

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 201 -

“To provide for you and our child!” He said, smiling widely.

Pursing my lips, I returned it to him and said, “I don’t need money. Grandpa left quite a lot of money to me and I’ve saved up over these few years of working in Fuller Corporation. I don’t have much to spend on, so I don’t need it!”

He paid for most of my living expenses, such as food, accommodation and transport. Furthermore, as I was not in the habit of shopping nor did I have sudden impulses to buy things, I rarely spent any money.

When I stuffed the file back to him, he frowned. “You don’t want to spend my money? Or are you just unwilling to?”

I was rendered speechless. Is there even a difference between these two questions?

Looking at him, I replied, “None of the above. I don’t really spend money that frequently. Aren’t you planning to expand your business? Just use these funds for it. It’ll be useless to leave them with me.”

He frowned unhappily. Just when he was about to say something, his phone rang.

I got up from his lap. When he picked up the call, I realized that it was from Jared.

“What’s up, Jared?”

After placing the file back in the drawer, I left the study room instead of listening in to their conversation.

A short while later, Ashton hurriedly rushed out. It seemed like he needed to attend to something urgent.

As Molly and Mrs. Eriksen refused to let me leave the house, I baked some pastries with them out of boredom.

When the doorbell rang, Mrs. Eriksen was rushing to take the pastries out of the oven and Molly's hands were still covered with flour.

As I was the only one idling around, I walked to the living room and opened the door. I was taken aback when I saw Marcus standing there.

Why did he come here?

"Hello, Mr. White!" I greeted him with a smile.

He raised his eyebrow. "Aren't you going to invite me in?"

"Of course I am! Please come in." I led him into the living room.

As Mrs. Eriksen and Molly did not know him, they merely greeted him politely.

We sat down opposite each other in the living room.

Feeling confused, I could not help but ask, "Why are you here, Mr. White?"

Instead of answering immediately, he passed a box to me before explaining, "Your phone was damaged after you dropped into the pond. I took out the SIM card and inserted it into a new phone."

I was stunned. Suddenly, I recalled how he followed me last night just to return my phone to me.

However, I...

At that thought, I could not help but blush and apologize, "I'm really sorry about what happened last night. I assumed that you were... I'm sorry!"

He raised his eyebrows. "What did you assume?"

After a slight pause, he smirked. "That I want to take advantage of you?"

I quickly shook my head and denied, "It's not that." How could a handsome man like him possibly be interested in a pregnant woman like me?

I thought that he resented me and Ashton because of what happened to Sally, so...

Mrs. Eriksen laid the pastries out and said, "Letty, I'll accompany you to the office later and bring some pastries to Mr. Ashton. If he knows that you baked them yourself, he'll definitely be very happy."

I smiled and did not respond. After all, I did not bake those pastries on my own—at the very most, I merely helped out.

She merely said that because she wanted my relationship with Ashton to improve.

Hence, I did not say anything else.

Marcus glanced at Mrs. Eriksen and asked, "Can I take some home?"

I gaped in shock.

He did seem like someone who likes to eat pastries. I had visited the White family twice and the chefs there were all extremely skilled. Yet, I had never seen him eat any pastries. Why...

Mrs. Eriksen nodded and went to pack some pastries.

Surprised, I looked at Marcus and exclaimed, "So you like to eat pastries?"

He raised his eyebrow. "It won't hurt if I eat some occasionally."

He was not wrong.

After Mrs. Eriksen finished packing the pastries, Marcus stood up and prepared to leave. Looking at the phone he left behind, I could not help but say, "Mr. White, about the cost of the phone..."

"These pastries make up for it!" He lifted the bag of pastries and said, "We're even now."

With that, he left.

Mrs. Eriksen, who did not know him, watched him leave and asked me, "Who is he?"

“Marcus White. He’s Benjamin’s son.”

“I see!” She nodded as she mumbled to herself, “I don’t know him.”

I smiled, but did not elaborate further.

After packing some pastries up, Mrs. Eriksen held onto my arm and said, “If you send the pastries to Mr. Ashton personally, he’ll definitely be delighted.”

I did not know if he would be delighted, but one thing was for sure—he was probably very busy now.

