

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 301 - 305

After a long time, I freed myself from his arms and exhaled sharply. Looking at him, I chuckled lightly and said, "You really don't know how to comfort others at all, Ashton."

He replicated my smile and gazed back at me warmly. "I'll try my best next time."

I giggled softly and had a few more bites of my food even though I had already lost my appetite. He was going on a business trip the next day, so we planned to go back to the villa later.

However, Sally kept calling him. There was even a plea in her voice when she asked the two of us to visit the White residence together. Ashton was reluctant at first, but she was practically begging him.

Hence, he had no choice but to agree.

At the White residence, Ashton had to attend a video conference, leaving me bored stiff on my own.

I looked out the window and saw that it was snowing outside, The scenery looked especially enchanting under the silvery moonlight.

Thus, I went downstairs with the intention of going outside for a stroll.

There were many winter roses and trees in the White residence's yard. The snow on the ground seemed to be blanketed by a layer of silver, glimmering exquisitely and giving the whole place a dreamy vibe.

I took a few steps into the yard and lifted my face to the sky to welcome the snowflakes. Looking over my shoulder, I noticed my uneven footprints in the snow and found it to be a rather pleasing sight, which greatly improved my mood.

It was a pity that Ashton was busy or I would've dragged him down for a snowball fight.

With that thought in mind, I started rolling snowballs. Due to the thick layer of snow, I managed to make a whole mountain of them.

Then, I found a spot and began throwing the snowballs to alleviate my boredom.

The thin layer of snow on the tree branches fell to the ground as I threw the snowballs, painting a rather bleak scene.

When Marcus came outside, I was having quite a lot of fun throwing snowballs at the trees so that the snow would fall off its branches.

I never expected him to come out from under the archway and right in front of the snowball that had just left my hand, which unsurprisingly hit him right in his face.

My heart missed a beat and I hurriedly apologized, "I'm sorry. I didn't do it on purpose."

"It's windy out here. You might catch a cold if you stay too long." His handsome face was cold and indifferent, so much so that I couldn't read his emotions as I looked at his stiff posture through the snowflakes that were caught in my lashes.

As he spoke, he draped a large coat over my shoulders. "Let's go in. It's cold outside."

I was stunned for a split second, but nodded blankly and turned to go back in.

Suddenly, he yanked my arm and asked in a low, restrained voice, "Are you and Ashton... back together?"

I stiffened momentarily before nodding. After giving it some thought, I decided to add, "Marcus, you're a good man. You'll definitely find happiness in the future."

He gazed at me and was silent for a while. "How do you know I'll be happy? Scarlett, do you know what happens when someone who has been living in the dark for many years suddenly sees the sun?"

I pursed my lips and met his gaze, allowing him to continue speaking. "If I'd never seen the sun, perhaps I wouldn't find living in the dark difficult, but reminiscing about the sun from within the darkness is probably something you will never be able to relate to."

His confession seemed to suck all the air out of my lungs, making me feel weak and powerless, but I couldn't seem to find the words that could bring him solace.

With my eyes still fixed on him, I parted my lips to speak, yet, no words came.

He grabbed my hand and forcefully interlocked our fingers before pulling me into his arms. He pressed me tightly against his body and patted my back. "Forget it. If Ashton cherishes you enough, you'll live happily for the rest of your life. But if he misses out on his chance with you-

"I won't," Ashton cut him off in a deep and assertive tone.

I broke free from Marcus' embrace and looked back to see Ashton coming out with a long coat in his hand. He walked to my side, took the coat off my shoulders, and handed it back to Marcus. He then placed the coat in his hand around me. "Thank you for the coat, Mr. White."

Marcus narrowed his eyes at him and pressed his lips into a thin line. With a stony expression, he replied in a clipped tone, "No thanks are needed."

Ashton hugged me to his side and led me straight into the living room. I struggled a little bit to keep up with his long strides and when we entered the bedroom, I noticed that the rage written on his face hadn't yet subsided. Initially, I expected him to vent his anger on me, but surprisingly, he only barked, "I'm going to take a shower!"

