

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 241

I nodded, making a few guesses of my own. Indeed, John was brought back to K City by the Stovalls a few years ago. I didn't ask him anything about what happened after that, so I didn't know the details. We were still kids back when he came to R Province, and Grandma never told us about the investor who had committed suicide.

For so many years, I'd never asked John about his origins in detail either.

After an entire night of mingling, I leaned against my seat, feeling sleepy. In my drowsy state, I vaguely noted that the car had entered the residential area.

Marcus stopped the car. Seeing me nod off, he got down and came over to my side to open the door for me. "Do you need me to carry you?"

My eyes flew wide open just then, and I hurriedly shook my head. "I can go up on my own!" Sharon was right. If someone were to take such indecent photos of us, things could get ugly for everyone involved.

I wasn't surprised to see Ashton at the gate, but a frown appeared on my face. Is this his way of convincing me to go back with him?

He was sitting on the doorstep, looking like an abandoned child.

After several days of not seeing him, he had visibly lost weight. His former defiant and overbearing demeanor was nowhere in sight, and I noticed that his eyes were bloodshot.

Marcus frowned slightly as he informed me, "I'll head inside first."

I nodded and shifted my gaze to Ashton, who was slowly getting to his feet, catching a glimpse of the white gauze wrapped around his hand.

If I could change the past, I would make sure that I never crossed paths with Ashton in this lifetime. Even though it meant living an impoverished life, I would be more than willing.

I was physically and mentally exhausted. Within three years, I had become completely unrecognizable.

We stared at each other for a long time. I tried to think of something to say, but nothing came to mind.

In the end, I said curtly, "Go back and don't come here ever again!" Ignoring his intense gaze, I skirted around him and walked toward the door.

"You're living together?" he asked with a hint of fatigue in his voice.

I frowned, pausing momentarily. "This is none of your business!"

"Mm." Then, he continued in a weak and raspy voice, "Is this really how things are going to be between us?"

Is this how things are going to be? I honestly didn't know. I had thought about a hundred ways to torture him, but I knew I would be the one getting hurt in the end. Thus, I gave up the idea.

"I know that you hate me and blame me! It's all my fault for not protecting you and our child, but Scarlett, I can't accept how things are between us now. If you hate me, you can take your revenge however you want, but... come home with me at the very least. We're husband and wife. We still have to face this together, right?"

Pursing my lips, I felt my heart squeeze in my chest. "Then let's get a divorce!" I would learn how to let go of my hatred for him. To stop hating the person I once loved would be pushing me to my limits.

My heart felt like it was being shredded to bits, and it hurt everywhere.

Humans are ironic. It's wrong to love, but wrong to stop loving too.

With nothing more to say to him, I swiveled around to climb the stairs.

"After everything we've been through, you're going to end it with just a simple sentence?" he said in a voice that was so low I could barely detect any emotion in it.

I stopped in my tracks but didn't look back.

"Scarlett, if you really hate me, are you willing to let me off just like that? The best revenge is making the other person's life a living hell. Is what you're doing considered revenge or giving up?"

Mystified as to what would prompt a proud man like Ashton to say something so out of character, I inadvertently looked over my shoulder at him.

With a frown, I said, "You know provocation won't work on me, Ashton!"

His gaze seemed to pierce into my soul when he urged, "Come home with me. Only then will you have an outlet for your anger and hatred."

"Aren't you afraid that I might wake up in the middle of the night and stab you to death?" I would never have entertained that idea in the past, but things were different now. When you were filled with so much hatred, killing wouldn't even be enough to dispel it.

He pressed his lips together as his eyes flickered with a barrage of emotions. "I guess I'll just have to wait and see!"

I looked up and saw that the lights upstairs were already switched on, with Marcus' tall and slender figure by the French windows.

At this distance, I couldn't see the look on his face, but I could make a rough guess.

When Ashton followed my line of sight, he frowned in displeasure but didn't comment.

A long moment passed before I glanced back at him, feeling much calmer than just now. "I'll go back with you, but you must do something for me."

"Tell me."

"I want everyone in K City to know who I am to you, and cut all ties with Rebecca while you're at it. Lastly, don't question what I do from now on!"

His brows scrunched together as he nodded resolutely. "Alright!"