I rarely visited the company’s office in K City. When I arrived at the building in a taxi, I could not help but be slightly surprised.

It was really showy of Ashton to have bought three magnificent skyscrapers right smack in the city center.

Crowds of people surged in and out of the building. Afraid that someone would bump into me, Mrs. Eriksen held onto my hand carefully and reminded me, “You must be careful!”

Soon, we arrived at the receptionist.

Despite calling for assistance twice, everyone ignored Mrs. Eriksen. The pretty receptionist was so busy dealing with the visitors that she dismissed Mrs. Eriksen a few times.

Frustrated, Mrs. Eriksen scolded, “Why can’t you tell us where the president’s office is? Why are you so unprofessional?”

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Her voice was loud, attracting the crowd’s attention. The receptionist had no choice but to turn toward her and say politely, “I’m not concealing the information from you deliberately. Mr. Fuller receives many guests every day, but each of them has to make an appointment with him. If you don’t have an appointment with him, I’m afraid that I can’t let you meet him.”

Mrs. Eriksen was annoyed. "How busy is he? Does his wife need to make an appointment to visit him?"

The receptionist was stunned for a while before bursting into laughter. "Ma'am, Mr. Fuller's fiancée just visited. How is it possible for him to have a wife? Did you mistake him for someone else?"

"That's impossible!" Mrs. Eriksen placed the pastries on the table and said furiously, "Mr. Fuller has been married for almost three years. Why would he have a fiancée? He's even going to have a child soon. Are you sure that you aren't mistaken?"

The receptionist scoffed disdainfully. "You mustn't spout such nonsense, Ma'am. Of course we'd know if Mr. Fuller is married or not. His fiancée has been visiting him for the past few days. We can't possibly be mistaken, right?"

Mrs. Eriksen was about to rebuke when I interrupted, "Mrs. Eriksen."

"Letty!" She looked at me and asked worriedly, "What's wrong? Are you tired? Sit there for a while and I'll speak to them."

Chuckling, I shook my head and walked to the receptionist with my hand on my stomach. "There's no need for that!" Looking at her, I asked, "Is Mr. Fuller's fiancée's last name Larson?"

She was shocked for a while before nodding. "Yeah! She's the missing daughter from the Moore family. She got to know Mr. Fuller in J City and they already have a child together. I heard that they're going to be married soon!"

"Nonsense!" Unable to stand it anymore, Mrs. Eriksen cursed, "What crap is that? Even until now, Rebecca's still constantly pestering Mr. Fuller. It's impossible for that child to be his."

"Ma'am, please be more careful with your words. Don't slander others so casually!" The receptionist seemed to be very defensive of Rebecca.

Mrs. Eriksen scoffed, "Slander her? Ha! If she's a decent and upright woman, it's impossible for her to be slandered."

After glancing around at the silent crowd in the lobby, I looked back at the receptionist and asked, "Does Ms. Larson come here frequently?"

She nodded. Gazing at my stomach, she asked hesitatingly, "She's been visiting regularly ever since Mr. Fuller came to K City. Who are you, Ma'am?"

"I'm Ashton's official wife!" Pointing at my stomach, I smiled. "This is his child who's going to be born soon."

Then, I ignored the receptionist's doubtful gaze and called Ashton.

The call went through almost instantly.

"Hello!" A female voice answered the phone, so it was obvious that Ashton was not the one who picked it up.

It was Rebecca!

"Let Ashton answer the phone!" I was not particularly upset either. After all, it was normal for other women to be obsessed with a man like Ashton.

"He's having a meeting!" Rebecca said smugly. "Your baby's about to be born, right?"

I narrowed my eyes and hung up.

When the receptionist saw that, she scoffed, "Don't think that anyone can pretend to be Mr. Fuller's wife. A random woman on the streets isn't worthy enough of him!"

"Why are you so rude?" Mrs. Eriksen flushed in fury as she glared at the receptionist. She looked like she was on the verge of cursing at her.

I pulled her back and shook my head slightly. As there were many people watching us, it would be inappropriate to create a ruckus here.

I decided to call Jared next. He picked up the call almost immediately.

