

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 136

He sneered again as pain crept upon his face. "You don't understand!"

But I did. For someone who had darkness and loneliness in their heart, they wouldn't hold on to the sunlight even if the sun came. He couldn't let me go not because of love, but because he felt that I would be the same as Grandma. We would never chase him away no matter how despicable he was. The house in R Province would forever be his home.

He had no sense of belonging, and that was why he was lonely.

Sensing a cold gaze, I could not help but turn around to see Ashton staring at the two of us by the doorway.

I took my hand back and kept a distance away from John. It had been an instinctive move; I knew it was meaningless for me to do that, for John might not even care about it.

However, it was already a habit I could not get rid of.

Looking at John, I muttered, "Go back. I've buried Grandma at Hillcrest Cemetery. If you miss her, go visit her there."

After finishing his words, I noticed that all emotions were gone from his face except for a tinge of loneliness.

"John, things that had gone by can only stay in the past. We can't turn back the time. We can only move forward. If we keep turning back to look at our memories, we'll only feel sorrowful, and we'll never be able to do anything else."

After Grandma passed on, I never returned to the house at R Province. I knew from then on, I was all by myself in this world.

I was a leaf with no roots. No matter how much I struggled, at the end of the day, someone would pick me up from the ground and throw me into the bin.

At that, I spared no glance at John and entered the villa.

I had not been back for half a month, but nothing had changed. The only difference was that there were fresh flowers in the house, and they made the house a little livelier.

Mrs. Eriksen looked much wearier than the last time I saw her. When she noticed me, she quickly glimpsed at Ashton behind me before smiling. "The two of you left for such a long time. Half a month! I was beginning to think that this isn't a home anymore."

After a pause, she sighed, "I'm glad the two of you are back now."

It was hot in the afternoon, and the heat made me restless. I barely had any words to say to anyone, to begin with, and now, I was even starting to feel tired. After a brief chat, I retreated to the bedroom.

Ashton followed me, but I said nothing to him. All I did was climb onto the bed and shut my eyes, prepared to sleep.

I thought Ashton would say something or even lose his temper, but he never said a single word the entire time. The room sounded abnormally silent.

After a moment, I felt the side of the bed sink in. In the next second, I was pulled into his arms.

Soon, the sound of even breathing traveled into my ears, and I fell asleep to that sound.

It was just an afternoon nap, so I woke about an hour later. When I opened my eyes, I was greeted by Ashton's handsome features.

I lay still, quietly watching him.

How long have I now looked at him like this?

All of a sudden, his eyes flew open, and we locked eyes as I froze.

"You're awake?" he asked. As he just woke, his voice was still hoarse. He lifted his hand to tuck the stray strands of my hair behind my ears before he continued to stare at me.

After a while, I started feeling uncomfortable by his silent staring, so I cleared my throat. Supporting myself up with my elbow and about to leave the bed when he held me down. He raised a brow and queried, "Where are you going?"

“I’m getting out of the bed.” I moved again, but he held my body down again.

Furrowing, I huffed, “Ashton, let go of me!”

However, he heeded none of my words. He pressed me onto the bed and his hand slid to my stomach. I was five months pregnant now, and I was starting to feel the motions of the baby in me.

Sensing the movement of the baby in the stomach, a bright smile grew on his face. He exclaimed, “The baby’s moving!”

He was like a child, and I could not help but chuckle, “Yes. I want to get out of the bed.”

Visibly brightening up, he sat up and helped me to a sitting position while leaning onto the headboard. Gesturing for me not to move, he then placed his ear on my stomach.

After a few seconds, he grinned and looked at me. “Do you feel uncomfortable when the baby moves?”

My jaw dropped. Do men really have a brain?

“If you’re really curious, you can read up some books about pregnancy. Maybe you can learn something from it, and your knowledge might be put to use in the future.” Then, I moved to leave the bed again.

Right then, he hugged me from behind. “Lie down for a little longer.”

