

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 276 - 280

"I'll apply the ointment for you," he replied sternly.

"No need. I'm fine," I croaked out in a raspy voice.

His gaze darkened. "Either I help you apply the ointment, or you do it yourself. Decide."

I burst out furiously. "Ashton, will you please stop?" I was drained out, but he kept getting on my nerves.

He nodded. "So, I'll do it?"

His insistence annoyed the hell out of me.

I sat up and gave him a forceful shove. He was caught unaware and toppled to the ground. "Ashton, can you stop annoying me? I've told you again and again to leave me alone. Are you deaf?"

As soon as I yelled that out, I flopped down and buried myself under the covers.

I hadn't acted that way for some time.

Deep down, I knew it was wrong to lash out at him. But I couldn't help myself.

I thought he would leave, but he wrapped his arms around me gently. "I shouldn't have done that last night. I'm sorry."

He lowered his voice and cajoled, "Don't be mad at me. You can beat me up later after you feel better. Eat something, will you?"

Mrs. Eriksen arrived with dinner. "Dinner's ready!"

Ashton nodded and ordered, "Leave us alone."

After she departed, he picked me up and strode toward the table.

He placed me in his lap. I wasn't wearing shoes, so he told me to step on his shoes.

It seemed like he was cajoling a child. "Look at the delicious spread. Come on, eat up."

He was really bad at this. Offering a forkful of pasta to me, he coaxed, "Come on. Open your mouth!"

I closed my eyes and avoided him. "I can eat myself."

"Let me feed you." He pushed the pasta into my mouth. Utterly vexed, I insisted, "I can eat myself!"

I sat on the sofa, picked up a fork, and started eating.

I didn't have lunch, but I wasn't hungry at all. After a few mouthfuls, I stopped.

Ashton frowned at me. "Finish your food."

I knitted my brows and forced down another few bites. "I'm done. I want to sleep now."

"I'll stay with you." He pressed on the bell so Mrs. Eriksen would clear up the utensils.

I gazed at him in frustration. "Ashton, I want to sleep alone."

He stood firm. "I'll sleep with you," he insisted and reached out to hug me.

"I said, I want to sleep alone!" I shoved him away and yelled.

Immediately, I sucked in my breath as I had jostled my wound accidentally.

A hint of exasperation showed on Ashton's face. He wrapped his arms around me firmly. "Be good. I won't touch you or disturb you at night."

"Go away!" I gave him another push angrily.

His lips pressed in annoyance. "If it hurts, let's go to the hospital."

"No way!" He was about to drive me insane.

Ashton carried me in his arms and was about to head downstairs. "Ashton! No one goes to the hospital because of this! What shall I tell the doctor? That you forced yourself on me?"

"Fine. I'll help you apply the ointment. Then, we shall rest."

"You're crazy!" I couldn't be bothered to continue this conversation.

As I didn't retaliate, Ashton returned to the bedroom and put me down on the bed.

He started applying the ointment carefully. As I was frowning, he assured me. "I'll try my best to control myself next time. I won't hurt you from now on."

I ignored his words and closed my eyes.

After applying the ointment, he stood up and removed his jacket before lying down beside me. The stench of tobacco irritated me.

"Ashton, stay away from me. I hate the smell of tobacco!" I jogged him and shifted away from him.

He stiffened and got up. I thought he'd leave, but he entered the bathroom to take a shower.

Soon, he came out and wiped his hair dry before coming back to the bed. Pulling me into his arms, he announced, "I don't reek of tobacco anymore."

My eyes were already shut as I tried hard to fall asleep.

Alas, sleep refused to come. I tossed and turned in bed restlessly.

Suddenly, I sat up in bed. Ashton was astounded. "I'll go shower again," he offered as he thought the tobacco stench was still lingering around.

I got off the bed and looked around, but the sleeping pills I brought back the other day were nowhere to be seen.

I glared at him. "Where are the pills?"

He narrowed his gaze at me. "What pills?"

