

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 86

“Your parents...”

“Dad, mom!” Just then, Rebecca interrupted what Zachary was about to say. With a flute of champagne in her hand, she sauntered gracefully over on her high heels. Looking at Cameron and Zachary intently, she said, “Mr. Smith has something to discuss with the two of you. He’s waiting on the second floor.”

Taken aback by the suddenness, both Cameron and Zachary looked at one another before glancing at me, “Ms. Stovall, please excuse us, for something has come up. If there’s anything you need, feel free to tell them to Rebecca.”

With that, they went up the second floor, leaving me behind with Rebecca.

“Ms. Stovall, shall we have a chat?” Rebecca initiated with a look of arrogance.

There were a lot of guests coming and going in the villa. Some I knew while the rest I did not. It was true that I was having a bad mood, and it was also true that I feel like ignoring her.

Releasing a long sigh, I replied, “I would appreciate it if Ms. Larson would keep her distance from me. We have nothing to talk about.”

She scoffed and spat sarcastically, “You do realize this is my mother’s place, right? Where would you want me to go?”

I chuckled, “Ah yes, I forgot. You’re no longer Rebecca Larson, but Rebecca Moore.”

After a short pause, I continued, “Since this is your place, then I shall be the one to keep my distance from you then. Sounds better, right?”

As I turned to leave, she blocked my way and said, “Scarlett, what will it take for you to leave Ashton? He is an outstanding man, destined for greatness. Only those who are standing on the pinnacle of success are qualified to stand alongside him. Scarlett, I’m sure you know very well that you’re not worthy!”

“So you are worthy then?” I could not help but rebutted. Witnessing her sudden boost of self-confidence made me snicker sardonically, “For the last two years, I have been worthy of him. So why would I be unworthy now? Is it because you’re no longer the helpless orphan, but instead the daughter of the richest woman that you’re now denying my worth in such a high-and-mighty manner?”

“Scarlett, he doesn’t even love you. Why would you cling on to him? Is it worthwhile?”

I raised my brow before uttering, “Yes!” I then let loose a small chuckle. “No matter how far he goes, no matter who he actually loves, as long as I am his wife, he will come back to me eventually. He will come back to his family, and to his child who will address him as father.”

“Scarlett!” her face soured terribly as she shot back, “Is this really the kind of marriage that you want? I will grant you whatever you wish for as long as you leave Ashton. How’s that sound?”

I could tell that she was really desperate. Normally, I would think that this meant she loved Ashton very much. Yet now, I felt nothing but pity for her. The feeling she had for Ashton was not of love, but rather of regret for losing him to someone else.

A heart filled with regret would transform into an obsession over a period of time. By then, it would no longer have anything to do with love.

I could not stop myself from chuckling as I narrowed my eyes at her. “Rebecca, I’m really curious. Are you really in love with Ashton, or are you just bitter about losing him? Your so-called ‘mutual feeling’ is nothing more than a one-sided, unrequited love.”

In the end, Rebecca was a proud person who cared very much about her image. Trying to keep her anger under control, she whispered vehemently, “Who are you to question our relationship? You are obviously the third wheel in this relationship.”

I could not help but taunt her further, “Have you ever seen a third wheel who’s also the legally recognized wife such as I?” Pausing to regain my breath, I continued, “By the way, do you know why Ashton’s been avoiding your touch now?”

I purposefully leaned closer and whispered in her ear, “It’s because I told him that I hate it when he touches anybody else. I even gave him an ultimatum, if he dares to touch others, he’s better off staying away from me.”

“Bulls**t!”

I sneered, "Bulls**t? Why do you think he would rather have me satisfy his needs by giving him h*ndjobs rather than hooking up with you lately?"

Seeing her in utter disbelief made me felt better. In fact, it was quite fun for me to toy with a pretentious pr*ck like her.

"If that's the case, why don't we try it out then? Let's see if he cares for me or not?"