After a short pause, he continued, "I'll come to pick you up tomorrow."

"Mm."

...

Upon reaching the corridor, I saw Marcus waiting by the door with his arms crossed over his chest.

He looked at me calmly and asked, "All settled?"

I nodded and bent down to change my shoes. "I can't very well hide behind you forever. Besides, I said I was going to face it myself."

"Hah!" He scoffed. "You're just worried that people will spread rumors about the two of us and end up implicating the Fullers and Stovalls, right?"

I twisted my lips together at his choice of words. "Marcus, I'm still Ashton's wife. Indeed, your mother's worries are well-founded."

He was a good man, but I couldn't be so selfish. Besides, I already had my plate full with Ashton alone. I couldn't juggle between him and Marcus.

Seeing the downcast look on his face, I leveled my gaze with his and said, "Thank you for these past few months, but I can't keep playing dumb, Marcus. I'm sorry."

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 242

Without looking at his expression, I straightened and went into my bedroom. In this world, no one would go out of their way to help someone else for no apparent reason. There had to be a motive. I was smart enough to know why Marcus treated me so well.

Sometimes, I wanted to continue feigning ignorance just so that I could stay. However, humans were complex beings. I couldn't very well put on a facade forever, not to mention the current me couldn't afford to be ignorant anymore.

"Scarlett!" He paused before asking in a low voice, "Have you ever... felt anything for me?"

His question stunned me, and my mind couldn't formulate a response for a while. "I'm sorry, Marcus!"

A low laugh came from behind me. "Okay. I understand."

His simple words carried a sense of heaviness.

Even so, there was nothing I could do about it.

I parted my lips, attempting to say something, but no words could escape.

Back in my bedroom, my chest tightened uncomfortably. Even after a whole night of tossing and turning, I still couldn't fall asleep.

During the past two months, I never once thought about how I was going to spend the rest of my days.

Besides solving the matters between Ashton and me, there was also Marcus. I had no qualms accepting his meticulous care. In fact, I even enjoyed it. However, I seemed to have forgotten that there was nothing I could give him, and at the end of the day, he was the one who'd get hurt.

I was broken and beyond repair, so I shouldn't drag him into my mess.

The night passed by so slowly that I thought the sun would never come up.

The next day.

After a sleepless night, my head buzzed with a pounding headache.

Marcus was already in the living room. Upon sensing my presence, he looked at me with a neutral expression. "Have some breakfast first."

I nodded, my gaze landing on the homey meal comprising of eggs, bacon, and bread spread out on the dining table.

As we sat across from each other., he remained silent and ate his food elegantly.

Upon noticing the dark circles beneath his eyes, I asked without much thought, "Didn't sleep well last night?"

He met my gaze and replied tersely, "Eat more." With that, he filled my plate with more food.

I studied him for a while but remained silent otherwise.

My mind had wandered off when my phone rang. When I felt Marcus' eyes on me, I snapped out of my daze and glanced at my phone.

Ashton's phone number was flashing across the screen.

Seeing my lack of reaction, Marcus raised his brows. "Aren't you going to answer it?"

After picking up my phone and swiping it to answer, I placed it against my ear and waited for him to speak first.

"Do you have a lot of stuff? I can go up and help you with them. I'm downstairs now," Ashton spoke in a monotonous voice.

I got up and walked to the windows, then pulled the curtains open. True enough, the man was standing tall and proud downstairs, clad in a black suit.

"It's fine," I declined in a flat voice, then added, "I'll meet you downstairs."

"Okay. I'll wait for you," he answered in a tone that matched mine. I guess this had always been the way we interacted.

After ending the call, Marcus looked at me with pursed lips. "You haven't finished eating."

I stared at him and hesitated for a moment, knowing that he was in a bad mood. "Thank you, Marcus."

Except for this, I didn't know what else I could say. Since everything in the bedroom was arranged by him, I didn't have anything to take with me.

I skirted around him to walk out of the bedroom, but he abruptly grabbed my wrist. Before I could react, he grasped the back of my neck.

It all happened so quickly that I had no way to dodge him. I hurriedly shoved him away and massaged my neck as anger simmered in me. "Marcus, I thought you respected me!"

He huffed out a laugh. "You always see the good in humanity!"