Utterly vexed, I swept the vase on the cabinet to the ground. "The sleeping pills! Ashton, where are my sleeping pills? Give them to me now!"

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He gazed at me and replied in a low voice. "Why do you want the sleeping pills? I told Mrs. Eriksen to take them away."

As I was irritated, he stood up and put on his jacket. "Let's go to the hospital."

I pushed him away. "Ashton, just give me the pills, please. I just want to sleep. Can't you let me take the pills and sleep peacefully for one night? Why do you insist on bringing me out?"

Mrs. Eriksen heard the commotion and chimed in immediately. "The pills are with me. I'll go take them now. Letty, calm down. I'll bring them here now!"

Ashton stopped Mrs. Eriksen firmly. "She'll become dependent on it. You—"

"Shut up, Ashton!" I turned to Mrs. Eriksen and ordered, "Bring me the pills now!"

She looked at Ashton to gain his approval.

I yelled in fury, "Ashton, if you want to control me, why would you bring me back? Are you delighted to see me in pain?"

Furrowing his brows, he hugged me tightly to comfort me. "I wasn't trying to control you. It's bad to take too many sleeping pills. You might become dependent on it."

"Shut the f\*ck up! If you won't let me sleep, send me to Marcus. Stop torturing me!"

"Scarlett!" His eyes reddened in anger. I was too stubborn and emotional, so he caved in. "Bring her the pills."

Mrs. Eriksen scurried away and promptly returned with a pill.

She only gave me one pill, but it was enough. I grabbed it from her and swallowed it without hesitation. Then I shoved Ashton away and lay on the bed.

He sensed something was amiss with me. Glancing at me in bed, he turned to Mrs. Eriksen and commanded in a low voice. "Call Jared now and tell him to come."

She nodded profusely and left.

After taking the pill, I calmed down and fell asleep swiftly.

However, even if a light sleeper fell asleep with the help of medication, he or she would still react to sounds.

When Jared arrived, I sensed him somehow. I also overheard their conversation.

Nevertheless, I couldn't open my eyes. Perhaps it was because of the pill I've taken earlier.

I heard Jared saying my condition could be related to depression.

He prescribed some medication and told Ashton, "Scarlett might be suffering from major depression right now. She feels calm in the worst situation. Make sure someone stays with her all the time. She might hurt herself anytime. When she's mentally and physically hurt, she'll make irrational decisions with no warning. At least she expressed her emotions today and vented at you. If she stops expressing her emotions, that means she might commit suicide anytime. Don't trigger her for the time being. Make sure she's in a good mood."

Ashton grunted in response.

I didn't manage to hear the rest of their conversation as I drifted into dreamland.

At dawn, I jolted awake. I thought the pill would allow me to sleep till the next morning, but I was wrong.

The lamp by the bedside table was switched on. I was afraid of the dark, so there would always be a light on in my room.

Wide awake, I rolled over but accidentally jostled my wound again. I inhaled sharply at the painful sensation.

Ashton, being a light sleeper, opened his eyes upon hearing my gasp.

As our gazes met, I knitted my brows. "Get out!"

His brows snapped together while he wrapped an arm around me. "Are you going to be mad at me forever?" he asked hoarsely.

I pursed my lips silently.

I wasn't going to be mad at him forever, but right now I didn't want to be sharing a bed with him.

I couldn't understand why I had overreacted, but I refused to back down and ended up dumping my negative feelings to him.

In fact, Ashton did nothing wrong. He was rough and failed to control himself when we had sex. That was it.

But I got upset nonetheless.

"Scarlett, you're the only woman in my life. I apologize for being rough on you when we had sex. I promise I won't do that again."

"So, you think I should forgive you?" I might be the only woman in his life, but he had always restrained himself perfectly in the past. Why can't he control himself now?

That isn't a valid excuse.

He chuckled. "Mm, I was too rough on you, so you shouldn't forgive me. When you recover, you can beat me up if you're still mad."

I rolled my eyes at him and shut my eyes to sleep.