With that, Rebecca smiled as she approached me. It was the sort of sick, scheming kind of smile. Before I could react, she grabbed me tightly. Shocked by her sudden action, I tried shaking off her grip. However, before I could loosen her grip, she threw herself into the tower of wine glasses behind us.

In that instant, the exquisite and elegantly arranged wine glass tower came crashing down. Glasses fell and shattered all over the place. The sound was maddening. Plenty of nearby guests suffered from the incident as well.

Some of them screamed while some stepped back trying to avoid the disaster. There were also some others who were still blissfully unaware of what happened.

"Rebecca!" Cameron's screamed with worry, as chaos erupted in the scene.

A figure brushed past me and swiftly picked Rebecca up from the midst of shattered wine glasses.

The glass bits on her body were cleaned before she was placed on the sofa. Several family doctors rushed in and began to examine her.

Someone had contacted the ambulance, while some were busy comforting Cameron.

Just then, Rebecca opened her eyes slightly and searched around for Ashton. When she saw him standing in front of her, she called out to him in a pitiful voice, "Ashton!"

"I'm here," he replied, his furrowed brows loosened as his worry and tension dissipated.

"It hurts!" she whimpered, her soft and delicate hand holding on to the corner of Ashton's suit.

Someone had driven the car over. Picking Rebecca up, Ashton consoled, "Since it hurts, Stop talking and just take a rest."

She leaned on him, quiet and content.

As Ashton held her, his pair of dark eyes glared at me ominously for a brief moment. Carrying Rebecca in his arms, he left.

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With the star of the night gone, what followed next was the repercussion.

All eyes seemed to be on me as they started discussing the incident.

“This Mrs. Fuller has always been at odds with Ms. Larson. Since the latter has officially joined the family, Mrs. Fuller probably pushed her due to jealousy.”

“I don’t think so. I have dealt with Mrs. Fuller before on several projects. She is a woman of swift actions and resolute decisions. She knows what she is doing and does them well. She’s not the type to hurt someone on such an occasion.”

“In the end, it’s still a relationship issue between a man and a woman. Didn’t you see Mr. Fuller’s expression just now? He was clearly worried for Ms. Larson. If you were the wife, how would you feel if your husband worries about another woman?”

“True, I guess. Since Ms. Larson has rejoined her family, as a person with power, she might just force Mrs. Fuller to divorce Mr. Fuller in the future.”

“Seems like Mrs. Fuller’s going to have hard life ahead of her.”

I simply stood there and listened to their discussions quietly.

Just then, Joe appeared out of nowhere to cash in on my misery. He had been observing the whole fiasco and was now giddy with excitement. He leaned in and jeered mockingly, “Hey, Scarlett, are you blatantly showing off your jealousy now? But I guess it can’t be helped. After all, Rebecca is far above you in terms of beauty, status, and lineage. She is now definitely worthy of Ashton, as for you...”

He purposely left his sentence unfinished. However, his contempt and disdain toward me were not lost on me, he was clearly implying the whole time that I was not suited to be Ashton's wife.

Raising my eyes to meet his, I shrugged and smiled, "Yes, it may be outrightly obvious, but compared to your sneaky scheming, I am proud that I had nothing to hide!"

"You..."

Once again, he was beaten at his own game. Overcame by frustration and at a loss of words, Joe could only snort before he walked away.

The guests started to disperse for the night. Having seen the exciting spectacle and dealt with the gossips and talks, I left the hall with my head held high.

John was leisurely sitting on a swing in the courtyard. Upon spotting me approaching from the distance, he smiled at me.

Seeing his face, I blurted out, "I've never thought that you actually like real-life dramas." With that, I walked away.

Everyone was bound to change in their lifetime. Five years ago, John was the type of person who liked to torture his victims directly. Now, it seems that he preferred to indirectly involve his victims in compromising situations.

