

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 221

My knees hurt. It took me a long time to get up from the ground and make my way to bed.

Boom! Thunder roared again before I could reach my bed, and the lamp on the bedside table suddenly went out.

The whole house immediately sank into darkness. Only the sound of thunder mixed with rain outside could be heard.

The house was pitch black. I could not see anything. My body stiffened as I laid low on the floor, the memories bringing me back to that particular night.

My arms and legs were tightly bound. I wanted to move but was unable to.

Fear and grief began to spread within me. In the darkened room, I seemed to hear a baby crying, each cry more miserable than the last.

I wanted to look for him, but no matter what I did, I could not get up from the floor. I did not know what was going on with my mind, but I had actually thought of death.

If I die, I can reunite with my baby. With that thought, I fumbled and stumbled into the living room.

Because of the darkness, everything was flipped and tossed onto the floor, making crackling noises wherever I stepped.

I did not know where Marcus stored the knives, so I could only look for them blindly, but the tool was nowhere to be found.

The baby's cries rang again. The noise sounded so close to me, yet so far away. I did not think much of it as I hurried to the source.

By the time I regained consciousness, I found myself on the sidewalk, with no memories of how I got there.

It was raining heavily. There were no pedestrians, only cars coming and going on the road. I was freaking out. I had no idea what was wrong with me.

There were many times where I could not control myself. I kept having hallucinations. I kept seeing my baby and hearing his cries.

I wanted to go with him, but whenever I did that, I ended up losing him and getting myself lost as well.

Looking at the cars on the road, I felt desperate. This was the soberest moment, since I felt ill, that suicide was on my mind.

Given my current condition, I would only be a burden to others. Without knowing it, I began walking towards the middle of the road.

I heard the harsh sounds of car horns honking. I looked up and saw a flash of white light ahead. My mind went blank.

Right when the car was about to crash into me, someone suddenly caught my waist and dragged me away.

I fell to the ground. My head was spinning. All I could think of was the baby.

I murmured to myself, "Why did I lose him? How could I lose him?"

Tears began to leak.

"It's okay. It's okay. We'll get him back eventually!" A low, hoarse voice rang in my ears, and I was drawn into a warm embrace.

I froze. When I looked up, I was gazing into Ashton's eyes, dark as night. As though something had struck my head, I lifted my arms and pushed him away. I stumbled as I got up from the ground.

I ran aimlessly, just wanting to get away from him.

“Scarlett!” Ashton was faster than me. He got hold of me and held me tightly in his arms. He was incredibly strong, and I had no room to struggle.

I was shaking all over, and every cell in my body screamed at me to push him away.

Marcus was not here. There was no one I could turn to for help. My body went stubbornly numb as I let him hold me.

The longer we stayed there, the heavier the rain poured. I was losing strength by the minute, getting increasingly lightheaded.

The next time I woke up, I was in the hospital.

I looked sideways and saw Ashton’s pale, haggard face. Even so, he was still as handsome as ever.

Perhaps he was physically drained, too, for he had fallen asleep on the edge of the bed. I had not seen stubble on his chin in a long while, and he looked even more sloppy with that.

Was he the one who brought me here?

That thought gave me a headache. I fumbled to get out of bed. I might have moved too much, for he was soon roused awake.

When he saw me attempting to get off the bed, he got up and forced me back down. Eyes darkened, he said, “Take a good rest. The doctor will come over for an infusion shortly!”

I knitted my brows and frowned, my heart surging with irritability and restlessness. I shoved aside the arm he had placed on my shoulder and barked at him, my emotions unstable, “Ashton, I want you to stay away from me. As far as possible. Do you hear me?”

When I was with Marcus, I could keep my mood swings in check, but that was not the case with Ashton. I would take his association with Rebecca to the extremes, revealing the misery and hatred that I had buried so deeply within me.

When Ashton saw how furious I suddenly was, he seemed lost for a moment, but only for a moment. He soon composed himself and tried to calm me down. "Alright. Take it easy. I'll be leaving now. But you have to get your infusion and take your medicine later."