His voice was as calm as usual. "What's up, Scarlett?"

"Are you in K City?"

He replied, "Yes!"

"I'm on the ground floor of the Prism Building. Can you bring me up? The receptionist said that I need to make an appointment, but I didn't make one with Ashton." I spoke calmly, my voice devoid of any emotion.

"Sure!" Jared replied and hung up.

The receptionist's expression was turning unpleasant. Dumbfounded, she looked at me skeptically.

Stroking my stomach, I stood there silently with my head lowered. Mrs. Eriksen glared at the receptionist and mumbled, "How snobbish!"

She was about to retort when someone approached her. "Hello, I made an appointment with Mr. Fuller. Please pass the message on to him!"

The receptionist nodded. "Alright, hold on for a while."

As his voice sounded familiar, I could not help but turn around and glance at the person. It was none other than Thomas, the president of AC Credit.

Stunned, I called out to him, "Mr. Lowe!"

When Thomas spotted me, he exclaimed in surprise, "Why have you come to K City as well, Mrs. Fuller? As your pregnancy is in its late stages, I thought that you'll remain in J City to manage Fuller Corporation."

I chuckled. Glancing at my stomach, I said, "My stomach's getting bigger, so I can't travel to work anymore. Why did you come to K City too?"

He smiled and replied, "Fuller Corporation is planning to expand its business in K City. Naturally, I'm here for potential future collaborations."

AC Credit had been around for decades. The Fuller Corporation was a massive conglomerate with an extensive production chain. The gains from a collaboration with Fuller Corporation could amount to half of AC Credit's annual revenue. Hence, he would not give up on such an opportunity.

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I nodded and did not continue the conversation.

When he saw me standing there, he frowned and asked, "Are you waiting for someone?"

I nodded. "I didn't tell Ashton beforehand that I'm coming, so I'm waiting for him here."

"Mr. Lowe, Mr. Fuller has allowed you to go up!" announced the receptionist as she looked at me uneasily.

Thomas nodded. Looking at me, he suggested, "Mr. Fuller is probably busy. Why don't you go up with me? Since you're in the later stages of your pregnancy, it's not good if you stand for so long."

I shook my head. "I'm fine. You can go up first. Mr. Crest will be coming down to fetch me. Please go ahead! I don't want to disrupt your work."

He raised his eyebrows and smiled. "Mr. Jared Crest?"

I nodded.

Smiling, he entered the lift without saying anything else.

Having witnessed such a scene, the receptionist had probably figured out what was going on. She immediately looked at me and apologized, "Mrs. Fuller, please don't take what happened earlier to heart. I didn't do it on purpose. I'm just doing my job, so please forgive me."

Mrs. Eriksen rebuked furiously, "Doing your job? What's your job supposed to be? You're supposed to welcome guests and convey messages. Yet, you failed to welcome us warmly and did not even convey any messages to Mr. Fuller."

After a slight pause, she scoffed, "It's not your fault that you didn't inform him. After all, we had not made an appointment. But an important part of your job is to welcome guests! Not only did you fail to do a good job in it, but you also mocked us. Why should the company continue to hire you?"

As Mrs. Eriksen had worked for George for a long time, she had witnessed all kinds of scenarios. She was thus able to retort skillfully and sharply.

The receptionist was rendered speechless for a while. Gazing at me, she said, "I'm sorry, Mrs. Fuller. I didn't do it on purpose!"

"Do you think that an apology would matter much after I murder someone?" As Mrs. Eriksen had been suppressing her anger earlier, she was starting to vent it out through her words.

"Why are you acting like this?" The receptionist raised her volume. "I've already apologized. Why are you still being so overbearing? Mr. Fuller's the one who has a mistress. Your own husband is cheating on you, but why are you venting your anger on others? Do you think that you can do anything just because you're rich?"

Her loud voice attracted a lot of people. Her volume increased as she spoke, "It's no wonder that Mr. Fuller is unwilling to have a petty woman around with him. Unlike you, Ms. Larson is beautiful and kind. You need to have some self-awareness. You probably had to resort to some unscrupulous methods to marry Mr. Fuller!"

