you think I’ll trust you?” he taunted.

“Ashton, at least give me a chance to explain, alright?” As both Nick and I didn’t explain the rumors, the matter had worsened by now.

Seemingly impatient, he pinched his forehead and looked at me. “Ms. Stovall, you’re getting paid handsomely to work in Fuller Corporation. Please do not waste your time discussing your private affairs with your employer.”

“Ash—”

“Ms. Stovall,” he interrupted. “You should know that this isn’t the appropriate time to talk about this.”

I parted my lips to retort, but Joseph was walking toward us. He shot me a polite smile. "Ms. Stovall, Mr. Fuller is busy."

He was asking me to leave.

I gazed at Ashton, who obviously didn't want to continue this conversation.

Ignoring Joseph's words, I asked, "Mr. Fuller, when are you free, then? We really need to talk."

He said nothing, but his expression grew thunderous.

Joseph immediately spoke, "Ms. Stovall, if there's nothing else, please leave at once!"

I knew he wouldn't listen to me today, so I left his office. On my way out, I bumped into Jared.

He was holding some stuff in his hands. When he saw me coming out of Ashton's office, he questioned, "Did you have a fight?"

I nodded in response.

Ashton had always been bad-tempered over the years. We might be a married couple, but I didn't even know why he was mad this time.

"Here, your medicine. Remember to take them regularly back home." Jared handed me a package. He glanced at Ashton's office before telling me, "I've heard about the scandal. You should explain to him."

He returned to his office while I went back to mine.

When it was finally time to get off work, I grabbed my bag and headed to the parking lot to wait for Ashton.

I spotted his black Jeep and stood beside it. It was my problem, so I had to explain everything to him clearly.

However, Ashton still hadn't shown himself after an hour. The parking lot was practically empty by now. I thought he was working overtime.

To my utter surprise, Joseph showed up.

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 77

Joseph was taken aback when he saw me. "Ms. Stovall, what are you doing here?" he questioned politely.

"Where is Ashton?" I demanded.

"He left with Mr. Quinn," Joseph replied as he took out the keys from his briefcase.

I parted my lips in disbelief.

In the end, I shot him a smile. "Goodbye, then."

Seriously, Ashton?

I drove back to the villa in a hurry. When I arrived, I pressed on the doorbell a few times before Mrs. Eriksen opened the door. Wiping her hands, she grinned. "You're back!" She motioned for me to look inside.

I stepped inside and saw the man sitting on the sofa, reading the newspaper.

After changing into house slippers, Mrs. Eriksen went back into the kitchen. I sat down beside Ashton and waited patiently for him to finish reading the papers.

Ashton finally finished after some time. I gave him the fruit juice Mrs. Eriksen prepared. "Ashton, can we talk now?" I inquired.

He glanced at the fruit juice but didn't take it. "Ms. Stovall, what position are you assuming to talk to me?"

As he was so calm, I didn't know what was going on in his mind.

I spoke after a brief pause, "Ashton, before we are officially divorced, I'm still Mrs. Fuller."

"Ha!" he sneered. "So you are aware that you're still Mrs. Fuller."

I knew he was upset over the scandal, so I cajoled him in a gentle voice, "Nothing ever happened between Nick and me. The paparazzi made those stories up. Ashton, you know me well. I won't do that."

"So?" He rose to his feet. "Scarlett, do you seriously think you can do whatever you please as you're pregnant!"

His mockery was unbearable. Despite knowing Nick and I were innocent, he still acted this way just because he was livid at me.

Feeling a little aggrieved, I raised my voice at his figure. "I do whatever I please? What about you and Rebecca? Did you forget what you did to hurt me?"

As he stopped in his tracks, I continued, "If Rebecca hadn't suffered from a miscarriage, I wouldn't even be here. She'd be your wife by now."

He glowered at me angrily. After a few exchanges, I wasn't as afraid of him anymore. Before he could reply, tears rolled down my cheeks.

"Why are you glaring at me? Isn't that the truth? I'm your wife. Do I deserve to be treated this way just because I love you? Spending my days waiting for you in this empty house?"

As I was sobbing profusely, he frowned and came to me. "You feel aggrieved?"

He reached out to wipe my tears away, but I stepped back out of his reach. "Why can't I feel that way? Ashton, someone cooked up that scandal. You knew it well, but you changed the lock and even blocked my number."

I was studying his expression carefully. When his face softened, I added, "Are you chasing me out of the Fuller family? Accusing me of cheating on you? You don't mind me marrying another man, do you? You are fine with your child calling another man his father?"

His expression soured. "Don't you dare."

I bit my lip and insisted. "You're leaving me with no other choice! Fine, as long as you don't regret your decision."

With that, I spun on my heels and headed out. I had done everything that I could. If he refused to relent, I couldn't force him, could I?