"Ash! I'm done with my checkup!" Rebecca's voice rang from outside the ward.

In just a second, she entered my ward with her medical records in hand. When she saw me, her lips curled upwards, and very gently, she said, "Oh, Scarlett, you're awake. Are you feeling better?"

I did not want to see her, especially her bulging belly, the image of which cut into me like a sharp knife. I felt a stabbing pain every time I see it.

The agony of that night drifted into my mind, filling my heart with hatred. I gritted my teeth. The depression was killing me. I picked up a random object from the bedside cabinet and, without checking what it was, I threw it at Rebecca.

The scare made Rebecca's face turn pale, but Ashton reacted quickly and took the blow in her stead. The object struck him on the back.

I gritted my teeth, still boiling with resentment. The despair in my heart took over like water bursting out of the riverbank. I wanted them dead. That was all I thought about. Anyone who had hurt me must die. I wanted them to be buried along with my baby.

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 222

Glaring at Rebecca's pregnant belly, my face turned stone-cold. "Rebecca, my baby is dead! Don't think you'll get away with it! You, and your mother, will get what's coming!"

"Scarlett, you mad woman! What nonsense is that?" Rebecca dropped her façade entirely following my threat.

My anger contained, I clenched both my fists tight. "Mad? When your mother did what she did, she should have considered how a madwoman such as I would retaliate against you!"

I took note of the chair next to me. Without warning, I lifted it and aimed it at Rebecca. She let out a scream.

"That's enough!" Ashton, being the strong man that he was, snatched the chair from me and glared at me in disbelief. "Scarlett, what's the matter with you? How did you become like this? We might have lost one baby, but we could always have another one."

"Ho!" I scoffed. I lifted my chin and gave him an icy stare before flashing my palm in his face. Very slowly, I said, "Ashton, you're one to talk. It's easy for you, isn't it? Giving birth. All you need to do is fire several shots. You don't have to go through ten months of hard labor!"

His eyes fell on the scar on my palm, and frowned, "How did this happen?"

I laughed, but it was much more painful than crying. Glancing at Rebecca, I resisted my tears. "How did this happen? You should ask your most precious Rebecca over there how I got this scar."

I looked back at Ashton, a lot calmer this time, and continued, "Ashton, do you know how our baby died? That night, he tried so desperately to get out of me, but he was not able to."

Seeing the tormented expression on his face, I suddenly realized, why do I have to suffer alone? Why is it only my burden to bear? "Ashton, do you know? When I was abducted, I tried calling you over and over again, hoping that you would come and save us. But no matter how many times I called, your phone was always turned off. Ashton, do you know how desperate I was?"

He wanted to say something, but I interrupted him with a snort. "You don't know. I believe, at that time, you should be admiring your dear princess, celebrating her birthday. At that time, you must have prepared a wonderful gift for her."

"Scarlett!" He yelled, his voice hoarse. "I left my phone in the company. I really didn't know."

"Exactly. You didn't know!" I sneered. "You have no idea that I was locked up in a warehouse, with my arms and legs tied up. You don't know how I felt when my baby tried so hard to come out, but I couldn't help him. You don't know how I felt when he slowly stopped breathing inside of me..."

I began to choke. I could not go on. But as Ashton's face got paler and more frightful, all of a sudden, I felt better because I was not the only one in pain anymore.

I cracked a smile. "Ashton, do you know what it feels like to have a baby die inside you? Do you know what the baby looked like when it was taken out? Do you know how it felt like to be suffocated to death?"

"That's enough!" On the verge of breaking down, he covered his face with his hands as his tall body gradually crouched down to the floor. In front of me now kneeled a helpless and fragile man, visibly in pain.

I felt better seeing him like this. Then, I turned to Rebecca, whose face had gone pale, and sneered, "How is it, Rebecca? Do you feel more at ease after listening to my story? The money you and your mother spent had been worth it!"

"Scarlett, what are you babbling about?" Rebecca raised her voice, fuming. "What makes you think my mother and I were behind it?"