But when I thought about it, he had always loved to drag out his torture session, so that he could squeeze out every single last wail and scream from his victims.

Stepping outside the villa, I realized that the southern suburbs were far away from the city. As it was a wealthy residential area, there were no taxis available.

In addition, unless given permission, no one could enter here by car. As such, for me to be able to hail a taxi, I would have to walk all the way out of this golf course area.

And that was going to be a long journey by foot.

I took off my high heels and hiked along the asphalt road by the golf course. After a while, a car appeared behind and deliberately followed me at a slow speed.

Without having to guess, I already knew who it was. Instead of stopping, I increased my pace.

After walking for a while and seeing that the car was still trailing after me, I decided to stop and sat down on the lawn of the golf course.

A minute later, someone sat down right beside me.

The man let out a long sigh before he spoke with a hint of sorrow in his voice, "Letty, don't you believe that a bad person may turn over a new leaf?"

I answered his question with another instead, "What is your motive for returning this time around?"

In my memory, John had always been a gentle soul. However, since then he had caused the death of Macy's parents, forced Grandma to her early grave, and tried to drown both Macy and me. Five years were too short of a time to forget John's wrongdoings from my memory.

As he laid down, he rested his head on his hands and stared into the deep, dark sky. "I got lonely, so I thought that I would come back and live a good life with you."

If these words were uttered by a long-lost family member during a reunion, I would definitely be moved. However, there was no warmth between us, only frosty estrangement.

"Do I have to die to be free from you?" I mused as I gazed at the street lights. My heart was feeling gloomy.

Chuckling grimly, he replied, "I won't let you die. You still got a long future ahead. Without you, I can't go on."

I decided to stop talking.

After all, life needed to go on. There was no room for fear.

"Leave Ashton. We'll live a good life together. We can still be as happy as when we were young. He is not worthy of you."

I bowed my head, feeling the urge to laugh aloud. Others had thought that I was unworthy of Ashton, and yet, he of all people thought that Ashton was unworthy of me.

"We can never go back to how it was. Grandma is gone and the old mulberry tree at the front door has been cut down. John, please, don't come to me anymore. Stop ruining my life, okay?" Even though I knew that my words would achieve nothing, I still decided to utter them anyway.

His gaze remained glued to the night sky, his eyes seemed distant and dark. After a long time, he blurted out, "I've tried to. But it's useless."

I sighed inwardly, feeling exhausted all of a sudden. To hell with this!

Seeing that there was no point in continuing our conversation, I got up and asked him to send me back.

At this point, I figured that if he had wanted to harm me, he would not have spent so much time and effort to get me here. I knew that he just wanted to witness my fear and helpless look to satisfy his selfish desire. After all, he was a hunter, and without a prey to entertain him, he would feel uncomfortable.

With that reasoning in mind, I was sure he would not do anything to me – at least for the time being.

He obediently sent me back to Peakville Estate. However, before I could get off the car, he suddenly locked the door and gazed at me with his dark eyes, "Don't you have a goodnight kiss for me?"

Damn!

Looking at him expressionlessly, I muttered, "Just open the door."

The evil side in him seemed to emerge once more as he cocked his brows, leaned against his car seat, and looked at me condescendingly, "What do you think Ashton would feel if he saw you in a car with another man for such a long time?"

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The moment he spoke, he seemed to have remembered something as he nodded and snapped his fingers, "Oh, I nearly forgot! He should be in Rebecca's ward now caring for his beloved woman instead. I doubt he has time to pay any attention to you!"

Having said that, he leaned closer, his tobacco-filled breath made me even more disgruntled and I spat, "Hey, John. If I die, will I be finally liberated?"

His face turned grim, "You can try."

How could I? It was not the right time yet. But even if it were, I guess it would not be a bad thing if I could drag a devil with me to my death.

Just then, the yard was lit by the headlight of another car. Turning my head, I saw Ashton's jeep driving up.