Suddenly, he grabbed my wrist and implored in a low voice, "Shouldn't you have dinner before you leave?"

The anger in his voice had faded away. Mrs. Eriksen beamed and announced, "Dinner is ready. Come, eat up!"

Ashton brought me to the dining table and laid down my utensils. He then started eating politely.

The Fullers never talked when they ate.

Mrs. Eriksen served me my soup. "You are in your first trimester, right? Have you gone for your check-up yet? Don't get worked up too often. I'm only nagging you for your own good. Trust me—I've been there."

I nodded and sipped on my soup, listening to her attentively.

Glancing at Ashton, I noticed he was enjoying his meal quietly and calmly.

After dinner, Mrs. Eriksen asked in concern, "Letty, are you getting cramps in your legs recently?"

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 78

Stunned, I was about to shake my head when Mrs. Erikson winked at me. She continued, "Having cramps suck. You can't exert yourself during the first three months. Otherwise, you might risk having a miscarriage."

Ashton was about to head upstairs to work, but Mrs. Eriksen called out, "Mr. Ashton, it's painful to have cramps. You should give her a massage later. I bought some essential oil earlier. It's in your bedroom."

I must admit Mrs. Eriksen was doing a good job as a wingman.

Ashton put his files down and gazed at me. "Does it hurt?"

I belatedly realized he was asking if the cramps hurt.

Mrs. Eriksen was nodding profusely at me, so I nodded and forced out a smile. "Yes!"

Frowning, Ashton uttered, "Come on!"

As he went straight to the bedroom, I stared at Mrs. Eriksen. "Mrs. Eriksen, I don't have cramps."

I had other symptoms, but having cramps wasn't one of them.

Mrs. Eriksen shot me an exasperated look. "It doesn't matter. You'll have that when you're five or six months along. Hurry, go back to your bedroom now."

My legs felt like lead as I made my way back to the bedroom. Ashton was taking a shower in the bathroom.

Looking around, I noticed a bottle of essential oil on the bedside table. I couldn't believe it. Mrs. Eriksen was indeed full of tricks!

I was gone for a few days but luckily, Ashton wasn't cruel enough to throw my clothes away.

He stepped out of the bathroom soon, his hair dripping wet. The water trailed down his naked chest, reaching his waist wrapped in a towel.

"Take a shower!" he ordered, interrupting my thoughts.

I swiveled my head around and met his gaze wordlessly. Feeling guilty, I looked away and scurried into the bathroom.

The shower was loud, but I could still hear the noise from the bedroom. I thought the ringtone I heard was from Ashton's phone, but he was holding my phone to his ear when I came out of the bathroom.

I went to him. "Who is on the phone?"

He said nothing and gave my phone to me coolly.

Glancing at the screen, I saw Nick's name and frowned.

"Hello, Mr. Harrison," I greeted him politely, walking away from Ashton.

From the corner of my eye, I noticed he was gloomily focusing on his phone.

"I've dealt with the scandal. If needed, I'll hold a press conference," Nick told me in all seriousness.

It was rare to hear him speak so formally. "Okay, thank you!" I replied.

"You're welcome," he said, seemingly distracted. "If I like you, I'll make you Mrs. Harrison in a respectable manner."

What the hell? "Good night!" I responded because Ashton was already glaring at me impatiently.

After hanging up, I placed my phone aside. "It's about the scandal. He..."

Trailing off, it occurred to me that there was no need to explain. I sat on the edge of the bed to dry my hair with the towel.

Suddenly, someone took the towel away from me. I whirled around and saw Ashton standing behind me. Before I could react, he had already started drying my hair.

Silence lingered in the air.

Soon, my hair was almost dry. He flung the towel aside and commanded, "Lie down!"

Huh?

The essential oil was now in Ashton's hand. He was kneeling on the bed, waiting for me. So he was going to give me a massage!

My cheeks heated up. "You don't have to do this. I can..."

I stopped talking as his threatening glare landed on me.

Silently, Ashton poured the essential oil onto his palms and massaged my calves. It was an awkward situation for me. I wanted to say something, but nothing seemed appropriate for this situation.

"Are you still mad at me?" I asked hesitantly.

His hands stopped moving. Meeting my gaze, he uttered, "Does it hurt?"

I was taken aback by his sudden question. Thinking he was referring to my cramps, I shook my head. After all, Mrs. Eriksen made it up to ease our relationship. "Not really," I told him.

Suddenly, he rose to his feet. I grabbed his arm instinctively and implored, "Ashton, if you're mad, you can yell at me. Please don't ignore me!"

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 79

It felt so horrible when he ignored me.

He let out a snort and retorted, "Mad? Do you think you can cool me down?"

I fell silent at his words.

Mustering my courage, I sat up and leaned into his embrace clumsily.