I cackled. "Why are you so eager to deny it? You have caused such a huge uproar. Do you really think I won't be able to find anything about the culprit? Does the Moore family really think they are so invincible that they can bury the truth?"

Rebecca was so terrified that she backed away, her mouth hanging open as though in a trance. "I didn't do it!"

Ashton turned to look at her with an extremely icy glare, "So your family's behind it?"

Rebecca shook her head, her body trembling non-stop, "No! That's not what I meant!"

I did not want to see how she would put on airs, so I exited the ward. Ashton wanted to run after me, but Rebecca stopped him. In tears, she pleaded, "Ashton, you have to believe me. I have absolutely nothing to do with this. I don't know anything..."

I was not familiar with K City, so after I got out of the hospital, I did not know how to get home.

Looking at the crowds, I had no clue where I should go from here. I had neither phone nor cash on me, and I was afraid that Ashton would catch up.

Along the way, I kept asking the passers-by for directions. By the time I reached Central Park residence, my feet were worn out.

When I got home and took off my shoes, I had already bled a fair amount.

Bang! The door slammed open. Marcus was still panting when he saw me. My appearance stunned him, if only for an instant, for he soon pulled me up and into his arms.

"It's been a day and a night. Where have you been? Why didn't you give me a call?"

I was stunned by his reaction. My heart leaped when I only realized his feelings for me in hindsight. I seemed to be in trouble.

After what seemed like an eternity, he released me. Next, he composed himself, gazed at me, and said, "Where did you go? Why didn't you come back after one night?"

"I don't know why, but I ran out. Then, when I came to, I was already in the hospital." I mumbled, omitting the part about Ashton.

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 223

He nodded with a sigh. "You're safe. That's what matters." He looked down at my bloody feet. A frown crossed his face. "You walked all the way here?"

I nodded, too, my head hanging low. "My phone's not with me, and I don't have any money. I can't get a taxi!"

"Can't you call me to get you?" He closed his eyes in frustration and then sighed. "Forget it. I didn't think this through."

He led me to the sofa and went to get the first aid kit. Then he knelt on the ground, placed my foot on his knee, and started cleaning the wound.

When the cotton swab came into contact with the wound, I winced from the pain and sank back into the sofa. He let out a loose sigh. "It'll be over soon!"

To reduce my pain, he blew on it several times while applying the ointment. I got a little distracted seeing him at work.

I should not be staying with him. Sally was right. If word got out that there was something between us, the Fullers and the White family would be subjected to public opinion. The outcome would be much more horrifying than what we imagined.

"What's on your mind?" He said, looking my way as he kept the first aid kit.

I retracted my feet as I watched him put away the kit. And then I watched him sit next to me. I watched him pour me a glass of water.

There was a pause before I answered, "Marcus, you... don't have to come here again!"

He paused, his dark eyes gazing at me. "What do you mean?"

"Thank you for taking care of me all this time. If there's anything you need in the future, I won't hesitate to help you. But for now, Aunt Sally's right. You and I are but a single man and a single woman. We have such a close relationship... and if anyone with ill intentions starts to spread rumors, both the Fullers and the White family will be dragged into the mess."

I should not have said those words. I should not have said them so bluntly.

But what had been said could not be unsaid.

His face hardened, looking rather grim. "What are you worried about?"

I pinched my own palms as I spoke, "I owe you too much. We can't keep going like this!"

"I don't care!" He exclaimed as he looked at me with mixed emotions. "Scarlett, if you're worried about what other people will say, then I can stay away from you. But know that you only have one other option, and that is going back to Ashton. Otherwise, I can't leave you alone here."

I kept my head low as I muttered. "Don't worry. I'll be fine. I... can't deal with pain, and I'm afraid of heights!"

Even if I considered suicide, I might not have the courage to commit it. I was awfully afraid of pain.

He was still staring at me, his eyes unreadable. "There's no way to hide it. I can never hide it now!"

I looked at him in alarm, not understanding what he said, "What does that mean?"