I glanced at my watch. It was twelve midnight. I was slightly surprised that he had actually come back.

John's car was easily spotted by Ashton upon the latter's return. However, he did not get down immediately. Instead, he stayed in his car, lit up a cigarette, and started puffing away while observing us with a deathly glare.

John, being the despicable opportunist that he was, leaned closer to me and sniggered the moment he saw Ashton. "I wonder what will Ashton's reaction be if he witnessed me kissing you?"

"You sick b**tard!" I screamed and tried to move away from him, but alas, there was not enough space in the car.

Lunging his body forward, he managed to plant a kiss on my lips before moving back. Licking his lips in satisfaction, he deliberately stared back at Ashton with a taunting look on his face.

"John, are you crazy?"

"Yes, I am!" John nodded just as Ashton got out of his car.

I stared at him fiercely and demanded, "Open the door now!"

He totally ignored my demand. He was busy tracking Ashton who just got out of his car. When he saw that the latter went straight back to the villa. He turned to look at me before laughing, "Letty, he doesn't love you at all. He doesn't even care if others touch you!"

John had indeed learned the essence of tormenting his prey as his words struck a nerve deep within me. I retorted, "So what? It has nothing to do with you. Just let me go..."

Smash! A loud noise reverberated throughout the whole car. It was immediately followed by the sound of a car window cracking.

Lifting my gaze, I was shocked to see Ashton standing beside the car. His eyes were full of cold malice. Great, here comes another devil.

From afar, they all looked like well-dressed well-mannered gentlemen. But upon closer inspection, everyone's souls were rotten to the core.

John's a rotten guy. I was no better. And even Ashton could be despicable at times.

Concealed behind his cold sophistication and high nobility laid a feral, bloodthirsty soul.

And that untamed side of him was unleashed that night. Ashton was holding a sledgehammer in his hand which was left by the stone smith who repaired the yard rockery a few days ago. Against a hammer, a car's window could never withstand its smash.

John stared icily at the shattered window glass. He simply watched as Ashton stretched his hand in and opened the car door.

As soon as the door was opened, I got out of the car silently before glancing at the two evenly-matched men that were locked in a stare down contest.

John broke off the stare first as he blinked. Even though he was sitting on his car seat, the imposing aura he was exuding was not any less than Ashton's who was standing towering over him. "How about a showdown?"

Since the beginning of time, men had always resolved problems using their fists. Physical altercation seemed to be the preferred way to solve any disagreements for the masculine species. Perhaps they found joy in beating the daylight out of one another or maybe it was the only way they could think of to vent their emotions.

Ashton's dark eyes glinted as he smirked, "Sure!"

The commotion was enough to wake up Mrs. Eriksen who was living in the outer courtyard. She turned on the lights to the yard and rushed out.

Her gaze landed on me and Ashton before it fell upon John. Seeing an unfamiliar man in the yard, she was stunned for a while before she worriedly offered, "Mr. Ashton, shall I call the police?"

Ashton took off his black, custom-tailored suit. His eyes were glinting dangerously as he commanded, "No need. Go into the house and get my wife a chair so she can sit and spectate."

What...

Mrs. Eriksen nodded and hurried in.

I knitted my brows. Feeling upset, I looked at Ashton and said, "I'm not going to stay here and spectate anything. It's not good for our child. Just be careful and try not to hurt yourself. I'll wait for you at home."

My words seemed to liven him up. Ashton's dark expression seemed to lighten up. He smirked confidently as he gazed at me, "Got it, go back and wait for me then."

"F**k!" For some reason, John got even more agitated by the whole scene as he let loose his fists toward Ashton.

The two men started fighting without so much as a warning.

I did not even stop to look back. Instead, I walked on and blocked the sound of fists hitting against flesh from reaching my ears.

Back in the living room, Mrs. Eriksen asked me with a very concerned expression, "What is going on?"