With one arm around me, he leaned on my shoulder and whispered, "Scarlett, I'll get angry and jealous when another man comes near you. I feel upset when you ignore me and push me to another woman. Can you stop pushing me to others? I'm your husband, not something you can give up easily."

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His voice was low and soft. Clearly, he was trying to ease the tension between us.

I knew I shouldn't be mad at him anymore unless I wanted a divorce.

After a brief hesitation, I shifted nearer. "It still hurts. I feel sleepy but I can't fall asleep."

He pulled me closer to him. "Mm, I know. Close your eyes and stop thinking of anything. You'll fall asleep soon."

It was already the next day by the time I woke up.

I thought Ashton would be at work, but he was still lying by my side with his eyes shut. Gazing at his Grecian nose, which cast a shadow on his cheek, my gaze trailed down his face. There was stubble on his chin as he stayed up late last night.

His sleeping figure was handsome and regal, a far cry from his usual icy demeanor. I couldn't take my eyes off him.

I had a good night's rest, so my brain was no longer muddled. I stood up to wash myself.

My movements must've startled him awake. He pulled me back to the bed, allowing my head to rest on his arm with a light peck on my forehead.

"You're awake?"

I nodded dazedly. "Why are you not at work?"

He rubbed his chin against my cheek, his stubble prickling my face uncomfortably. "It's the end of the year, so I will be busy at work soon. I slept in with you because I'm free today."

I pressed my lips together. "But I have to go to work today!" OrbitTech and White Corporation had started on the project. I was only in charge of the progress, but I had to pay attention anyway.

"I'll come with you." He came closer to me.

"Huh?" What does he mean by that?

He raised a brow before kissing the corner of my lip. "Does your company have a rule stating you can't bring your husband to work?"

No, but...

I stared at him. "I don't think that's a good idea." He was an attractive man in an influential position. If he followed me to work, the others would talk.

"It's fine. It's a great idea."

I was at a loss for words.

"I'll go wash up!" I rose to my feet and entered the bathroom.

The weather was getting colder as winter had arrived. There was a thick mist hanging in the air outside. I turned on the faucet and waited for a while before the water heated up.

Ashton came in after me. I noticed his dark eye circles. He must've slept late last night.

"What time did you fall asleep last night?" I asked.

He yawned and replied, "2 a.m."

That late?

It was only seven in the morning, so I told him, "Why don't you sleep in?"

Ashton pulled me into his embrace behind me as he answered, "Jared told me to be with you 24/7."

What the heck?

"You can wash up. I'll take a shower."

His sudden announcement took aback me. Why is he suddenly acting this way?

My gaze followed him instinctively before I caught myself in time. "You can take a shower. I'll wait for you outside."

Before I could leave, he grabbed hold of my arm. "Why are you avoiding me? It's not like you haven't seen me naked before."

Er...

He pecked on my lips lightly and said, "Go on. Wash up."

As he turned the faucet on, I stated my request. "Ashton, let's go to the doctor when you're free."

His eyes glinted. "You've finally thought it through?"

I nodded. "I heard taking too many pills is bad for my health."

"Ha!" He suddenly guffawed. As the water gushed down, he came to me and ran his fingers through my hair. Grabbing my head, he devoured my lips in a possessive kiss. When he finally released me, he spoke, "This isn't just about your dependence on sleeping pills. Stop running away from me, okay?"

I inclined my head. My lips were throbbing from his kiss, so I lowered my head and complained, "You're always rough. Why can't I run away?"

It was a criticizing remark.

He burst out laughing. "Yes, it was my fault. I'll be more gentle from now on."

I shoved him away. "Take a shower!" After washing my face briefly, I walked out.

I wasn't that desperate to watch him shower.

After having breakfast, Ashton followed me to White Corporation. We left home early in the morning, but because of the morning traffic, it was almost 9 a.m. when we finally arrived.

Luckily, I didn't have to clock in.