My expression was grave when I stared at him, then I said in a heavy tone, "Goodbye."

This happened because of me, so I didn't have the right to lecture or criticize him. Hence, I had to bear the consequences.

Ashton was waiting by the gates downstairs.

Upon seeing me come out, the crease between his brows eased slightly, and he extended his hand to me. "Let's go home."

His voice was so soft that it was almost carried away by the wind.

I pursed my lips and ignored his outstretched hand, then brushed past him and marched toward the car.

Just then, Marcus' menacing voice came from behind. "You'd better take good care of her, Ashton, or I won't let her go the next time."

I faltered in my steps and looked over my shoulder to find that both men were staring each other down in a silent battle.

Ignoring them, I got into the car and vaguely heard Ashton saying, "There won't be a next time."

Ashton revved up the engine and started driving. Since he didn't make conversation, neither did I. Instead, I gazed out the window to watch as high-rise buildings whizzed past.

As we passed by more buildings, it began to dawn on me that K City was much more than just a bustling city.

"What would you like to eat?" Ashton finally broke the silence, asking me airily. When he glanced sideways at me, his eyes darkened slightly with a hint of frost seeping out of them.

With pursed lips, I replied succinctly, "I'm not hungry." It was true since I already had something to eat earlier.

He kept silent and parked the car in front of a breakfast place, glancing at me to declare, "Well I am."

After getting out of the car, he entered the shop and found a table before settling into a seat. With an expressionless face, he asked, "Do you eat pancakes?"

I wasn't hungry to begin with, so I gave him a nod. "Anything's fine."

Right after that, I bowed my head and scrolled through my phone. Just then, I received a text from John. Are you meeting up with OrbitTech's president in J City this Wednesday?

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 243

It had almost slipped my mind. I swiftly replied to him, already making plans to visit Jackson and Macy in J City as I hadn't seen them for quite some time. Making a mental calculation, I realized that Macy's child was probably already two months old.

Right then, my phone was abruptly snatched out of my hands. I whipped my head up and was met with Ashton's obsidian eyes. With a frown, I questioned, "What's wrong?"

He put the phone out of my reach and instructed, "Eat first."

My frown deepened as I looked at the food in front of me, not having much of an appetite. "I already ate earlier. I'm not hungry."

"It doesn't matter. You should eat more." He pushed a plate of stacked pancakes toward me.

I sighed aloud to express my displeasure but didn't kick up a fuss.

After having breakfast, I could vaguely sense that he was in a foul mood, but I couldn't figure out the root cause of it. Hence, I chose to be silent.

Silence hovered between us all the way back to the villa. The moment we stepped into the bedroom, Ashton abruptly hugged me from behind. "Did he touch you?" he asked in a deep and hoarse voice, evidently trying to suppress his rage.

Befuddled by his question, I didn't get the chance to react when he started peppering me with fervent kisses, suckling the skin of my neck and shoulders.

My brows furrowed as his actions became rougher. Despite the anger surging in me, I managed to calmly say, "Did you bring me back here because Rebecca can't satisfy you now that she's pregnant? Am I replacing her?"

He paused just then and lifted his head, his breathing becoming heavy with anger. "Scarlett, am I really that despicable to you?"

"Aren't you?" I refuted, turning my head to look at him and meeting his bloodshot eyes.

The temperature around us seemed to plummet drastically.

An inconspicuous smile appeared on Ashton's handsome face, and his gaze on me was like a knife stabbing into my chest. "Very well. I won't disappoint you then!"

He pushed me onto the bed without waiting for me to react. Then, he jerked off his necktie and threw it aside, the buttons of his collar coming undone from his rough movements.

I was dazed for a while before realizing what he was about to do. With my heart pounding wildly against my ribcage, I scrambled off the bed to make a run for the door.

However, before my feet touched the ground, I was pressed down by his body, and the scent that was solely his instantly filled my senses. "Based on Marcus' personality, he probably wouldn't have taken you by force, right?"

Then, he said through gritted teeth, "Let's do something different, shall we?"

...

Mrs. Eriksen was originally delighted that I was back, so she made a scrumptious meal and came upstairs to deliver it. Upon reaching the door, she cheerfully called out, "Letty!"