"It's okay. It's no big deal," I said as I shook my head. Since I had barely eaten anything at the party, I was feeling quite famished. Looking at Mrs. Eriksen, I diverted the topic by asking, "Is there still food at home?"

"Yes... Of course," she affirmed before rushing toward the kitchen to bring out a plate of scrambled egg and a pot of chicken stew.

Seeing the food before me, I could not help but feel a little surprised, "Mrs. Eriksen, you do know it's midnight now, right? These dishes... How did you even..."

The fact that these dishes were still piping hot made it even more astounding.

She grinned and revealed, "Mr. Ashton called a while ago, saying that you didn't manage to eat much at the party and that you'd be hungry upon reaching home."

Upon hearing that, I was pleasantly surprised and was at a loss for words.

But... Is he concerned for his child or me?

Just as I was lost in my own thoughts, muffled grunts and yelps could be heard coming from outside. While serving me a meal, Mrs. Eriksen asked worriedly, "Why don't we just call the police?"

Shaking my head, I concentrated on chewing my food slowly and muttered, "There's no need."

Since both of them were evenly matched, I was very confident that none of them would die.

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Half an hour later, there seemed to be no more movement outside. The sound of a car starting could be heard, and Ashton stumbled in after a few minutes.

Having eaten my fill, I was feeling a little bloated. I also could not shake the feeling that my belly had been growing a lot bigger lately. I decided that I would drop by the hospital tomorrow for a regular check-up.

Mrs. Eriksen, who had been cleaning the kitchen while paying attention to the commotion outside, yelped when Ashton stepped into the house. "Oh my! Look at the state that you're in!" She then rushed over to check on him.

Meanwhile, I was resting on the sofa after my meal. I looked up to see that Ashton's handsome face was now swollen with a streak of bloodstain at the corner of his mouth. Despite the sorry state that he was in, he still stood tall and proud, exuding a certain triumphant aura.

While Mrs. Eriksen was busy looking for a first-aid kit, I took a glance at him before turning to inform the older lady, "It's getting late. I'm going to rest first."

She gawked at my nonchalance, unable to say anything.

Avoiding Ashton's intense gaze, I went upstairs.

I knew that I was being cruel by acting in such a cold-hearted way, but such was the fact of life, the more I took the initiative to care, the more I would be taken for granted. Just like I had things that I had hidden from him; he too, had many secrets that he had kept from me.

When I came out of the bathroom, Ashton was standing on the balcony, smoking. His tall and slender figure looked forlorn and cold.

Averting my gaze, I sat in front of my dressing table for my nightly skincare routine.

After a long while, and countless cigarettes later, he came in from the balcony and glanced at me before stepping into the bathroom.

Since it was already very late, I quickly dried my hair and went to bed, drifting into slumber almost immediately.

I guess we're having a cold war again, huh.

The summer night of J City was a little too quiet, making the cacophony of insects and animals in the yard of our villa sounded unusually loud. As the dazzling moonlight shone through the windows, the atmosphere in our bedroom was uneasily silent.

Feeling some discomfort, I tossed and turned as I tried to find the right position. Just then, a pair of large hands held me down.

I was jolted awake, only to find that Ashton was trying to have his way with me.

Squinting at him, I muttered, "If I don't even bother to respond to you when I'm awake. What makes you think that I will when I'm in deep sleep?"

I could feel him stiffened as he looked at me sulkily, "Are you taking your revenge on me?"

I closed my eyes, still feeling sleepy. "Not in a mood to talk."

"Hmph!" he sneered, before saying, "Seems like I have to try harder then."

I frowned. Indeed, behind that good look and well-dressed appearance, he is nothing but a despicable scum.

Biting my lips, I endured his forceful thrust in silence.

"Didn't you say that you won't respond to me?" Thinking that I was beginning to respond to him, he sneered, "I guess what you said earlier was just an excuse, huh?"

I remained silent and let him have his way with me.

