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Based on their interaction, there was no mistaking the fact that they did care about each other. However, it was getting late, so Sally didn't try to hold us back from leaving. What they had left unsaid would have to wait.

I got into the car and stared at the scenery outside the window. As Ashton drove, he asked, "What do you feel like eating?"

I shook my head. "I am not feeling particularly hungry."

My meeting with Sally a few hours ago left a deep impression. She seemed as majestic as a phoenix and commanded a sense of awe from the people around her. This, together with the worldliness she possessed, was a force to be reckoned with, making her very desirable as well. A woman like her could've had any man she wanted, so why did she choose such an old spouse? Given their age gap, people would've also spread nasty rumors about her as well.

I glanced sideways at Ashton and found that his eyes were fixated on the road. The expression on his face was unreadable. Wishing to break the silence, I said, "Aunt Sally must really love Benjamin."

If you are willing to shoulder that much of a burden for someone, surely that means you love him dearly.

Hearing this, Ashton furrowed his brows and pursed his lips as he looked at me. "What is love?"

I was stunned at the question and couldn't answer that immediately. What is love? Come to think of it, I had no earthly idea.

It was dark by the time we reached home. Despite my exhaustion, Ashton still managed to get me to eat something. After that, I immediately went to bed.

When I awoke the next day, it was already noon. Ashton was nowhere to be seen.

As I made my way downstairs, I found out that Ashton had made arrangements for Molly to tend to me. "You're awake, Mrs. Fuller! Mr. Fuller is currently out on business, but he left instructions asking me to take care of your needs. Are you hungry?"

I nodded. I gingerly massaged my temples, trying to soothe the dull ache that I felt around my head. I must've slept too much.

After a simple meal, I was informed that we had a visitor. Sally had decided to drop by.

The weather in K City was hot today, so it was no surprise that she was appropriately dressed. Sally wore a long skirt with her hair pulled up in an updo. Having noticed that I'd just finished my meal, she smiled and said, "Well, I was thinking of asking you to grab a quick bite with me if you hadn't eaten yet! We're going out!"

"Have you eaten yet, Aunt Sally?" I asked. Glancing over at Molly, I asked her to prepare something for Sally as well.

"It's alright. I've eaten at home," replied Sally, who waved the request aside. She then tugged at my arm gently and asked me to get dressed. "Let's go on an outing! I'm assuming you're not too familiar with K City, and we should fix that."

I wanted to refuse but found it hard to do so. After all, she was merely being kind. A blatant refusal would have reflected poorly on me. In the end, I just nodded and gave in.

As I contemplated what to wear, I couldn't help but marvel at Ashton's fastidiousness. My closet was full of clothing for pregnant women. After rummaging about inside for a bit, I pulled out a white sundress to wear. With that sorted, Sally led me out of the villa.

Because I couldn't drive, she brought her driver along as well.

Sally sat with me in the back seat. As we chatted, she held my hand. If I were to be perfectly honest, the gesture was too intimate for my liking and made me feel uncomfortable.

Fortunately, it didn't take long to arrive at the shopping mall. Situated in the city center, the atmosphere was quite vibrant.

As we both exited the car, she instructed the driver to find a place to wait and dragged me into the mall. "Since you've just arrived, I think you'd have quite a bit of shopping to do!"

Besides, you're pregnant now, and movement might be inconvenient for you soon, so let's buy everything you need today!"

I nodded and did not say much.

Just then, I received a message from Ashton asking me where I was.

I sent him the address and obediently tagged along as she prattled on about products that she would be selecting.

After about an hour, I started to feel weary. Pausing momentarily, I blurted, "Aunt Sally, I don't have that much more to buy. Let's go home!"

The weather in K City was too warm for strolling about.

Sally was still staring at the baby bottle in front of her, not knowing what to choose. She heard what I say and turned around to face me. "What's wrong? Are you tired?"

I smiled a little bashfully at her in response. "A little!" I knew that if I didn't say anything, I'd be stuck there for another hour. The very thought made me shudder a little.

That was when Sally decided to call her driver and ask him to bring our purchases to the car. She then dragged me to a nearby cafe. Excitedly, she said, "Then, we'll rest when we're tired. After this, we still have to look at maternity supplies. You're due in three months! A pregnant woman's needs must be meticulously looked after, so the products you choose for postpartum use are important too. After all, Ashton is still a man, and some things are still best handled by ourselves."

I nodded, but truth be told, I was exhausted already.