However, she immediately froze when she saw Ashton and me in that posture.

“Get out!” Ashton’s features twisted with rage and viciousness.

As Mrs. Eriksen had never been at the receiving end of his wrath, she stood paralyzed for a split second before hastily backing away and closing the door.

“Hah!” A laugh escaped my lips as I stared into his impenetrable dark eyes, mocking him in a voice dripping with sarcasm. “Haha! I’m actually grateful that the child isn’t alive. I can’t imagine how miserable his life would be with a father like you.”

He pinned me with a dangerous gaze and clenched his jaw in an effort to control his temper.

During those few seconds, I thought that he was going to hit me.

But the impact didn’t come.

All he did was lean forward to place his lips to my ear before gritting out in a low and hoarse voice, “Let’s have another one and see if he’ll be miserable or blessed.”

I was stunned.

Then, Ashton smashed his lips against mine.

My mind only registered the stinging pain on my lips several moments later.

“Are you an animal?” I yelled angrily.

“Hah!” He sneered. “Good to know that you still feel pain!”

“Ashton...”

Before I could curse him to hell and back, I felt his whole body stiffen all of a sudden just as his breath hitched slightly.

Taking a closer look at him, I noticed that his gaze was fixated on the scar spanning my lower abdomen.

He raised his hand to touch it, but I slapped it away as an idea popped into my mind.

“Why? Does the scar disgust you?”

As he looked at me, I could see the heartache and pain swirling in his eyes. However, I merely found it hilarious and ironic.

“Does it still hurt?” He seemed to have regained control over his emotions as his gaze returned to being indecipherable.

My heart wrenched in pain at his absurd question, and I struggled to draw air into my lungs for a moment.

I pushed him away and got up, then put on my clothes mechanically before uttering, “You’re even more farcical than I thought, Ashton.”

With that, I swiveled around and went downstairs.

Mrs. Eriksen was in the kitchen. Seeing me come down, she stole a glance at me and turned slightly embarrassed. “You must be hungry, Letty. Molly and I cooked some food earlier. Would you like some?”

I shook my head and turned her down. “No, thank you. I’m going out for a walk.”

I was rather surprised to bump into Rebecca at the villa’s entrance, but then again, it wasn’t all that strange. With one hand supporting her protruding belly, Rebecca got out of the car with the help of her nanny.

The driver drove off after she gave him some instructions. Then, she walked toward the villa with the nanny’s support.

When she saw me leaning against the door frame with my arms folded across my chest while looking at her icily, she paused in her steps. The initial excitement on her face was replaced by surprise and hostility.

“Good morning, Ms. Larson. Aren’t you going to move in now that your belly has grown so big?” I didn’t mean for it to sound sarcastic but simply felt that it seemed inappropriate for a pregnant woman to go back and forth like that.

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 244

After all, she is everyone's precious princess.

She pursed her lips as her features contorted with rancor. The tone in which she spoke to me was especially uncongenial. "I thought you hated Ash? Why are you back here?"

Amusement filled me as I countered, "No matter how much I hate him, we're still a legally married couple. Besides, I own half the rights to this house. If I don't come back, wouldn't that be an act of surrender?"

She curled her lips in disdain. "Oh, quit the snarky act. I'm not interested in fighting with you over money."

I raised my brows. "I find that hard to believe. After all, you've even set your sights on my husband."

Faced with her venomous glare, I turned and headed toward the yard before she could say something nasty to me and further dampen my mood. Realizing that it was already autumn in K City, I sighed at how time flew.

Perhaps Ashton had heard our voices outside. After a while, he came out. When he saw Rebecca, he frowned as his lips flattened into a line. "What are you doing here?"

Seeing her lover, a soft smile replaced the angry scowl on Rebecca's face. "Ash, I heard my father say that you'll be going to a border town next month to discuss the development project, so he told me to pass the collaboration contract to you."

Then, she signaled her nanny with her eyes, to which the latter took out a file and respectfully handed it to Ashton.

"Pfft!" I failed to stifle my laughter and ended up attracting their gazes to me.

Ashton pursed his lips as he ordered, "It's cold. Go in and put on a coat."

Rebecca shot daggers at me and gnashed her teeth in anger.