After a long time, he was finally done. He turned on the light on the bedside table and was prepared to carry me into the bathroom as usual.

When he turned to look at me, he saw something that made him recoiled in horror. The hand that was originally on my lower abdomen tightened suddenly.

He fixed his gaze at me and muttered in a hoarse voice, "Why didn't you yell?" Panic was written all over his usually stoic face.

I kept my silence still. I was starting to feel a little dizzy, the pain in my lower abdomen and the blood that was flowing out of me continuously were all indications that the child inside me might be gone.

Strangely enough, the pain that I was feeling was not on any part of my body, but rather in my heart.

It was the kind of gripping pain that stemmed from being tightly crushed by something. The kind of pain that cut your breath off.

Bam! Ashton lost his balance when he was getting down from the bed and bumped into the chaise lounge beside.

I did not say anything as I watched on indifferently.

Grabbing his phone, his fingers were trembling as they slid across the phone screen. It took him a long time before he was able to call somebody.

The moment the call got through, Ashton spoke with an urgency not heard before, "She is bleeding a lot! It's really serious! I need an ambulance now!"

Hanging up on the phone immediately after, he stumbled into the bathroom and emerged with a towel in his hands.

Rushing to my bedside, he bent down and tried to wipe the blood away and to stop the bleeding but to no avail. The blood just kept on flowing.

I looked at him in a strangely calm way despite all that was happening to my body. My vision seemingly started to swim and drift further and further away.

My eyes were drinking in the panic, helplessness, and horror that was plastered on his face. Even during this dire situation, I felt nothing but a tinge of amusement. After all, he had brought this upon himself.

All the while, he did not look at me. When he realized that he could not stop the bleeding, he went to my closet, found a set of clothes, and put them on me.

Carrying me up from the bed, I could feel his trembling hands. He was obviously very concerned and disturbed.

Just then, the sound of police sirens came from the direction of the yard, indicating that the ambulance had arrived.

Sure enough, a moment later, a group of people carrying a stretcher burst into the villa. Ashton tucked me in and gave me a look filled with complicated feelings.

Unwilling to look at him again, I closed my eyes.

My mind was clear the whole journey from the villa to the hospital, and lastly to the operating room.

In fact, I was unfeeling throughout the whole process.

I knew from the bottom of my heart that whether or not this child could be saved had no bearing on the schism between Ashton and me. The crack in our relationship had long since progressed into an irreparable rift dividing the two of us.

"If you feel sleepy, just close your eyes and take a good rest. We'll try our best to save the child. Don't worry!" the doctor at the operating table reassured me.

I nodded and closed my eyes.

However, even after two hours, I was still awake and alert. The moment I was pushed out of the operating room, I saw Ashton standing by the door.

When he saw the doctor, he asked with a pale face, "Is everything okay?"

The doctor nodded reassuringly, "It's a good thing that she was sent here in time. Both she and the child are fine. Still, Mr. Fuller, you need to restrain yourself in the future. Since Mrs. Fuller had polycystic ovary syndrome, the chance of conceiving a child is very small. Therefore, do keep in mind that the baby growing within her belly is hard-won. Please be careful and take good care of them."

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Ashton nodded. Even though only a few hours had passed, he looked like he had aged a lot.

Feeling exhausted after being sent to the hospital, I fell asleep soon.

The next morning, I was awakened by a commotion. I saw the nurse changing my IV drip when I opened my eyes. Massaging my temples, I asked, "Who's arguing outside?"

Pausing mid-action, the nurse replied, "It's Mr. Ashton and Ms. Larson. She wants to visit you, but he refuses to let her enter. Hence, she's crying outside now."

Crying?

I remained silent, thinking that Rebecca's tears were probably fake.

Seeing that the nurse was about to leave, I asked, "When you go out, can you tell them to come in?"

She nodded, gathered the bottles of medicine and left.

Soon later, Ashton and Rebecca entered. Her forehead was bandaged, probably due to an injury from last night.