The cafe wasn't crowded at all. She had picked a quiet and elegant place away from the hustle and bustle of the crowds outside. After we found a seat, she proceeded to order some coffee.

"Letty, can you tell me more about the situation between you and Ashton? You know how cold he is. I used to sneak over to J City to see him, but he'd constantly avoid me." Sally sighed, clearly exasperated. "It wasn't till his last trip here that he mentioned his intention to bring you over for a few days."

I noticed the hint of bitterness in her expression as she said this. "I thought that this was going to happen every time for the rest of our lives, this game of hide and seek. I didn't, however, expect that he'd come to me on his own and bring you with him."

Seeing that her eyes were red with the hint of tears, I was a little flustered. "The Fullers are still your family, Aunt Sally. If you're willing to return, I'm sure they'll welcome you with open arms."

She looked at me and smirked. "After so many years, I doubt father wants to see me."

Did she mean Grandpa?

I was stunned but looked her straight in the eye. "Grandpa passed away a few months ago. Were you not aware of this, Aunt Sally?"

She was about to take a sip of coffee when she paused abruptly. With an incredulous look on her face, she asked, "He what?"

The expression she had on her face shocked me into silence. Sally lowered her head for a few moments, but when she looked at me again, I saw that her eyes were red and puffy. "W-what happened to him?"

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"Grandpa had been in poor health these last few years. He passed away from rectal cancer..." I trailed off, unsure of what else to say.

The coffee cup she was holding fell, and a loud crack was heard as it shattered on impact. In a panic, she got up to pick up the shards, but a waiter quickly stepped forward to handle the mess.

Sally's voice trembled as she apologized profusely for her carelessness.

The waiter hurriedly shook his head and tried to calm her down. "It's really nothing, ma'am. I just need to clean this up."

I stretched out my hand to help her up, not knowing how to comfort her. I knew that her apology was not actually meant for the waiter but her deceased father.

Soon enough, Sally was able to regain her composure. Ever the elegant woman that she was, she was able to recover quite quickly from the earlier mishap.

However, her expression was no longer as composed as it was when we entered earlier. Even though she was smiling, it was strained.

"It's getting late, Aunt Sally. Let's head back." I figured that after this revelation, she'd likely not be in the mood to continue shopping.

Sally nodded. "Yeah, let's go. You should be resting after a full day out."

Since I was fumbling around with my bag, I also failed to notice that Sally had stopped in her tracks on her way out. I looked up immediately, only to be surprised by what I saw.

It was just our lucky day.

Sharon, of all people, happened to be standing at the entrance of the cafe. Behind her was Marcus, who presumably just parked his car and entered the building.

"Marc, let's go somewhere less filthy," said Sharon cruelly. The expression on her face was truly a nasty sight.

Marcus glanced at me and frowned before nodding in response.

The pair turned around to leave but were stopped by a well-intentioned waiter. "Are you here for coffee? Where would you like to be seated?"

Sharon barely glanced at the waiter but kept her eyes on Sally the whole time. "Well, your establishment seems to be more suited to entertaining notorious maneaters." She sneered and continued. "A popular hangout spot for mistresses, perhaps, but definitely not for me."

The waiter was taken aback and turned to look at Sally as well.

The cafe was initially quiet, but the commotion had attracted the attention of the other patrons. Soon, whispers were heard among everyone present.

"What the f*ck is wrong with that woman?"

"Oh, haven't you heard? That's the ex-wife of Benjamin White. The one standing next to the lady in white is a scion of the Fullers, a prominent family here in J City. I think her name is Sally or something like that. I heard that she was his mistress for a good number of years but only became his official wife in the last two years or so."

"That explains it! No wonder the ex-wife is so unhappy about this. How can such a prominent family let the heiress be another man's mistress? What is the family even thinking?"

"Who knows! Maybe it's true love after all?"

"I've heard that the couple are about twenty years apart. Doesn't this age gap seem....a little too extreme?"

The sound of gossip was far from subtle. Sally glanced pale-faced at Sharon but did not say much else. She turned around and prepared to leave.

Sharon was quick to move in Sally's way, thus blocking her path. "What's the rush? Everyone is curious about your little love story, so why not tell everyone what happened?"

"Ms. Bauman, just because you enjoy airing your dirty linen in public, doesn't mean everyone else likes it too." I was aware that I was being a little harsh, but I could not let this slide. "You failed to retain something valuable and let it slip through your fingers. I'd suggest having some self-awareness and self-respect."