With that, he strode into the bathroom. I knew he was angry.

He came out dressed in a white bathrobe that covered over his broad shoulders and narrow hips, looking elegant and poised no matter how I looked at him. Seeing me sitting on the chaise lounge, he said with a stoic expression, "It's getting late. Go to bed earlier."

Faced with his lukewarm attitude, I was at a complete loss. I lowered my head slightly and simply turned around to go into the bathroom.

When I came out of the shower, he was already lying down on the bed and seemed to be asleep.

After blow-drying my hair, I slowly climbed into bed. His back was to me, so I reached out to wrap my arms around his waist and press my cheek against his back before calling out softly, "Ashton, I can't sleep if you don't hold me in your arms."

His body stiffened for a split second, then came his monotonous voice, "Go to sleep now."

I pursed my lips and hugged him for a while. Seeing that he was still reluctant to turn around, I got up and crawled to the opposite side before wriggling to get myself into his embrace.

After nestling against his chest and making sure his arms were around me, I looked up to study his face. His eyes were closed and he had a slightly wan complexion that was probably due to overworking these few days.

I lifted my hand to stroke the stubble on his chin before murmuring, "Ashton, if you don't talk to me, I'll assume that you're ignoring me. Let's sleep on separate beds from now on. I don't want to share a bed with such a cold husband."

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His eyes flew wide open to reveal his obsidian orbs that were particularly bright in the night. "Cold?"

I nodded. "Very cold. You're even colder than the snow outside!" There was a subtle whine in my voice.

He raised his hand to tuck my hair behind my ear and sighed softly, "I just don't want you to see him. Not even for one second!"

After a brief pause, he continued, "I know that Marcus was kind to you, but he has feelings for you and as a man, I see it clearer than you do. Scarlett, promise me that from now on, you'll stay away from him as much as possible, okay?"

I nodded and nuzzled his chest. "I know. It was just a coincidence just now. We're staying under one roof, so it's difficult to completely avoid each other. We'll go home once Benjamin's funeral is over and we won't have to see him anymore."

Pursing his lips, he tightened his arms around me and rolled over so that he was on top of me. "Then, make it up to me, hmm?"

A blush spread across my cheeks and I subconsciously tried to dodge, but I was imprisoned by his arms. Thereafter, he began savoring every inch of my body, from top to bottom.

...

As usual, Ashton was very busy managing the crisis that involved hundreds of hospitals. If it wasn't for his willpower and competence, Fuller Corporation would have been crushed by public opinion.

At the end of the day, there was nothing I could do. I didn't know if there was some kind of history between Jared and Ashton. Hence, it wasn't my place to comment.

The next day, after Ashton left, Sally came upstairs and insisted on taking me out with her.

Benjamin's funeral was in a few days and she wanted to find a new house.

The White residence was left to Marcus, so after the funeral, Sally had to move out.

Over the course of these few days, I felt like I was going to freeze to death while house-hunting with Sally. She wasn't satisfied with any of the houses, either saying that the natural lighting wasn't good or it wasn't close enough to the city center.

However, houses like the White residence that were of top-quality in all aspects from its environment to location were impossible to buy even if one had the money.

Sally had been living in the White residence for so many years. So naturally, she was reluctant to accept anything less than that. After all, she wasn't lacking in money.

Alas, it wasn't easy to find a suitable house on such short notice. When the day of Benjamin's funeral came, Sally had to put her house-hunting on hold to settle funeral matters.

On the day of the funeral at the White residence, Sally got up early to make the preparations for the funeral procession.

After the guests paid their homage to Benjamin, the funeral procession began at noon.

Sally, who had been nervous for several days, finally let out a sigh of relief after the burial ceremony was over.

Standing before Benjamin's tombstone, she bowed her head and said a prayer before she bid him farewell. She glanced at Marcus who was standing as still as a statue in front of the tombstone. Over this period of time, his demeanor had become crueler and colder.