Her pretty eyes were bloodshot, which made her look extremely pitiful.

She entered the ward along with Ashton. Shooting a glance at me, she feigned concern and asked, "Are you alright, Scarlett?"

I laughed. "I'm sorry that I'm still alive. I guess your wish hasn't been fulfilled."

"Scarlett, do you need to sound so sarcastic?" Ashton's expression looked quite unpleasant and frazzled.

I chuckled. With a voice devoid of any emotions, I said, "I won't dare. You're very impressive, Mr. Fuller. You almost killed me in a single night. I'd rather stay far away from you."

Due to the solemn atmosphere, he was unwilling to talk much with me. Instead, he dragged Rebecca out of the hospital.

Lying on the hospital bed, I felt a wave of dejection and a sense of defeat engulf me. There was always a certain point where one would lose all hope in life.

A lot of things happened for the next few days—the shocking news Nick published, Rebecca rejoining the family, and John coming back to J City to develop his career. However, I paid attention to none of them.

After a week's stay in the hospital, I was already three months pregnant. My pregnancy was also starting to become slightly noticeable due to the small bump in my stomach.

Sometimes, I would fall into a daze while stroking my stomach or staring at the ceiling.

Ashton would come to the hospital almost every day and occasionally talk to me. However, we ended up quarreling each time.

This happened a few times. In the end, he stopped coming to the hospital so frequently. However, as he had paid a lot of money, the doctors and nurses still took good care of me.

I did not question him why he did not visit either. Mrs. Eriksen still visited me every day, bringing over different soups she had made for me.

Sometimes when I daydream, I would feel even more reluctant to have this baby—perhaps due to my mental state.

As long as I did not have this child, I could leave Ashton completely and lead my own carefree life.

The more I thought of it, the urge to abort my child increased.

I knew that this was because of my poor mental state, but I could not help but keep thinking about it.

During the weekends, the bluebell trees along the main streets of J City bloomed. The lavender flowers lining the streets imbued this initially mundane city with a sense of vitality.

A few days later, I was discharged from the hospital. Ashton drove very slowly as if he was deliberately allowing me to admire the beautiful scenery along the streets.

I turned my head and stared at the scenery that whizzed by, but my gaze became unfocused.

“Ashton, I’ve lost my true self for too long.” Ever since I first met Ashton, I was no longer myself.

Instead, I was selfish, stubborn, and cold. Why did I turn out like this?

Frowning, a solemn look appeared on his handsome face. “Your stomach is getting bigger. Just leave the HiTech case aside for a while. Let’s take some time off and travel.”

I knew that he wanted me to destress, but I did not feel like going anywhere.

Shaking my head, I stroked my stomach. "The Fuller Corporation's audit is probably ending soon. I won't be giving birth anytime soon anyway, so let's settle the HiTech case first."

He fell silent for a while before nodding. "Okay. If there's anything wrong, come look for me."

I remained silent after that. Glancing at the couples hugging each other on the streets, I recalled the past twenty years of my life. I did not seem to have dated someone properly.

I had never experienced the blissful feeling of love, nor how to love someone or be loved.

A quarter of my life had passed, yet I seemed to be constantly clueless.

At that thought, I could not help but cast my gaze downward and let out a self-mocking chuckle. Was my life destined to remain so bitter forever?

"What are you laughing about?" When Ashton noticed my action, he suddenly asked solemnly.

I shook my head and replied nonchalantly, "I suddenly thought of something amusing."

"What?" Although he wanted to know, I was in no mood to answer.

Silence filled the car again.

After a short while, we arrived at the villa. When I stepped out of the car, Mrs. Eriksen rushed over and asked, "Are you feeling better? I made some oatmeal for you. Would you like to have some?"

Smiling faintly, I shook my head. "Mrs. Eriksen, you just brought me chicken soup this morning. I'm too full for anything else."