"Are you sure I'm the one without self-respect here?" Sharon was angered by my words, and her voice immediately went up by a few octaves. "Just who the hell do you think you are? What gives you the right to be pointing fingers at me?"

Sally immediately pulled me behind her, concerned that Sharon might hurt me. "Nobody is pointing fingers at you, but if you'd like us to, just keep going as loudly as you can. I dare you. By tomorrow, you'll be the talk of the town."

Sharon was so angry that she was nearly foaming at the mouth. She grabbed Marcus by the arm and gestured at both of us wildly. "Marc, it is clear that they are ganging up on me here! They're trying to humiliate me!"

I frowned. This woman clearly had no qualms about picking a fight, but this was still, by and large, a problem for the White family to sort out. Because of that, whose fault it was

remained unclear to me. However, her appalling behavior was embarrassing. Was the display she gave us yesterday not enough? Why did she have to cause a scene so publicly today as well?

Looking at Marcus straight in the eye, I said, "You seem like a reasonably smart person, Mr. White. I'm sure that you're not going to continue blocking the way and turn us all into the joke of the century, right?"

Marcus raised a brow and did not say much. Instead, he stepped aside a little and muttered, "By all means."

The episode that happened earlier was a particularly exciting spectacle and it was definitely not a pleasant sight. With that, Sally hurriedly pulled me aside and tried to leave without bumping into either of them.

However, the entrance to the cafe was not spacious enough. Sharon, in her rage, refused to give way. Sally was reluctant to engage with her and marched out of the cafe.

I followed Sally closely from behind and couldn't help but steal a glance at Sharon. There was something quite pitiful about the state she was in right now. Having gone through a divorce at her age just meant that her marriage was far from perfect.

What I wasn't expecting was for Sharon to stumble in my direction and bump into me. Sensing that I was about to fall, I instinctively covered my belly in a feeble attempt to cushion myself.

My heart stopped for a moment as a chill overcame my body. The only thing I could think of was...

Having seen that I was about to fall, I felt my arm being pulled upwards by force. Another hand came around my belly and tried to keep me stable. The motion immediately snapped me out of my thoughts.

"Are you okay? Are you in a shock?" Sally held me by the arm and was now fussing over me in a panic.

I was alright, but the thought of falling gave me a cold sweat. I stood still and shakily drew in a breath while shaking my head at her. "I'm fine."

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I soon realized that his hand was still on my waist and felt my face flush with embarrassment. Marcus had caught me in time. Raising my head, I looked at Marcus and thanked him for responding so quickly.

He frowned and immediately retracted his hand. "It was nothing." Marcus then turned to address Sharon. Coldly, he said, "Let's go."

Sally was not usually the type to deliberately seek out conflict, but this time, she was the one who held Sharon back. "You tripped and bumped into someone, yet you're trying to leave without apologizing?"

Sharon was not happy, yet her arrogance remained undiminished. "Are you implying that a bunch of sl*ts like you are worthy of an apology?"

The slap that followed rang loud and clear.

Sharon looked at Sally in disbelief as she clutched her reddened cheek. "You b*tch! How dare you slap me?"

Sally tried to suppress her anger. In a low voice, she said, "Sharon, I daresay that I've never wronged you all these years. You, of all people, should know the exact reason why you and Benjamin drifted apart. I've had to swallow my anger and give in to you every step of the way, but I never did it out of fear. I did that because I pitied you. I pitied the fact that you've lived out half your life, yet you still don't know what you're living for!"

"I don't care if you're rude or arrogant towards me, but you shouldn't behave that way towards a pregnant woman." Sally pointed towards my belly and carefully enunciated each word. "You can have a tough life, but you cannot forsake your morals and your soul this way."

"The baby in her belly is seven months old. If not for Marcus's reflexes, you would have hurt not one but two lives. Do lives matter so little to you, Sharon? Just because your family is one of the bigshots in the city, you can now afford to be so callous about human life?"

Sally's tone of voice was so loud that it had attracted more onlookers. Some even had their phones out to record the confrontation.

Her heartfelt words had swayed many in the crowd. Now, all the gossip was directed at Sharon.

"Tsk. It's no wonder she was cast aside by her husband. Why would the Whites want to be associated with someone so vicious?"

"Exactly! That lady was pregnant and still, she had the audacity to act that way!"

"Good god, she's so f*cking heartless!"