Her words became meaner as she spoke.

Furious, Mrs. Eriksen raised her arm and was about to slap her when I pulled her back. I said calmly, "Let's not create a ruckus."

There were people filming us. Someone might make a huge deal out of this by spreading the videos. Suppressing the rumors in K City would be harder than if we were back in J City.

Furthermore, Ashton was trying to expand the business now. It would be undesirable for scandals to break out at this juncture.

"So, are you just going to let her bully you like that?" said Mrs. Eriksen as she furiously glared at the receptionist.

I shook my head. "She's just shooting her mouth off. It's fine!"

When Jared came and saw the huge crowd, he frowned and looked at me. "What happened?"

I glanced at the receptionist. Despite rebuking us so feistily earlier, she now looked quite flustered. An embarrassed look quickly crossed her face.

It was normal for people to admire talented people. This lady probably had a crush on Jared.

Averting my gaze, I shook my head. "I'm fine. Let's go!"

When we were in the lift, Jared raised his eyebrows and commented, "You're still coming along despite knowing that Rebecca's here. Won't you feel upset?"

I laughed. "I'll feel even more upset if I didn't come."

Chuckling, he glanced at my stomach and his gaze became solemn. He reminded, "Your baby's about to be born, so you mustn't roam about!"

I nodded and asked curiously, "How did you find out that I know Rebecca's here?"

"The receptionist looked pale. She probably said something inappropriate," replied Jared calmly.

He was right. As expected, intelligent people were very observant.

Hence, I did not elaborate further.

The lift soon reached the top floor. Glancing at the corridor, he said, "Just walk along the corridor and you'll reach Ashton's office. You can go ahead first. I have other matters to attend to."

I nodded. "Okay, thanks!"

"You're welcome."

While he returned to his office, Mrs. Eriksen and I walked along the corridor. She glanced at me and whispered, "Letty, that receptionist shouldn't remain in this company."

"I won't intervene with the company's affairs. It's got nothing to do with me whether she's working here or not. Don't overthink!"

When I reached Ashton's office, I knocked on the door. As no one responded, I pushed the door slightly.

The door was not locked, so it immediately swung open.

There was no one in the office. After placing the pastries in the lounge area, Mrs. Eriksen looked at me and said, "I'll go out for a while and wait for you downstairs later. Have a chat with Mr. Ashton for the time being!"

I nodded, thinking that she probably needed to buy something.

Ashton returned soon with Rebecca following behind. When he saw me, he was surprised. "When did you come?"

"Around an hour earlier!" Although I had just reached the office, I wasted a lot of time due to the receptionist.

Raising his eyebrows, he walked toward me and tucked my hair behind my ears. "Why didn't you call and inform me?"

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I raised my hand and glanced at Rebecca, who was clad in branded goods from head to toe. Averting my gaze, I calmly said, "I called you, but Ms. Larson said that you're in a meeting."

He frowned. The veins in his temples throbbed as he looked at Rebecca. "Interesting."

Noticing that he was furious, Rebecca's face paled. "I'm sorry, Ash. I didn't touch your phone on purpose. As it kept ringing a few times, I picked up the call, thinking that it's about something urgent. I didn't expect it to be from Scarlett!"

After hearing her words, I raised my eyebrows and remarked thoughtfully, "I only called once before the call went through." Smiling coldly at Ashton, I said, "Looks like you normally receive a lot of calls."

Ashton frowned. "Don't be so sarcastic!" Then, he glanced at Rebecca and said coldly, "It's getting late. I'll let Joe send you back."

An unpleasant look crossed her face. She looked at me and protested unhappily, "Ash, my Dad wants you to send me home."

Ashton frowned. "Since when did I become your chauffeur?"

Rebecca paled and was rendered speechless.

Feeling aggrieved, her eyes reddened. "You know that's not what I meant."

"But that's how I understood it." Ashton was becoming more skilled at rebuking others.

If I were Rebecca, I would have felt utterly defeated by now.

Rebecca clasped her hands so tightly that her fingernails dug into her flesh. With tears brimming in her eyes, she said, "I'll visit you tomorrow."

When she left, she kept turning around to look at Ashton.