I pried his arms off and frowned when I noticed the new marks on his arms. They looked like scratch wounds. The scabs had fallen off, and the wound of the injuries was still red.

Noticing my stiffened body, his eyes followed my gaze to his arms. Immediately, he retracted them and casually asked, “What do you want to eat later?”

I remained quiet.

Seemingly worried that I would overthink, he sat beside me and held my hand. Gently, he squeezed and caressed it, but he was still silent.

“Are these from protecting Rebecca?” Perhaps it was a question too straightforward, but I could not think of another way to ask it.

He tensed up for a moment. When I sensed it, I took my hand back and sighed, “I’m going to take a shower.”

Maybe no answer was the best answer; it was better than hearing him tell me that all his injuries and scars had something to do with Rebecca.

I would rather be a fool who knew nothing.

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 137

He grabbed my wrist and pulled me back to the bed. Casting me a determined look, he inquired, “Do you still feel bad?”

His question made me freeze. “Feel bad?”

“About my injury.”

I lowered my head and chuckled. Shaking my head, I responded, “No, Ashton. Whether you live or die is none of my concern anymore.”

I knew those words would make him angry and lead to a fight.

Yet, I still voiced them out.

He stared at me for a long while before he finally asked, “Scarlett, I never have a place in your heart, do I?”

“Yes.” I nodded as my chest tightened. Breathing out slowly, I averted my eyes from his gloomy gaze and muttered, “When Grandpa asked me to marry you, I agreed to it because you’re the dream husband of all girls—handsome and rich. In the beginning, I hoped for a beautiful love story. That was why I married you happily. However, as time passed by, I realized it had just been wishful thinking.”

Rebecca was all that was needed to defeat me.

“So?” It was a grim look on his face and a cold sneer on his lips. “John’s appearance made you realize that you can choose someone who likes and adores you. On the other hand, I became less important to you. Is that so?”

His words made fury burned bright in my chest, and I raised my voice. “Yes! Why do I have to remain by your side when you can choose someone you love and be with her freely?”

“Huh.” The atmosphere in the room turned tense. “Scarlett, you think too simple of the world. What are you planning to do now? Are you going to divorce me and get together with John? Let me tell you this. You can dream on. I won’t agree to divorce even if you don’t have my child in you right now.”

“Ashton, you are a b\*stard!” He refused to let me lead a good life. He would rather drag this on than to see me live a happy life. I was on the verge of a breakdown from enduring the upset for such a long time.

I swept the lights and decorations off the headboard, and they shattered on the ground. “Why can you do anything you want with Rebecca, but I can’t? Ashton, let me tell you the truth. I never wanted this baby.”

Indeed, one would say anything and everything when anger consumed them.

His face reddened as he grabbed me and warned, “Say that again.”

I glared at him, wishing all the pent-up frustration within could burst out of me at that moment. “I don’t want this baby at all. Ashton, do you hear me? I don’t want this baby at all!”

I raised my hand to pound my fists onto my stomach as I wailed, “The baby ruined everything for me. I don’t want to give birth to your child. It’s not worth it for me to give birth to a child for someone like you!”

“Scarlett!” By now, his eyes were red, too, and I could hear his gritting teeth. “Do you know what you’re saying?”

I shoved his hand away and plastered a smile on my face. “I do and I know very well!” I screamed.

The feeling of sorrow was invading every part of my mind, and my heart ached as though someone stabbed knives into it. "Ashton, I don't care if you don't want to get a divorce, but I'm warning you now not to get involved with my matters."

At that, he narrowed his eyes as he hissed in a deliberately quiet voice, "Your matters?"

"If you can be together with Rebecca, why can't I be with John?" I roared out the words spoken in anger.

He shoved me onto the bed and croaked, "What do you want to do with him?"

Then, he pulled his hands apart, and I heard the sound of fabric tearing.

I wasn't wearing many layers, and he had torn them all in one rough move. "What has he done with you? Has he touched you in this intimate way?"