Perhaps I was too heavy for him as he pushed me away. "Is this how you brush me off?"

I replied timidly, "If I am smart, I wouldn't have allowed Rebecca to remain by your side."

"Scarlett!" he roared.

"Yes!" I yelled. Why did he have to speak so loud? It wasn't as if I was deaf.

"Ha!" he scoffed. "I've never seen an apology this indignant."

After our intimacy, he pulled me into his arms and rasped out sexily, "Come here."

I said nothing. I didn't tell anyone about that incident and never saw my kidnapper again.

It felt like a dream to me.

He carried me out of the bathroom. I lay in his arms lazily after the vigorous session.

Before I fell asleep, I said, "Ashton, don't be mad at me. Nick and I are innocent. I'm pregnant, and he's younger than me. There's no way we'd end up together."

He rolled over and pulled me into his arms. "What about other men?" he inquired.

He was obviously picking on me. I pursed my lips and glared at him. "You don't trust me!"

A smirk played on his lips. I could sense his satisfaction as he planted a light kiss on my forehead. "Sleep tight!"

I was already sleepy by now, so I soon fell asleep.

The next day, I woke up feeling refreshed.

After the tiring business trip, I finally got to sleep in.

I lay in bed for a while before getting up. Immediately, I spotted a few missed calls from Stacey on my phone.

My phone was on the silent mode the whole time. I immediately returned Stacey's call and when the call got through, I heard her anxious voice. "Ms. Stovall, we're in trouble. Last night, Mr. Harrison posted a statement and invited the media to attend a press conference, claiming he'll announce your relationship. Right now, the reporters and the public are gathered at the entrance of Fuller Corporation, awaiting your arrival."

What the heck? Had he gone nuts?

I got to my feet and pulled the curtains open to reveal the beautiful scenery outside. The bright rays flooded the room immediately.

Holding back my displeasure, I answered, "Don't worry. I won't be going to work today. Nick is an adult. I believe he knows what he should do!"

She replied in affirmation before asking cautiously, "Are you doing okay with Mr. Fuller?"

"Yes, we are doing well."

After hanging up, I headed downstairs. Mrs. Eriksen was in the kitchen. Ashton was nowhere to be seen. I went to her and asked, "Has Ashton left?"

Mrs. Eriksen was so engrossed in her task that she jolted in fright at my voice. Turning around, she smiled when she saw me. "Mr. Ashton left early in the morning. He told me he has something urgent to do. Oh, I prepared some nutritious food for you and your baby!"

I nodded and patted my bulging belly. I think I've gained weight for the past few days.

When Macy's call arrived, I was still eating. "What's wrong?" I picked up and asked. "Did something happen?"

"I read the headline. It spells trouble. What if John sees it?" Macy was terrified of John and so was I.

My heart clenched anxiously at the mention of his name.

"I'll deal with it. Don't worry. Rest at home and don't go anywhere for a few days."

I didn't know whether John would travel to J City. But before he did, I had to seek Ashton's protection.

I ate a simple breakfast and left. Outside, I ran into Cameron. To be exact, she came here for me.

Not many people knew about this villa. Only those who were close to us knew we were living here.

Cameron was dressed in an elegant icy blue frock with a designer bag slung across her shoulder.

I hesitated for a few seconds before going out to welcome her warmly. "Ms. Anderson, I'm sorry. I didn't know you'd be here."

She smiled faintly and replied, "I didn't inform you about my arrival. Ms. Stovall, please don't blame yourself."

The villa was separated into the rear house and main house. Ashton and I spent most of our time at the rear house, while the main house was where we'd serve our guests. The tea room and garden were in the main house, too.

I brought Cameron to the tea room. After asking Mrs. Eriksen to prepare some fruits and light snacks. I started boiling some water on the stove. "Ms. Anderson, are you here to talk to Ashton?"

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 80

She shook her head as her gaze fell upon my hands. In a soft voice, she complimented, "I'm here to see you, Ms. Stovall. By the way, Ms. Stovall, I must say, you have a pair of really lovely hands."

After a polite greeting, I chuckled lightly and said, "You must be joking, Ms. Anderson. Your hands are even fairer and softer than mine." Such was the conversation between two women – pretentious, polite, and full of insinuations.

Seeing that she was here personally, I was sure that she did not come for just a mere chat. I went to retrieve some Black Ivory coffee beans that were bought by Ashton and smiled, "I usually don't drink coffee much. Ashton, however, loves them. Let me serve you some of Ashton's prized coffee beans today. I hope that you'll find them suitable to your taste."

She laughed politely. Spotting the coffee beans in my hand, she smiled, "This is one of the world's most expensive coffee. Even those with money can't possibly buy this easily in the market! To be able to taste such rare coffee is indeed an honor for me. I have to thank you for that, Ms. Stovall!"