As the gossiping grew louder, some people had stopped trying to hide the fact that they were discussing the incident and instead began to berate Sharon openly.

Throughout the commotion, Marcus remained impassive and silent. As time passed, the remarks became more and more heated. Suddenly, that coldness was gone and was replaced with grim anger. Addressing the crowd directly, Marcus said, "Have you had enough excitement yet? If you had, kindly f*ck off."

Nobody could take so much disdain and disgust from everyone else, and Sharon was no different. With the number of accusations and insults being hurled at her, she could only hide dejectedly behind Marcus. She bore none of the arrogance or swagger from earlier.

I couldn't help but sigh. I tugged at Sally's hand gently and said, "Let's go, Aunt Sally. It's getting late."

Sally took one last look at the pair and decided that she'd had enough. "Let's go then."

As soon as we left the cafe, whatever desire we had to continue shopping was no longer there.

After Sally sent me back to the villa, she looked at me and exclaimed, "What a day it was! You've had some torture with the shopping and a proper scare. I think a good rest is in order."

I nodded and got out of the car. "Ashton should be back by now, so why don't you join us for dinner?"

Sally shook her head and declined politely. "I can't. Nobody is supervising Benjamin at night, and he sometimes won't eat properly. I have to go."

Having heard this, I was stunned. Without saying much, I merely sent her on her way with a smile.

After she left, I lingered outside and looked at the green belt at the side of the road in a daze. Knowing that feelings and affection came in many different forms, I wondered what Benjamin and Sally had.

Soon, I received a call from Macy. "How did you find K City? Do you think you'd get used to it there?"

I glanced at the villa in front of me and took my time following the cobblestone path. "It's alright! How are you holding up over there? And how was your checkup?"

"It's all good. There is a hospital downtown that I'll visit once a week." For some reason, I could still hear the sounds of her chewing through the receiver. "I never thought my belly was that large, but I've recently noticed that it has gotten so much bigger! I'm guessing that I won't be able to move around so freely in the months to come. You're due pretty soon, right? I reckon I won't be able to see you for a while, so you have to take care."

"I will!" It was still early, and the villa seemed to be empty still. I found a place to sit down in the courtyard and looked around before continuing with the conversation. "When the baby comes, I'll bring it over for a visit. You'll be the godmother!"

Macy clicked her tongue. "Godmother? Just call me 'mom'. It'll be the same when I have mine as well. I'll have the child address you as 'mom' too, none of that godmother nonsense."

I could only laugh at her. "Alright, you win."

"I think Jackson should be returning to K City in a few days. If you're bored, maybe you can give him a call. Have a chat, go out, do something... After that incident involving his mother, I think he has been stressing over a lot of things and is likely overwhelmed too. He's also more likely to run into the Kanes in K City, and god knows how uncomfortable he'll feel if he saw them."

I nodded and sighed. "I'll call him and ask when he'll be arriving then."

Macy grunted in response. "By the way, please take down his new number. He'd gone ahead and changed his number during his visit to M Country and notified me about the change online."

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We were all used to Jackson's habit of frequently changing phone numbers by now. "Well, tell me and I'll save it now."

I then put Macy on speakerphone and prepared to update his contact details. I also caught a glimpse of Molly, who was wiping the tables in the living room. I walked in and said hello.

As I made my way upstairs, Macy could hear all the movements I had been making. "Well, don't take it down while you're walking. Either find something to write on, or I'll just text you."

I was feeling alright, but since she called, I figured we'd chat for a while longer. I did not feel like hanging up so soon. "Give me a moment. I'm going to pop into the study and find something to write on."

The study was very large and well furnished, all according to Ashton's tastes. As I made my way around the table, I rummaged through the drawers and found a piece of paper that I could jot down what Macy told me.

As we continued our banter on banal topics, I noticed a hard, yellow folder in the drawer. Keeping her on the line, I reached for the folder and opened it.

Seeing the contents of the file, I was momentarily distracted.

"By the way, do you still have morning sickness? I'd heard some old wives' tale about how we seem to stop vomiting when we reach our third trimester. But that will take ages!" Macy whined from the other end of the line.

As I stared at the words on the file, I lost all desire to chat. "I'll get back to you in a bit, Macy."

"What's up?"

"I need to tend to something. We'll talk later."

After hanging up, I closed the drawer and felt a strange heaviness in my heart. It could be that the atmosphere in the study was too dull.