"Ashton, I dare you to kill me!" I bellowed as I pinched his back.

"It'll be a pity if you die! It's only fun when I torture bit by bit."

Right then, I stopped resisting, finding no meaning in doing that. I let go of him and stared at the ceiling instead.

After a long while, he got up and went to the bathroom. After spending a few minutes in there, he came back out, changed his clothes, and left without saying a word.

When he stepped out of the room, he slammed the door, and the noise reverberated in the room for a long time.

When will this end?

As I did not need to go to the office, I had nothing else to do. When Macy called, I just came out of the bathroom.

Upon picking up the call, I muttered, "Are you in the countryside yet? Have you found a place to stay?"

"Mm," she answered. "Did Ashton pick you up at the train station?"

I froze. "You told him?" No wonder I saw Ashton at the train station. Turns out it' was Macy who told him.

She hummed in response again. "If you've decided to go back to him, the two of you have to be open with each other. No matter what happens between him and Rebecca, you're still his wife legally. Since you have to live the rest of your life with him, you might as well have a good life and enjoy it. Scarlett, don't make your marriage seem like hell. It's tiring to live a life that way."

I knew that, but I could not help and sigh, "Unfortunately, we had a fight, and he just left."

"Why are you fighting again?" she grumbled. "Why can't you have a peaceful discussion with him?"

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 138

"How? He can't let go of Rebecca, and he doesn't want to grant me a divorce. Tell me, Macy, how should I have the discussion with him?"

"Then, you divorce him. Write it down clearly on paper and make clean cuts when you cut ties with him. From then on, no one has the right to interfere in each other's private lives."

I wanted to, but it would not be as simple as that anymore. Throwing the towel aside, I sat in the armchair and sighed, "I met John at the train station, and he left the place with me. Then, I met Ashton at the exit of the train station. Ashton now thinks I have something with John, so he refuses to get a divorce."

"F\*ck," she swore. "What kind of f\*cking luck is that?"

You're asking me?

"What are you going to do now?"

Gripping the phone, I muttered, "I don't know. I can only hope to give birth to the baby safely now."

My stomach was already at this size, and I could not possibly change my mind about the pregnancy now. John was right. I was a lone wolf that belonged nowhere.

This baby would be the only person I could fully trust. I had no reason not to give birth to the baby as this baby was not for Ashton.

This baby was my only salvation.

After ending Macy's call, the sun had set. Someone knocked on the door.

I opened the door to find that it was Mrs. Eriksen. She had a bowl of hot chicken soup in her hands, and she said to me, "You must be hungry. Mr. Ashton told me to make some chicken soup for you."

I had my lunch late in the afternoon, and John had forced me to eat a larger portion than I usually did. Hence, I did not have an appetite for food at that moment. However, looking at Mrs. Eriksen's smile, I realized I could not possibly reject her.

Thus, I answered, "Okay. Thank you, Mrs. Eriksen."

Reaching out to take the bowl from her, Mrs. Eriksen hastily said, "Don't! I'll do it. It's too hot, and I'm afraid you might scald yourself."

After putting the bowl onto the table and wiping her hands, she inquired, "Did you have a fight with Mr. Ashton?"

It was normal for her to have heard our loud argument from downstairs.

Therefore, I nodded and sat down by the side of the table. "Yes."

She sighed, seemingly exasperated. "You young people are always so short-tempered. Why can't you discuss everything calmly instead? Did you have to get into an argument?"

I smiled but said nothing to that. I knew best what happened between the two of us, not Mrs. Eriksen.

"Letty." She sat down beside me and held my hand. "You've been with the Fullers for almost three years. I've practically raised Mr. Ashton myself. He's a short-tempered and quiet man, so he'll keep many things in his heart."

She then sighed, "After you came to the Fullers, Mr. Fuller thought Mr. Ashton will open up and become kinder if you two spent time together. However, the two of you kept arguing day and night. Since you're both married, why don't you try to make life easier?"