The elevator was packed with people. Ashton's arms formed a shield around me so the others wouldn't squeeze into me. He was tall and handsome. Besides, he had appeared in the financial news in K City frequently.

Most employees working in White Corporation recognized him instantly and kept stealing glances at him. Some even greeted him warmly.

However, I was put in an awkward spot. Ashton and I were locked in an intimate embrace, so someone asked, "Mr. Fuller, are you dating Ms. Stovall?"

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I thought Ashton wouldn't be bothered to answer and would only smile politely, but to my surprised, he replied, "We've been married for a few years."

Everyone in the elevator was shocked at the news. I could feel their stunned gazes on me.

I parted my lips to speak, but there was nothing to say. In the end, I flashed a smile.

The curious employees started asking about our relationship, like how we started dating and got married.

To my relief, we arrived at our destination right then. I took Ashton's hand and apologized to the others. We exited the elevator and headed to my office.

After entering my office, I chided him, "I told you not to come here."

He arched a brow. "What's wrong? I was telling the truth earlier."

Stunned, I retorted, "I thought you hate people gossiping about you?" He had his private elevator back in Fuller Corporation, so he rarely spoke to his employees. Why is he so talkative back in the employees' elevator?

Does he enjoy talking to others about our relationship?

A smile flitted across his lips as he tugged me closer. "You're my wife. That's not gossip. Gossip is all about nonsense."

I pried his hands off and showed him the sofa. "You can't hug me whenever you want. I have to work, get it?"

Amused, he returned, "Am I a child?"

Well, no.

"Anyway, you can't disturb me at work. Get it?"

Ashton nodded obediently. He took a magazine and read it silently. I switched on my computer and started going through the files on my table.

I was in charge of only one project, so I wasn't that busy. Besides, Marcus was also involved.

After I finished dealing with the files, I looked up and realized Ashton was gazing at me with his chin on his hand.

"Why are you staring at me?"

He lifted an eyebrow. "You're gorgeous when you work."

I fell speechless after hearing his comment.

Soon, it was noon. I was wondering what we should have for lunch when Ashton's phone rang.

He answered it with a frown. Judging from his conversation, something must've happened to Jared.

After hanging up, he came to me and pulled me in for a hug. "I can't have lunch with you. Something is wrong with Jared's project, so I have to leave."

I gave him a nod. "Okay."

With him around, I couldn't really focus on work.

He grinned. "Are you that desperate for me to leave?"

Er, is it that obvious?

I flashed a smile. "No. You're busy, right?"

He brushed his finger across the tip of my nose affectionately. "Remember to have lunch. I'll see you at night."

“Sure!”

At the sight of his broad shoulders, I recalled what Stacey told me earlier. My heart skipped a beat as I called out, “Ashton, be careful!”

He turned around and shot me a grin. “Okay!”

Not long after Ashton left, I received a call from Rebecca.

Her voice was calm. “Scarlett, can we meet up?”

I rejected her at once. “Rebecca, I have nothing to say to you.”

She fell silent for a moment. “What about Ashton? Can we talk about him?”

I was quite irritated by now. “What about him?”

“I’m outside White Corporation’s building now. Let’s talk somewhere else.”

“Sure.”

Downstairs, I saw Rebecca clad in a white dress. As she had just suffered from a miscarriage, her face was pale and haggard. It seemed like she had lost some weight.

With her arms crossed, she stood beside a white Maserati. When she saw me, she raised her brows and said, “Let’s go!”

I nodded and entered her car.

“You seem to be doing well without Ashton.” I broke the silence. I wasn’t mocking her.

The Moore family gave her the best as they wanted her to run the company.

Her expression clouded over. “It has nothing to do with Ashton. Nothing to do with you, too.”

Clearly, she was in a foul mood.

At the cafe, we found a table and sat down.

She ordered a cup of black coffee. When it arrived, she stirred it slowly and elegantly.

I ordered a glass of milk as I wasn't interested in coffee.

As her gaze darkened, I spoke out. "You resemble your mother a lot."