He shook his head, chuckling. "Let's talk about it when you feel better. Right now, the Independence Day celebration is coming to an end. I'll be real busy soon. I won't have as much time to spend with you. You'll have to take care of yourself from this point forward."

I nodded. Exhaustion and the desire for sleep were beginning to creep on me. The medicine I had taken must have come into effect.

I rose and announced, "I'm going to rest!" Then, off to the bedroom, I went.

I had a dreamless sleep that night!

It was several days later when I learned that Ashton had been coming to the residence. Because my emotions were still unstable, Marcus hardly let me go out.

I believed he really understood me inside and out. He knew how to keep my mood in check. And he certainly got busy after Independence Day.

On the other hand, I had started working for the White Corporation. Marcus had arranged for me to work in project management. Since I just started, there were many aspects of the job that I knew nothing about. Therefore, he arranged an assistant to help me.

Working on projects was different from other jobs. It was almost impossible to have fixed working hours because I had just started. Hence, I usually kept myself busy until late at night.

Benjamin had been admitted to the hospital because of a stroke, so Marcus got the assistant to take me home.

These days, I could manage well on my own. He had little to worry about me.

Lindsay, my assistant, dropped me off at the residential entrance. Before leaving, she told me, "Ms. Stovall, Mr. White wanted me to give you this. He also reminds you to eat well."

I nodded as I took over the documents from her and got out of the car. It was only a five-minute walk from the entrance to the residential building. I walked slowly, thinking about the new project along the way.

Marcus already had a company abroad, but for now, he might prefer to develop domestically. Both were tech companies, which made me think of OrbitTech in J City. They had excellent technicians.

The quality of their products was guaranteed too. The one thing I worried about was their management issue. The White Corporation was a listed company. It would be a wise choice if the company could acquire OrbitTech.

I was very engrossed in my thoughts when the phone rang. It was Jackson.

I had been calling him almost every day for some time now, but I could never get through. Macy should be going into labor anytime soon. I wondered how they were doing.

Now that he had finally called, I quickly picked it up. "Jackson, how's Macy? How are you two doing? Has she delivered the baby?"

On the other end of the phone, Jackson probably got caught off guard when he heard my voice. There was a long pause before he eventually spoke. "She's fine. The baby's fine. It's a girl. So... where are you? How's your baby?"

My heart ached. I was beginning to feel sick. I took a detour to the nearest resting spot and sat down. "I'm fine. Where are you? Why can't I contact you at all? Where's Macy? Why can't I get through her phone?"

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 224

“She’s doing great. She’s in postpartum confinement now and is caring wholeheartedly for her child. That’s why she probably didn’t have time to answer your call.” I had a nagging feeling that he sounded weird, but I couldn’t put my finger on what it was.

So I replied, “Then where are you guys now?”

I could vaguely hear the voice of a kid crying over the phone. It brought tears to my eyes, and my heart clenched in pain

“We’re still in the countryside. We’ll come to visit you in K City once Macy is feeling better.”

I quickly nodded and couldn’t stop the feeling of happiness from welling up in me. At least Macy’s child is doing good.

He was probably busy taking care of his child. That was why he hung up hastily after talking for a bit more.

As autumn approached, the temperature in K City dropped by the day. I already felt cold even though I had only been sitting outside for a while.

After taking a few steps, I stopped walking when I saw the familiar black Jeep with the car plate number JA888C on it. Ashton.

What is he doing here?

Instinctively, I turned and walked away.

However, I only managed to take a few steps when he grabbed hold of my arm. “When do you plan to stop hiding from me, Scarlett?”

My body froze, and I started to feel suffocated. "Let's get divorced, Ashton."

Not only was I running away from my problems, but I was also hiding from him. I just couldn't continue living with that man anymore.

Initially, I could accept the fact that he didn't love me. I could also tolerate the complicated relationship he had with Rebecca and the way they flirted with each other.

As long as I could keep the child, I was able to keep going. Even if he didn't love me, he would still love the child since it was his.

But now, I had lost our child, and I couldn't find a reason to stay with him anymore. I didn't want to lie to myself, nor did I want to go berserk whenever I saw him and Rebecca being intimate.