I knew Mrs. Eriksen said that with good intentions, so I patted her hand and consoled, "Mrs. Erikson, the scariest thing someone can do is to try to change a person. I won't try to change Ashton, and I can't, anyway. This is my fate. I'll try my best to refrain from arguing with him from now on. Don't worry."

With reddened eyes, she shook her head gently. "You're young, and you have to remember to cherish the days of you two being together. Otherwise, when you grow old and look back at your memories, you'll realize that you let the person go too easily—that you've let go of your love halfway down the road. When you're in your twilight years, you'll realize your life is full of regrets. It's normal to have regrets, but if those are all you have, you'll feel awful about your hasty decision."

I nodded, not knowing what to tell her. Now that I thought about it, the wall between Ashton and I did not seem towering.

It was a small wall, built up by many insignificant matters. Yet, when all these trivial matters piled up together, it was impossible for me not to explode in anger. I couldn't list out everything that troubled me clearly, for the grievances in my heart had long merged into one.

"Thank you, Mrs. Eriksen." I knew she wanted us to live a better life than this.

However, she seemed to sense that I did not plan to heed her words, so she sighed, "You're just too stubborn."

A laugh escaped me, and I nodded. "You're right."

Feeling helpless, she paused for a second before continuing, "Letty, don't think that you don't have a place in Mr. Ashton's heart. Last night, he asked where you were multiple times after he came home. You changed your phone number, so he thought you left for good. He was so anxious that he did everything he could to find out where you were. When he found out you were at Q City, he nearly rushed to look for you. You know he just came out of the hospital, and he hasn't fully recovered yet; he's supposed to be resting. Dr. Crest was afraid that something might happen to him if he went to look for you, so he stopped him. That was why he left early this morning to pick you up."

A few beats later, she sighed again. "I can see that Mr. Ashton cares for you a lot and you clearly care for him, too. Why can't you both just stay by each other's side peacefully?"

"Mrs. Erikson, were you in the middle of cooking?" I interrupted.

Immediately, she stopped and took a whiff of the air. Then, she jumped to her feet. "Oh no! I was making stew for Mr. Ashton!"

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 139

At that, she rushed downstairs.

Staring at the untouched soup, I found myself lost in my thoughts. I was born without getting much love and attention in my life, and the "so-called" love that I met was pretty much the same.

In fact, I had never experienced much familial love not to mention romantic love. Hence, I didn't know much about love, nor have I learned how to love someone.

Grandma adopted me, and she showed me what love and care were in those short years. I regarded her and her care as the figure of love.

On the contrary, John's extreme behavior, inflexibility, and apathy meant stubbornness to me.

Whereas Macy's protection and support meant friendship to me.

As for Ashton, in the two years of our married life, he rarely treated me well. I dared not consider those rare moments as romantic love.

It had not been my intention to misinterpret it as love.

I liked Ashton, and that was why I could endure his cold treatment to me in silence. However, that did not mean I could pretend to be a fool who saw his cheap love as true love.

The sky was getting darker, and I was exhausted. Yet, I could not fall asleep despite lying on the bed for quite some time. I had gotten used to sleeping with Macy.

Right now, to lie on the bed all by myself, I felt as if there was a gap in my heart. Outside the window, the wind was howling. Soon, the heavy rain came.

Sleepless, I glanced at the clock on the wall. It was already one in the morning. Too frustrated to lie still anymore, I headed to the balcony instead.

As I was soaked by the rain the last time I was on the balcony, Ashton had made some modifications to the balcony. Now, raindrops could not reach me, only the cold breeze.

Still frustrated, I went down the stairs to the garden instead.

Mrs. Eriksen had planted many plants in the garden. Now that it was raining heavily, the plants were tilting to the side by the force of the raindrops. The sight of them mirrored my mood.

I could not help but think of how much the plants and I had in common. With that thought, I walked into the garden and let the rain shower on me.

My summer pajamas were thin, and in several seconds, I was soaked from head to toe. The rain was not cold, but it felt good to be in it. I had been sheltering the sorrow in me, and I crouched down to let the tears fall quietly.