Both of you like black and bitter coffee.

Rebecca looked at her coffee silently. She seemed to have understood what I was trying to say. "When will you stop?" she inquired.

Her sudden question took me aback. "What?"

She arched a brow icily. "Felix was sentenced to death. Mr. Clinton is currently under investigation. My mother got implicated, too. To take revenge, you've successfully killed my child and ruined my mother's reputation. Aren't these enough?"

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"No!" I retorted. "I wasn't the one who killed your child. I've never wanted to sacrifice someone's life to comfort myself. Your mother is still influential, right? Cameron might be under investigation, but she'll still be a billionaire if she's innocent and gained her fortune rightfully. If she was involved in shady deals, she'll get caught eventually, right?"

Biting her lip, Rebecca took a deep breath and glowered at me. "Karma will come for you!"

I was amused. "Karma? You have a crush on Ashton, so your mother set up a trap to kill his wife. Now, she's about to lose her reputation and standing. This is karma."

Rebecca's jaw hardened angrily at my words. She grabbed her coffee and flung it in my direction. The coffee wasn't hot, but it stained my clothes instantly.

I sat still and stared straight at her.

Seemingly emotional, she stood up and glared at me. "Scarlett, you lost your child. If you want another, you can get pregnant anytime. What about other innocent people? Felix's about to die. Hector Clinton's career and my mother's future are ruined. Do you think you're

above us all? I think you're the most heartless person I've ever seen. After wrecking my relationship, you took the person I love away from me. You destroyed the life my brother arranged for me before he died."

I sneered and grabbed a napkin to wipe the coffee off my face. "Innocent? If Felix's innocent, then what about the people he killed? Don't you know why he's sentenced to death? Is Hector innocent? Don't you know how much money he has extorted over the years? What about the people he harmed? As for your mother, she isn't innocuous at all. You know how she murdered my baby, right? Look how much she has achieved over the years. Imagine how much illegal stuff she has done!"

I couldn't help but snicker at this point. "Your brother. Yes, Parker's indeed smart. He asked Ashton to take care of you because he knew he'd die soon. His death isn't anyone's fault. But his request trapped Ashton forever. You love Ashton, but does he love you?"

Rebecca's jaw was still clenched. I smiled at her and continued, "Clearly, you know Ashton doesn't like you. Your brother made you his responsibility, so no matter how much Ashton despises you, he'll still take care of you because he gave your brother his word. How could Parker burden Ashton's life with just one promise? Is he innocent?"

"Nonsense!" she blurted out. "You're wrong. If you didn't show up, Ash would marry me and take care of me forever. He was stumped because of your arrival!"

I chuckled. "Stumped? When his grandpa told him to marry me, he could reject the offer. Do you really think Ashton would allow it if he weren't willing? We've been married for only three years, but he has already fallen for me. What about you? How many years have you been by his side? Why didn't he marry you in the end? If he thinks of you as a woman, he would've married you before I came into the picture, right?"

Rebecca was sobbing profusely by now. I knew my words had gone straight into her heart like an iron shard. The pain must be too much for her to bear.

"Stop harming my mother. You've achieved your objective. I'll stop clinging to Ashton or try to ruin your marriage. I admit defeat. Spare my mother and the Moore family. We'll stay away from each other. You and Ashton can live happily ever after."

Rebecca sounded agitated. She knew well I wouldn't let Cameron off easily, but she still went ahead and begged.

Perhaps she loved Ashton dearly, or she enjoyed it when he paid attention to her. Nevertheless, that had nothing to do with me.

“I’ll live happily ever after with Ashton. Thank you for staying away from him. But I will not let your mother off easily. I’ve just started. There’s still a long way to go.”

Rebecca paled visibly. Desperate, she declared, “Scarlett, I agreed to stay away from you. Why won’t you stop? You know that if I insist on asking Ashton to take care of me, he won’t leave me alone. There will always be another person in your marriage. Are you okay if I cling to him forever?”