Propping my chin up with a hand, I could not help but comment, "The receptionist said that your fiancée visits you every day. Looks like she isn't lying. Should I go home and prepare to welcome your fiancée?"

He frowned. "Fiancée?"

"Yeah!" As my arm felt a bit sore, I stretched it toward him. While he instinctively massaged it, I continued, "She visits you so frequently and is even pregnant. Who can she possibly be if not for your fiancée?"

With a grim expression, he raised his eyebrows and looked at me. "You believed that?"

"It's not up to me whether I believed it or not!" As I was not in the mood to argue with him, I remained calm.

He whipped out his phone and made a call. As I was near him, I could clearly hear the person speaking on the phone.

It was Joseph. "Yes, Mr. Fuller?"

"Change the receptionist on the ground floor. She's barred from working here forever." Then, he continued, "Without my permission, don't let any irrelevant personnel in."

Joseph was a bit confused. "Who are you referring to, Mr. Fuller?"

"Rebecca!"

With that, Ashton was about to end the call when Joseph quickly protested, "She came with Mr. Quinn. I'm not in the position to intervene!"

Ashton frowned. "Find a solution, then."

He hung up immediately after. Glancing at me, he asked, "How's that?"

I nodded in approval. "Simple and straightforward!"

He frowned. "So, are you satisfied?"

Pouting, I rebuked, "What's your business got to do with me?"

As I could not be bothered to argue with him, I passed the pastries I brought to him. "Mrs. Eriksen said that if you knew that I baked these pastries, you'd definitely enjoy them."

Taking the box from my hands, he glanced at it then back at me. "Did you really bake them?"

"I helped out!" As Mrs. Eriksen and Molly baked them too, I did not deserve full credit.

Chuckling, he commented, "Although they look quite ugly, they probably taste quite good."

Ugly?

I was rendered speechless.

It was already evening, so the workday had already ended. Mrs. Eriksen called, saying that she would return first and that I should go home with Ashton.

Knowing that she was deliberately trying to make me spend more time with Ashton, I agreed without saying anything else.

Ashton was not particularly fond of pastries, so he merely took a few bites. Not commenting on it, I leaned against the couch and used my phone.

However, he snatched my phone away. "Stop using your phone so regularly. It's bad for your eyes."

"Then, do I look at you instead?" I was extremely bored. Furthermore, as I was quite upset by what happened downstairs, I felt an urge to rebuke Ashton whenever he spoke.

He laughed and offered generously, "Sure, you can look at me to your heart's content!"

Completely uninterested in his offer, I rolled my eyes. "You should ask Rebecca to do it instead. I'm not interested!"

"Are you still angry?" He pulled me into his arms as he said exasperatedly, "Rumors spread easily in a company as large as this. It's inevitable for some people to deliberately stir up trouble. What's the use of being bothered by it?"

I said sarcastically, "So you knew about it right from the start, but you just idly stood by? If I hadn't visited today, would you have been enjoying this a lot? Your wife and your mistress are both pregnant. Once we both give birth, you might be blessed with a son and a daughter! How perfect!"

Hearing the sarcasm in my words, he massaged his temples. "You have such a wild imagination. Why can't you think about other issues instead?"

I scoffed, "Like what? Should I think about your passionate relationship with Rebecca and how the both of you are sleeping with each other behind my back?"

He frowned, feeling frustrated. "I keep saying that there's nothing between both of us, so why do you keep harping on it? Are you never going to get over it?"

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"How can I get over it?" As I was upset, I spoke in a very blunt manner. "You let her enter the office whenever she wants to and allow the staff to call her your fiancée. Yet, you still act so indifferently about it, as if it's got nothing to do with you. Are you lying to yourself or to me, Ashton? What's the point of all this?"

When he met my gaze, he suddenly laughed. "You allow John to shower you with concern, send you fruits and reminisce over good memories. Why can't you tolerate Rebecca's presence?"

Not expecting him to mention these things, I immediately seethed in fury. When I stood up abruptly, I almost lost my balance and fell. He tried to hold me, but I shoved him away. "Stay away from me!"