No one could keep living without ever venting their emotions, so the rain was my chance to express my agony freely.

When Mrs. Eriksen found me, I was in the middle of crying. She anxiously came to me with an umbrella, trying to drag me back to the house. However, she was not as young as me; if I did not want to leave, there was no way she could move me from my spot.

Out of options, she threw the umbrella aside and ran to the living room. When she came back out, she had a raincoat in her hands. As she put it on me, she consoled, "Letty, you can't do this to yourself. Even if you don't think about yourself, think about the baby in you. What shall I do if something happens to you?"

To me, her words were lost in the howling wind. All I wanted to do was to crouch down and cry, hoping that I could cry out all the grievance and misery in me.

Although the rain in midsummer was not cold, I was still a pregnant woman. Even if I were in the best of health, my body would not be able to take it after being in the rain for an hour.

At that moment, the world spun around me.

Just then, I heard Mrs. Eriksen's delighted voice. "Mr. Ashton, you're back!"

I turned instinctively and saw Ashton in a black suit by the doorway. Then, he walked toward me with a furious look in his eyes.

After he lifted me up into his arms, he entered the house.

My eyes were sore from the prolonged crying, and I could see that he had a gloomy expression on his face. Then, I shut my eyes as I don't want to see him anymore.

Since Ashton was back, Mrs. Eriksen no longer intervened in our matters.

After closing the bedroom door, Ashton pulled off my clothes and carried me into the bathroom.

As he said nothing, I kept my lips sealed as well. The bathroom was dead silent.

Time ticked by, and my freezing body finally gained some warmth. Even my sore eyes felt better by now.

I opened them slowly, the sight of Ashton's stony look and piercing gaze greeted me. After a while, he uttered, "Is it fun tormenting yourself?"

At that, I furrowed my brows. Feeling uneasy being in a tub, lying stark naked for him to see, so I tried to get up and leave the bathroom.

However, he quickly pressed me back into the tub. "Stay still."

My frown deepened, and I shot him a surly look. "I want to sleep."

"Are you planning to sleep outside?" He pressed me back into the water again, still not smiling. "Why did you go into the rain?"

I yanked the towel over to cover myself and responded, "I was in a bad mood."

"In a bad mood?" He sneered, "If everyone tried to die whenever they're in a bad mood, the streets would be littered with corpses. Scarlett, are you tormenting yourself, or are you tormenting me?"

When I tilted my head upward to look at him, I saw my reflection in his eyes. "Can I even do that?" After a pause, I laughed, "Right. You should be together with the love of your life at this time, but you had to come back here because Mrs. Eriksen asked you to. Of course, you're tormented."

Ignoring his dour look, I apologized half-heartedly, "I'm sorry. I guarantee that this won't happen again. It's getting late, so it's best if you go back and accompany your love. I'm going to rest now."

"Scarlett Stovall!" he gritted out. "Do you have to speak so sarcastically?"

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 140

At that, I raised my brows and derided, "You're overthinking this. How can I possibly be sarcastic? I'm just stating the truth."

"You-" Huffing an angry laugh, he scooped me out of the water and threw me onto the bed.

Promptly, I grabbed the blanket to cover myself, and he sneered, "I can't believe you actually feel embarrassed."

I ignored him again. Pursing my lips, I swept my gaze at the side of the bed but found no clothes. The next thing I saw was him taking off his soaked jacket.

Half of his dress shirt was wet, and the fabric was clinging to his muscular chest. The sight of him was tempting, but I pursed my lips into a thin line. "Ashton, I don't want to do it with you."

His hands that were unbuttoning his shirt paused for a second before he barked out a laugh. "I see you have confidence in my energy." After glancing at me, he uttered, "Don't worry. I'm not that absurd."

Once he unbuttoned his shirt, he threw it aside before working on his belt. After he took off his pants and hunched over, I spotted a massive scar on his back, and I froze.