I ignored her death stare and walked up to Ashton, holding his arm to complain, "You were too rough earlier, so I don't really feel like walking so much. Can you go get it for me?"

To emphasize, I deliberately tilted my head slightly, revealing the bite mark on my neck.

My skin was delicate, so he would always leave a mark no matter where he bit me.

Perceiving Rebecca's increasingly vexed expression, I broke into an incredibly sweet smile at Ashton. "Please?"

Ashton was no fool, so he easily saw through my little trick.

An indiscernible frown appeared between his brows before he glanced at Rebecca. "Just get your father to look for me at the company for matters like this in the future. You don't need to come here."

"The weather's cold. Go home earlier," he added after a brief pause.

"Ash, I..." Rebecca wanted to say something but was cut off by Ashton.

"Send my regards to your mother," he said in a voice that had dropped a few octaves lower.

The hidden warning in his words was clear. Rebecca instantly tensed up, an aggrieved look taking residence on her face.

Ashton wanted to tug me back into the living room, but I released his arm at that time and said to him, "Go get me a coat. I'll send Ms. Larson off."

His brows drew together.

Seeing his hesitation, I reminded him, "You promised that you wouldn't question me no matter what I did."

After a short pause, he relented, "It's cold outside, so don't take too long."

I nodded and watched as he went back into the living room. Then, I turned back to Rebecca with a faint smile. "Let me send you off, Ms. Larson."

"That's not necessary!" Rebecca was upset after being given the cold shoulder, and seeing me only made her more displeased. "You couldn't even protect your own child, so stop gloating, Scarlett."

There was a cobblestone path that extended from the front door to where we were standing, and beside it lay a small pond.

Because of the cold weather, the fish inside were relatively inactive and the lotuses that bloomed on the water's surface had withered by now. To ensure that the pond stayed visually pleasant, snapped branches and leaves were frequently cleared away. Hence, the water was considered quite clean.

Having already shooed off the nanny, Rebecca supported her waist with the contempt on her face clear as day.

I couldn't help but sneer at her. "What is there for me to gloat about, Ms. Larson? Indeed, I failed to protect my child, but why don't we see if you can?"

Her eyes widened, seemingly just realized that she was standing close to the pond. I took a few steps toward her and grabbed her arm before yanking her to the edge of the pond.

Forcing her to look at the still surface of the pond, I said, "You won't drown even if you fall in. You'll only suffer a little bit. Why don't you jump in and see if you can protect your baby?"

"You..." she shrieked. "If you harm a hair on me, my father will give you hell!"

"Let's give it a try, shall we?" I smirked slightly and felt the urge to roll my eyes when she shivered.

"Don't you dare!" She raised her voice. "My father will never let you get away with it if you push me in!"

I felt bored listening to her yapping away about her father in an attempt to intimidate me, so I casually shoved her slightly in the direction of the pond.

She screamed in fright and instinctively pushed me away.

Splash!

Holy sh\*t. The water during the cold seasons was really freezing. After thrashing in the water for a while, I was abruptly hauled out of the pond.

As the chilly air kissed my skin, I shivered violently.

Ashton wrapped the coat he had brought out around me before turning to Mrs. Eriksen who had anxiously followed him out and ordered, "Call Dr. Crest over now."

Mrs. Eriksen nodded profusely and proceeded to make the call.

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 245

Ashton scooped me into his arms and shot a cold look at Rebecca, who was still dumbstruck.

Then, he snapped, "Next time, please refrain from setting foot in our humble abode. My wife has a frail body and can't handle your aggressive ways."

He was indirectly implying that Rebecca wasn't welcome here anymore.

As Rebecca slowly regained her senses, her eyes reddened while she anxiously tried to explain herself, "Ash, it wasn't me. I didn't touch her!"

Ashton scoffed, "So, are you saying that she fell in on her own?"

Rebecca once again defended herself, "She was going to push me in, but when I resisted, she fell in instead. It has nothing to do with me. She..."

"So, she couldn't even defend herself against you, a pregnant woman?" Ashton questioned. With his lips pressed into a tight line, he exuded a chilly aura.

"Rebecca, you should be well aware of why I've always indulged you. It was a privilege bestowed on you in return for Parker's kindness, but within these few years, you've completely exhausted that privilege." These words were admittedly brutal.