When I went downstairs again, Molly greeted me with a smile. "Mrs. Fuller, is there something you feel like eating? Some dessert, maybe?"

"No, thank you." My reply was listless, but I truly didn't have the energy to deal with her. With that, I left the living room.

K City was a large city. Where could I go if I wanted to be alone for a while?

I ventured out of the villa and wandered aimlessly on the street. As I looked at my surroundings, everything felt unfamiliar.

I contemplated my current situation. Things were not that bad. I'd been mentally preparing myself for a divorce since I married Ashton, after all.

However, if not for this child, we'd have likely burnt our bridges much earlier.

My listless wandering had landed me in a bit of a tough spot. It took me a while to realize that I was lost. I gazed at all the people around me and couldn't quite make out where I was. I had even lost track of time!

The weather was too hot, so I simply found a place to sit down. Unfortunately for me, I even forgot to bring along my phone and bag.

It would seem that I was truly lost.

Seeing that the sky was darkening, I tried to borrow a phone from the passers-by but was promptly refused.

I had noticed a black BMW on the other side of the road. Thinking he wanted to park where I stood, I turned around and began walking in the other direction.

"Scarlett?"

A man's baritone voice called out to me from behind. It was unfamiliar, so I had to turn around to check. Upon closer inspection, I realized that the car window was rolled down, revealing the man's clear profile.

Wait a moment, was that Marcus?

What was he doing here?

“Mr. White! What a coincidence running into you here!” I chuckled, trying to hide my embarrassment.

Marcus didn't seem like a man of many words. His gaze soon fell at my bare, bleeding feet. I'd taken my shoes off because they chafed my feet from all the walking.

Being scrutinized by him like this was so awkward, but I had nowhere to hide. All I could do was laugh.

“Get in the car,” he said, his tone neutral.

“No, it's fine.” I'd refused him, instinctively. “I came out for a stroll, and I should be able to go back soon. There's no need to trouble yourself for my sake.”

He frowned at me, slightly displeased. “It's getting dark. You'd have trouble finding your way back.”

I swore inwardly.

Pursing my lips, I lowered my gaze to stare at my bloodied feet and sighed quietly. Now was not the time to play coy.

When I entered his car, all he did was glance at me and curtly asked me to fasten my seatbelt.

I nodded. Seeing that he'd started the car, I asked him to take me back to Southcott Residential Area.

The car ride was completely silent.

The quietness had an intimidating air. To add to my embarrassment, however, my stomach decided that it was the perfect time to growl weakly.

He turned to look at me again, with his eyebrows slightly raised. “What do you want to eat?”

The awkwardness I felt at the time was devastating. I lowered my head and said, "It's fine. I'll just eat when I get back home."

"Something spicy? Pasta? Barbeque?"

"Barbeque, then."

I opened my mouth, intending to refuse again, but I was so stunned that nothing came out. I stole a glance at him and saw that he was still observing me with raised brows. I bit my lip and cursed myself again for not having eaten anything before leaving the villa. Eating would be the death of me, the bane of my existence.

It wasn't long until Marcus parked the car and asked me to follow him down.

I'd noticed that he'd chosen a fine establishment as well. It was well-decorated and had a steady stream of customers coming and going.

After a brief wait, a waitress found us a seat and gave Marcus a menu. I noticed that the girl's pretty eyes would dart towards him as she stole glances at him several times.

Marcus flicked open the menu and asked, "What will you have?"

I looked through the menu myself, and without dwelling too much on it, just selected a dish that seemed appealing. After that, I met his gaze directly. "I have to warn you, Marcus. I didn't bring my phone and wallet out."

He nodded. "It's on me."

Seeing that he said this, I returned the nod and picked out something to quench my thirst as well. With that done, I returned the menu to the starry-eyed waitress who was staring at Marcus again.

I noticed that the young lady couldn't help but sneak another glance at him before she left.

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For someone as attractive as Marcus, it was no surprise that she had eyes on him all the time.

“Thanks again for helping me out today, Mr. White. And thank you for dinner, as well.”

He had done quite a bit for me today. I couldn't just keep quiet and not thank him for his deeds.

He frowned slightly and grunted indifferently at me in response. After that, he said nothing further.

Our meal was a very quiet affair, but it was not unexpected. After all, we were individuals who barely knew each other. Neither of us had much to say, to begin with, especially since he seemed like such a refined and elegant person. Marcus was attracting quite a bit of attention with his good looks as well.

After eating my fill, I set aside my cutlery.