It seemed like the plane crash had been bad.

He then tossed his pants aside. When he noticed me staring at his scar, he frowned and said, "I'd do the same for anyone."

I kept quiet as I averted my eyes and covered the blanket over my head.

Unfortunately, there was a price to pay for my idiotic actions. In the middle of the night, I started having a high fever. As my throat was dry, my hands fumbled around for a glass of water in my feverish daze, and I nearly flew off the bed.

Luckily for me, Ashton was swift to hold me before I fell off the bed. He seemed as if he just woke, for his voice was still hoarse. "What's wrong?"

My head kept spinning, and my voice was hoarse. It took me ages to spit out a few words, "I am thirsty."

Turning on the bedside lamp, he got out of bed to get me a glass of water. After drinking, some of my discomfort dissipated, but I still felt weak and dizzy.

Noticing something was amiss with me, he touched my forehead to check my temperature. Realizing it was warmer than usual, he stood up and got changed. Right then, I held the edge of his shirt and mumbled, "We can't go to the hospital."

Medication and injections were not good for the baby.

He frowned as sweat started beading his forehead. "If we're not going to the hospital, I'll call Jared for a house visit." With that said, he called him.

After some hushed words with Jared over the phone, he entered the bathroom. When he came back out, he placed a wet towel on my forehead before he went to boil some water.

In a daze from the fever, I did not realize when Jared came. It was only when he was speaking with Ashton, then did my mind cleared a little.

“Why did she suddenly get a high fever? She’s already five months pregnant, and the baby’s body is developing at this time. Something might go wrong easily.”

Jared was the one who had a reprimanding tone.

“She was in the rain for half an hour,” came Ashton’s voice.

“You’ve been too careless. Pregnant women have mood swings, and so many things had happened lately. She kept everything to herself, and she has no way of venting her feelings other than doing this.”

My head continued to spin, so I could not continue eavesdropping on their conversation.

For the rest of the night, I alternated between feeling cold and hot, and my sleep was restless.

By the time I woke again, it was already the following night. Out of motherly instincts, I reached out to touch my stomach, relieved to find it still large.

I slowly breathed out and closed my eyes to settle my emotion. I open them again only after I felt calmer.

There was no one in the room. Feeling thirsty, I crawled up and was about to get down from the bed when I realized my legs were weak.

The moment my feet touched the ground, my entire body fell.

Shocked, I grabbed the bedside table. Fortunately, my knees were the ones to land on the floor, so I was fine. On the other hand, the things on the bedside table were not as fortunate as they all crashed to the floor.

The room door suddenly swung open, and I saw Ashton coming in with papers still in his hand. It seemed like he had rushed over after hearing the noise.

When he saw me kneeling on the ground, he furrowed his brows and carried me back up onto the bed. He asked in a low voice, “What are you doing?”

“I want to get some water,” I replied, feeling sore in my throat.

After putting some pillows behind me to support me into a sitting position, he turned and poured me a glass of water. While holding the glass to my lips, he muttered, "You have a phone by the side of the bed. Call me or Mrs. Eriksen if you need anything. Just don't be stubborn."

I nodded quietly.

I felt much better after drinking some water.

He then looked at me and inquired, "Are you hungry?"

I shook my head before my gaze landed on the documents in his hands. It was HiTech's case files for the new product launch.

I stiffened before averting my eyes to stare at the wall instead.

Noticing my actions, he handed the file to me and asked, "This is HiTech's latest proposal. Do you want to have a look?"

I shook my head again, feeling a little upset as I answered, "It's alright."

Since I had already left Fuller Corporation, no matter how unhappy I felt, I could not make a fuss about it. My current priority was to give birth to the baby safely.

"Once you've given birth to the baby, you can go back to work if you want to. It's my fault about Fuller Corporation and HiTech's audit, not yours."

Hearing him initiate the topic himself, I knitted my brows.

Although I was unhappy, I did not know what to tell him about it, so I remained silent.