Rebecca's face had turned pale, and her eyes were red when she choked out, "My brother died because of you back then. How can you casually dismiss that just because of me? What's the meaning of this, Ash?"

"Do you need me to spell it out for you?" Ashton's breathing grew heavy as he suppressed his anger. "Go back and tell your mother that one of these days, we'll settle the scores between us."

With that, he carried me into the living room. After making the phone call, Mrs. Eriksen came out with an infuriated look on her face. Glancing at the pregnant woman standing outside, she said in a clipped tone, "I think it's time for you to leave, Ms. Larson. The Fullers are a simple family and can't keep up with your flair for drama."

Without waiting to see Rebecca's reaction, she shut the door in her face.

As my clothes were soaked through, water dripped onto the floor all the way to the bedroom.

Ashton directly carried me into the bathroom and placed me by the bathtub. Then, he turned on the hot water and reached out to remove my clothes, but I quickly dodged his hands.

"I'll do it myself!" I snapped.

Thereafter, I peeled off the coat around me and started undoing my clothes when I noticed that he was still standing off to the side. With a frown, I asked, "Do you like watching me undress?"

His frosty face broke into a smile. "Can't I?"

I stopped fiddling with my clothes to meet his eyes. "I'm sorry, Mr. Fuller, but I don't share your sentiment, so I'll have to ask you to leave."

He pursed his lips, but fortunately, he did as I said without any protests.

When I came out of the shower, there was a glass of milk on the nightstand while Ashton was nowhere in sight.

Casting a fleeting glance at it, I settled in front of the vanity mirror to blow-dry my hair. I was already frail to begin with. After falling into the pond, I wouldn't be surprised if I caught a cold.

Feeling lethargic but reluctant to sleep, I crawled under the sheets to warm myself.

Without Ashton here, I felt more relaxed. After reading a book, I fished out my phone to entertain myself.

Ashton came in with some documents in his hands, seemingly here to check up on me.

When he noticed me looking at my phone on the bed, his forehead creased. "Looking at your phone so often is bad for your eyes."

I flicked my eyes toward him and nodded brusquely before placing my phone on the nightstand.

After that, I burrowed underneath the blanket.

The bed sank slightly as Ashton sat beside me. "Finish the milk, then sleep for a while if you're tired."

"I don't want the milk!" I rejected as I had never been a fan of milk.

"Be a good girl, Scarlett. Get up and drink it," Ashton ordered. This was the first time I felt so annoyed by someone.

I flipped the blanket off me and stared him dead in the eye for several seconds. Then, I rolled out of bed in anger and grabbed the glass of milk before walking into the bathroom.

After pouring the milk into the toilet bowl, I came out and put the glass back down with a dark look on my face. "Please take the glass with you when you leave. Thanks!"

"Scarlett!" he growled. "Do you think this is funny?"

Flummoxed, I cocked a brow at him. "What's funny?"

Faced with my reaction, he seemed to be at his wits' end. After staring at me for a while, he sighed and said in a deflated manner, "Get some rest."

Watching him get up and leave, I pulled the blanket over myself and decided to do just that since I was indeed feeling a little tired.

Unfortunately, I couldn't fall asleep even though I was very sleepy. This feeling was torturous, to say the least.

After a few hours of rolling around in bed, I finally began to doze off.

Right then, the bedroom door was opened from the outside. Ashton walked in and stood beside the bed, his gaze landing on me. "Don't sleep too much during the day. Get up and eat something. You can continue sleeping after that."

It had taken me a painstakingly long time to finally drift off into sleep. Now that he had awoken me, I felt rather speechless. Paying him no heed, I kept my eyes shut and tried to let sleep take over me once again.

He walked up to me and pulled me up from the bed, saying in a stern voice, "Get up and eat something."

Anger tore through me, and I opened my eyes, shoving him away as I glared at him. "What's wrong with you, Ashton? Do you know how hard it is for me to get a good night's sleep? How many f\*\*king times are you going to barge in on me? Have you ever considered my feelings?"

Perhaps I had reacted too violently. He frowned as a cold glint entered his eyes. "Fine, let's sleep together."

I was taken aback when he climbed into bed. Deep down, I was aware that there were certain things that could not be avoided forever.