I chuckled along with her. Meanwhile, I was still wondering what was the reason for Cameron's visit. Taking a few sips of coffee, I could not hold my curiosity in any longer and uttered, "After chatting for such a long time, I still can't figure out why you're here for me today. Is there anything I can help you with, Ms. Anderson?"

She took a sip of coffee, looked straight at me with her beautiful eyes, and said in a soft tone, "It's nothing much. It's just that the last time I saw you at Pear Garden, I couldn't help but think that you look familiar to me. After that party, I can't stop thinking about it. Hence, I came here to meet you."

Hearing her words, I was stunned. I had thought that the reason she came looking for me was to discuss about Nick. Never have I expected that she was here because she found me familiar.

As I refilled her coffee, I smiled, "Mr. Harrison has said the very same thing in the past about how familiar I look. For me, I think it's quite normal. After all, there are many in this world who resemble one another. Even Ms. Larson, who we are both acquainted with, shares some similarities with me in looks."

Previously I had seen her together with Rebecca at a cafe, therefore I did not hide that fact.

Taken aback for a moment, she regained her composure and smiled as she agreed, "Ah, I guess that makes sense. So, Ms. Stovall, are your parents still around?"

I shook my head as suspicion crept into my heart, "No. My parents left me when I was still very young. I was raised by my Grandma, as such, I don't have much impression of them."

"Is your grandmother still around then?" Her follow-up question was getting a little too personal for my liking. Sensing that she might have overstepped her bounds, she quickly changed her tone. Looking at me earnestly, she confessed, "Ms. Stovall, please don't cast any doubts on my intention. I have this bad habit of being too curious and more often than not, I tend to ask too much. Pardon me."

Having said that, she took out an exquisite-looking envelope from her bag and handed it to me. "I'm having a small party over at Pear Garden tonight. If it's alright with you, you're more than welcome to attend with Mr. Fuller."

I stretched out my hand and received the exquisite envelope. After breaking open the wax seal, I saw a birthday invitation inside. The piece of paper reminded me that Nick had actually mentioned to me before that his mother was having her birthday tonight.

Putting the invitation card back carefully, I looked at Cameron and replied, "Thank you, Ms. Anderson. It is an honor to be invited by you."

She laughed politely before lowering her head to take a sip of her coffee. After a momentary pause, she looked intently at me and said, "Ms. Stovall, I heard you've been married to Mr. Fuller for two years. I could tell that the two of you have a lovely relationship after seeing you and Mr. Fuller together at Pear Garden last time."

I simply smiled in response. After all, Cameron was just an acquaintance to me, hence I did not feel like talking about my personal life. After sipping her coffee silently for a while longer, Cameron excused herself and left.

Mrs. Eriksen saw her leave and looked at me questioningly, "Letty, isn't she the richest woman in the world?"

I was caught in a surprise. Looking at Mrs. Eriksen, I asked, "You know her?"

Nodding her head, she recounted, "When Mr. Fuller was still around, she paid a visit to the Fullers before. I've seen her around." After a brief pause, Mrs. Eriksen muttered softly, "She has been looking for her child for so many years, but I'm afraid her search would be for naught."

With my curiosity piqued, I could not help but asked, "Mrs. Eriksen, you know that she is looking for her child?"

"The reason she paid a visit to the Fullers last time was because she wanted to ask Mr. Fuller about the matter from twenty years ago. It just so happened that I was there serving tea when I overheard their conversation. Mr. Fuller had been keeping an eye out over the years but to no avail. After all, the child has been lost for more than twenty years! With no particular eye-catching details or distinctive features, it'll be like searching for a needle in a haystack."

After cleaning and storing the coffee mugs away, my phone suddenly rang. Taking a glance at the caller ID, I could feel my body tensing up. Without informing Mrs. Eriksen, I quickly got up and rushed to my bedroom.

Back in my own room, I accepted the incoming call. As I held the phone, gearing myself up for the arduous conversation ahead, my body started trembling uncontrollably. "What do you want?" I managed to utter sternly.

There was a peal of leisurely, low-toned laughter on the other end of the phone. "My, my, Letty. What are you so nervous about? As your elder brother, can't I ring up my own sister anytime?"

I had always hated John's dark laughter. Biting my lips to control my anger, I told him off sharply, "John, both of us are no longer children like five years ago. We all have our own lives now. So please, I'm begging you, just let us off. Leave us alone!"

I did not want to go through the hellish experience that he put me through ever again.

"Letty, come on. We're siblings. How could I bear to let you leave just like that? Without you around, such a lonely life is not worth living. I need you!" Such words would have been heartwarming if they were coming from a normal person, but since it was from him, it sounded vile.

I could feel myself on the verge of collapsing as the feeling of despair gnawed on my heart. Still holding onto the phone, I inquired hoarsely, "John what the hell do you want?"