Having noticed my movements, Marcus looked at me. In a low voice, he asked if I was full.

I nodded and smiled faintly at him.

He put down his cutlery as well and wiped his mouth clean in a graceful gesture. “Let's go then.”

Marcus's way of handling things made it difficult for me to find common ground. Even so, I realized that he was not cold or aloof, but rather, he radiated a certain calmness. He was the type who used that level-headedness to solve any conundrum.

When I got into the car, I saw that the clock on the dashboard said nine o'clock.

As I thought of the divorce papers I found in the drawer of the study, my heart sank. A part of me was reluctant to return to the villa, but I had no choice. Even though K City was a large place, I had nowhere to go.

It took me a while to notice the scenery outside the car. I was taken aback. Wasn't this the city center? Marcus had not brought me back home but to the Greenleafe Residential Area instead. “The White Residence?” I queried, looking at him.

“You'll spend the night here.” His expression was impassive and difficult to read.

I was stunned. Yet before I could say more, he had already parked and exited the vehicle.

I followed him into the White Residence, only to be met by a teary-eyed Sally who was coming downstairs. She had her coat on and appeared to be heading somewhere.

The sight of me and Marcus together stopped her dead in her tracks. "Wait, why are you with Marcus?"

"I found her along the way." Having said that, Marcus went upstairs, seemingly reluctant to continue the conversation.

Sally looked at me, and her panic-stricken face relaxed a little. "What were you doing wandering about without your phone and purse?"

I chuckled sheepishly. "I...forgot to grab them before I left."

Sally then pulled out her phone to make a call. For a moment, I didn't know what to say, so we merely sat there in silence.

It didn't take long for Ashton to arrive. Sally had been waiting by the door and immediately flung her arms up to slow him down. "Calm down, Ashton. She's fine," said Sally in hushed tones. "Don't startle her and speak calmly."

Her voice was lowered, but I could still hear what she said.

I plopped myself onto the couch and tried to suppress my emotions.

Grunting at Sally in response, Ashton entered the living room and walked towards me. In a low voice, he asked, "Have you had dinner? Are you hungry?"

I nodded once and then at Sally, who was standing right behind him. "Thank you for this, Aunt Sally. I'll be heading home first. Please also convey my thanks to Marcus."

After that, I got up and walked out of the villa without sparing Ashton a second glance.

Sally followed us from behind to send us off. "Drive carefully!" she said with a wave.

When I got into the car, Ashton didn't speak but leaned over and tried to help me fasten my seatbelt. I brushed him off and fastened it on my own. After that, I looked out the window in a daze.

He paused, not speaking, and started the car.

The journey home took no longer than thirty minutes. I got out of the car after he parked and noticed that the villa was brightly lit. Quite a few people were standing in the courtyard as well.

Among the small crowd that gathered, I spotted the doctor, the housekeeping staff, and a few bodyguards whose faces were unfamiliar to me. I paused briefly to glance at them again and went straight to my bedroom without a word.

Ashton didn't enter the bedroom till half an hour later. By then, I was ready to go to bed.

I lay there in a daze when I heard some movement in the room. I opened my eyes and saw that Ashton was there, removing his blazer.

"Can I sleep alone tonight?" I was on my side of my bed, but I chose not to hide the weariness in my voice.

He continued to remove his clothes without a word and threw them all aside in a pile. "Why?" he asked icily. Even his gaze was cold.

"I just want to sleep alone." I looked at him again, waiting for him to make a decision.

He pursed his lips and said nothing for a while. "You'd better give me a satisfactory explanation!"

I looked at the patterns on the sheets. "We should start getting used to our impending separation," I said irritably.

Suddenly, Ashton sneered at me. "It's only been a while, and you've already found your next target? Have you taken a liking to Marcus?"

"What bullsh*t are you going on about this time, Ashton?" My anger flared, and I could not help but raise my voice at him.

He snickered. "Isn't it so?"

I suppressed the turmoil in my heart for a moment, but I was not sure of how to respond. All I felt was panic, anger, and frustration coursing through my veins. After a brief pause, I looked at Ashton and asked, "Do you hate me?"

Maybe I calmed down too quickly, or maybe the question I asked was too naive. Ashton frowned. "Why would I hate you?"

I moved forward and leaned against the bedframe. "All that I am right now should've belonged to Rebecca. I've appeared out of thin air and caused a disruption in both your lives and caused you both to break up. The fault is mine alone."