"Divorce?" Hurt flashed across his face as he added, "Must it end this way, Scarlett?"

I nodded. My face looked much calmer by then, but I was hurting inside. "I can't go on with you anymore, Ashton. I married you back then all because of my gratitude toward George for taking care of Grandma and me. I was willing to repay him at all costs. But now that I've gone through so much, I've already done my part. So just let me go now."

A cold smile appeared on his lips upon hearing that. "So you married me because you wanted to repay him?"

"Yes," I said with a nod.

Ashton's face turned ugly. "Well, since you married me to repay Grandpa, you should finish what you started by staying with me for the rest of your life. Anyway, I never planned to break up or leave you."

I was stunned by his words and was close to an emotional breakdown. "Can't you understand, Ashton? I hate you. I don't want to be with you, and I don't want to see you!"

He narrowed his dark eyes, hiding the pain in them. "Then get used to it slowly. Get your revenge since you hate me. The best way to take revenge is to pester me, isn't it?"

"You're crazy!" I broke down and screamed. "You'll get your karma when the time comes. I don't want to dirty my own hands."

With that said, I walked toward the door. He quickly followed suit. "Marcus wouldn't be able to take care of you forever. Go back with me!"

He grabbed my arm, but I didn't want him to touch me. I couldn't care less even if I fell down the stairs as the only thought in my mind was to push him away.

Realizing that he was falling backward, Ashton was afraid that I would be dragged along with him, so he quickly released my arm.

I watched expressionlessly as he collapsed onto the floor and turned to open the door before stepping into the elevator.

Once I was home, I quickly ate my medicine to control my emotions. Then, I got into bed and waited for sleep to come.

Suddenly, my phone rang, and I answered when I realized that it was Marcus calling, "Hello?"

"Remember to eat. Don't just go to sleep immediately." His words made me suspect if I was being spied on.

I couldn't stop myself from asking, "How did you know I was going to sleep?"

"Because I know you too well." He chuckled.

I bit my lips as I continue lying in bed. "I took my medicine earlier. Now I'm too lazy to move."

"Why did you take them all of a sudden?" His voice turned serious.

"I met Ashton downstairs a while ago," I said.

Since my emotions had been more stable these days, I didn't need to take my medicine anymore.

He kept silent for a moment before saying, "There's food in the fridge. At least eat a little before you sleep. Otherwise, you might not be able to fall asleep at night."

I nodded and took a glance at the clock. It was only around seven. After some thought, his words actually made sense. If I slept now, I might not be able to fall back asleep if I woke up at night.

I went into the kitchen to get something to eat once we hung up. Marcus must have expected that I would be too lazy to cook. Hence, he prepared a meal for me beforehand and left it in the fridge. All I needed to do was reheat it.

The medicine started to kick in after I took a few bites. I quickly went to bed and fell asleep soon after.

After some time, I was woken up by the sound of thunder, trembling from the cold when I opened my eyes. As thunder roared outside, I realized that I had forgotten to close the windows before going to bed, which explained how the cold rain invaded my room.

Fumbling around in the dark to get my phone, I looked at the time to find that it was only midnight. I couldn't help but frown. Now that I was awake, I might not be able to fall asleep anymore.

Then, I noticed that there were multiple missed call notifications shown on the phone screen. Even though there wasn't a caller ID, I knew that the familiar numbers belonged to Ashton.

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 225

Irritated, I was about to turn off my phone when another call came in. I frowned as I answered the call, "Are you still not satisfied with how miserable I am now, Ashton? Do you want to see me die?"

"You know what I actually want, Scarlett. If I could stay by your side..." His voice was hoarse, and I could vaguely hear the sound of rain over the speaker.

Feeling more irked, I had a strong urge to hang up immediately, but he added, "I'm downstairs."

I was stunned. The next thing I knew, I was walking to the balcony. The moment I looked down, I saw Ashton standing in the rain by the lamppost downstairs.

Instantly, I was infuriated. "Are you crazy, Ashton?" Is he trying to torture himself by standing in the rain in the middle of the night?