I stomped out of the office. When I opened the door, I saw Joe who was about to knock on the door. There was an awkward expression on his face, probably because he had overheard our conversation earlier.

"Did you have a fight?" He suddenly asked. I was stunned for a while before returning to my senses.

"No, Mr. Quinn. We aren't a couple!" With that, I brushed past him and left.

Ashton caught up with me and grabbed my arm. "Where are you going, Scarlett?"

"It's none of your business." I flung his hand away and was about to leave when he dragged me back to the sofa. Looking at Joe, he asked, "What's the matter?"

Having witnessed this scene, Joe felt a bit embarrassed. "I've settled the matters regarding the European market. Jared and I are planning to celebrate tonight. Will you be coming along?"

Ashton glanced at me and raised an eyebrow. "Do you think that I can go?"

Joe was rendered speechless for a while before suggesting boldly, "Why don't you bring Scarlett along? She can just refrain from drinking alcohol!"

"Do you want to go?" Ashton asked, still holding me.

"Is Rebecca going?" I asked Joe with a determined gaze.

Taken aback, he paused for a while before saying, "Yeah."

I nodded. "I'll go!"

Joe glanced at me, then back at Ashton. Without commenting any further, he left the office.

Ashton grabbed my hands. "What are you planning to do?"

I laughed. "What can I do? The Moore family is so powerful. It's impossible for me to ruin Rebecca, right? I just want to keep an eye on my husband. Why? You don't want me to come?"

He said exasperatedly, "Your baby is about to be born. It's not safe for you to roam about!"

"Isn't Dr. Crest there?"

"He's really busy so he won't have time to take care of you." He made me sound like a burden.

"Fine, I won't go then." Since he was already trying so hard to persuade me, it would be shameless of me to insist.

With that, he fell silent.

Glancing at me, he asked, "What do you want to eat for dinner?"

I could not think of something in such a short span of time. After deliberating about it, I suggested, "What about barbecue?" I had an urge to eat something heavy perhaps due to my pregnancy cravings. I rarely ate barbecue in the past because it was too hot and oily. However, I now felt uneasy if I went too long with eating any barbecue.

He frowned. Not very fond of barbecue, he said, "Eat something else."

"Why?" I disliked it whenever he acted like that. "You're the one who asked me what I wanted to eat. Now that I've said barbecue, you're unwilling to eat it. What do you want me to do?"

He frowned. "The smell is too strong and it's very crowded. It's not safe!"

"It's even more dangerous if I go hungry!" Ashton was extremely annoying at times. "Oh, right. It's more suitable for a dignified president of a company like you to dine at a Western restaurant with an elegant lady like Rebecca. You can enjoy classical music and bask in the romantic atmosphere instead of suffering in a crowded and noisy place like a barbecue shop. It's not worthy enough for a nobleman like you."

Since I was in a bad mood, I did not mince my words.

Pursing his lips, he chided, "Scarlett, can't you be gentler like other women? It's pointless to be so mean."

I chuckled. "If I'm being pointless, look for Rebecca instead. Why are you criticizing me here?"

As it was getting late, I did not continue arguing with him. Instead, I stood up and left the office. Glancing back at him calmly, I said, "It's alright if you don't want to eat barbecue. But if you're worried that something bad might happen to your son, wait for me outside the restaurant. Send me home after I finish eating."

He was so furious that he burst out laughing. "Are you even a woman, Scarlett?"

"How could you not know about that?" When the lift doors opened, I strode in.

He followed me silently and our conversation ended right there.

In the barbecue restaurant, I ordered a lot of dishes. Ashton looked at the oil dripping down the meat and averted his gaze.

I had always known that he disliked barbecue. Not only was it noisy, but he also thought it had a strong smell and was unhygienic. Hence, he rarely ate barbecue.

As the meat was still being barbecued, I felt bored and started using my phone.

He snatched my phone away and repeated his usual catchphrase. "Stop using your phone so regularly. It's bad for your eyes."

I pursed my lips and ignored him.

Propping my chin up, I stared at the barbecued food. When I noticed his hungry expression, I could not help but suggest, "If you really dislike barbecue, you can dine in the adjacent Western restaurant. Let's meet after eating."