But he chuckled. "You're angry. Does that mean you're worried about me?"

What the...

He's crazy!

"You need to see a doctor, Ashton." I hung up after saying that, a wave of frustration rising in me.

It was still pouring outside, and it wasn't warm like the rain during summer. I was worried as he would definitely get sick if he stayed out there any longer.

After thinking about it, I gave Jared a call, but it went unanswered, so I called Joe. After some time, he finally picked up.

"What's wrong, Scarlett?"

I pursed my lips. "Ashton is harming himself at the residence near Central Park. You'd better come and get him if you don't want him to die. And please tell him that if he wants to die, he should do it far away from here. I don't want to watch him die. Thanks."

"What the hell! I knew you weren't a good person! You—" I turned off my phone before he could finish his sentence. Joe was known for having a sharp tongue, and I didn't want to hear him insult me.

There was no sign of the rain stopping anytime soon, but Ashton remained rooted to his spot nonetheless. Joe finally arrived to pick him up after half an hour.

I was too high up in the building to hear what they were talking about, but I watched as they fought for a little before they left.

After that, I drew the curtains shut and sat on the bed, knowing well that I wouldn't be able to sleep anymore.

The next day at dawn, I got out of bed and went straight to the company after washing up.

Marcus came early in the morning. When he saw that I wasn't in good spirits, he frowned and asked, "Didn't you sleep last night?"

I nodded. "Ashton was downstairs. It was so annoying."

His brows knitted together but said nothing else about it. He then changed the topic, "Did you read through the document I gave you yesterday?"

I froze immediately. It was all because of Ashton's sudden appearance that I forgot about my work. Without a choice, I replied truthfully, "I forgot."

Rendered speechless, he gave me a helpless smile. "There's a meeting that you have to attend later. You'll have to think on your feet since you didn't read the document."

Me?

Alright then!

I nodded and glanced at him. "What is it about?"

He got up and poured me a glass of water before telling his secretary to hand me my breakfast. "I'll talk you through it as you eat."

I was beginning to suspect that he was worried that I would starve to death. That was why he was always trying to feed me something.

I started to eat after taking a seat on the sofa. "Go on."

"It's about the research and development of new technology. White Corporation made a fortune by selling automotive and electrical appliances. A few years ago, when the market for new technology blew up, many companies were trying to benefit from it. White Corporation managed to get a slice of the pie, mainly focusing on phones and computers. Currently, the company intends to dabble in the AI field. However, the IT Department of the company has been stumped. That's why we need to discuss whether or not we should continue pursuing AI technology. And if we do, how should we promote it? Besides, we would also need to hire a group of skilled technicians to work on the project."

I nodded before stuffing a few mouthfuls of bread into my mouth. "Are all the current technicians in the IT Department the same ones as before?"

He shook his head and said, "No. We spend a fortune to hire the best technicians to work for us every year. But we haven't managed to get any results so far."

"The meeting starts in an hour, right? Can I meet these people first?"

Marcus was stunned by my question, but he nodded nonetheless. Seeing that I was almost done eating, he got up and said, "Of course."

I followed him out of the office. White Corporation valued AI a lot and had reserved two floors just to do research in this field.

Since it was a research laboratory, the protocols for the entry and exit of staff were stringent. Marcus and I had to put on protective gear before going in.

I glanced around at the equipment around me but didn't really understand their usage, so I immediately went to meet the technicians.

Since there wasn't much time, we only talked for a little before Marcus and I had to return to the office.

"How was it? Do you have any afterthoughts?" he asked with a slight smile as he plopped down into his seat.

I only answered after giving it some thought, "Why are all the people you hired foreigners? And why do they have so much authority?"

He raised a brow. "So far, there aren't many great technicians in our country. Since they have the skills and qualifications, of course I have to give them more benefits."

"But have you ever thought about the fact that AI is being researched and studied by every country? What if the foreigners return to their own countries with these research results?" Although I knew that I might be wrong, I still couldn't help but worry about it. After all, we weren't the only ones who loved our own country.