His slender figure seemed to be shrouded in a layer of frost as he emanated a murderous intent.

After Sharon passed, the violence that lay dormant in him seemed to have awakened.

“Let’s go, Letty.” Sally tugged me away after one last glance at Marcus.

I opened my mouth in an attempt to comfort him, but the words died in my throat.

After getting into the car with Sally, she inhaled deeply before informing, “Ashton will come to pick you up later. I’ll get the driver to send you to the city center. He’ll be waiting for you there.”

I nodded without saying anything else. The image of Marcus’ lonely figure standing in front of his father’s tombstone kept replaying in my mind.

My heart felt oddly hollow. From now on, he would be on his own with no one to care or worry about him. Sometimes, freedom was only a nicer way to describe loneliness.

Sooner than expected, the car stopped in the city center. I got down and was surprised to see Sally getting down as well. Then, the driver headed straight for White Corporation.

My brows furrowed in confusion. “Aren’t you going to White Corporation?”

She hummed a response, then stared at the direction the car was going before sighing. “I’ll go in a bit-”

Before she could finish her sentence, a deafening sound shook the ground. I was slow to react, only turning toward the direction the car had driven off after a good few seconds.

A fuel tanker had run smack into the back of the White family’s black Bentley. The car was completely deformed. The chances that the driver survived the crash were slim to none.

Sally’s legs gave out beneath her and she slumped onto the ground. Her eyes widened in horror and her body trembled violently. Due to her shock, she spoke slowly, enunciating each word, “He wants to kill me. He really wants to kill me!”

I stopped breathing for a few seconds, then reached out to help her to her feet. She abruptly grabbed my arm and looked at me with disbelief in her eyes. "Letty, Marcus has gone crazy. He wants to kill me. He wants me dead!"

I found her speculation to be baffling. I patiently said, "Get up first. It was just an accident."

"No!" She kept shaking her head. "It wasn't an accident. It wasn't an accident at all. He planned this in advance. This is all a conspiracy. It's all a conspiracy."

I couldn't help but frown. Guiding her to sit on a bench by the side, I sighed and said, "Wait for me here, Aunt Sally. I'll go get you some water."

She's obviously in shock. That's why she's overthinking things.

Before I could take a step, she grabbed me and shook her head vehemently. "You can't go, Scarlett. Marcus wants to kill me. You can't leave me!"

With my brows still furrowed, I reasoned, "If Marcus really wanted to kill you, there are a million other ways to do it. Why would he choose this method? What happened just now was just an accident. Don't think too much. I'll go get you some water now."

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I pried her fingers off my arm and went to the supermarket. My chest tightened uncomfortably at Sally's claims. Indeed, there seemed to be a cloud hanging over Marcus lately, but this didn't mean that he hated Sally to the point of wanting to kill her.

After buying a bottle of water, I was about to go back when I spotted a black Maybach speeding toward the place where Sally was seated.

Everything happened so quickly that I couldn't react fast enough. All of a sudden, Ashton came out of nowhere to protect Sally.

My breath caught in my throat and I dropped the bottle of water before running toward Ashton, instinctively shielding him.

Glimpsing the person at the driver's seat, my eyes widened in terror. Marcus? Why is he...

Perhaps he didn't expect that I would rush over at the very last second, he abruptly spun the steering wheel and swerved sharply to avoid me, ramming his car directly into the traffic light at a junction.

Seeing the car coming to a halt, I released a sigh of relief and turned back to look at Sally who was paralyzed with fear.

"I told you he wants to kill me-"

Bang! A loud crash assaulted my ears, interrupting Sally's quaking voice.

My entire body froze and devastation tore through my chest.

Somehow, I managed to muster the courage to look back at Marcus who had supposedly stopped his car safely.

At that moment, he was lying on the ground drenched in blood that was quickly pooling all around him.

Why did he come out of the car?

My knees buckled and my body was drained of all strength. I fell to my knees and stared at him, I wanted to crawl over to him but I don't have the strength to do so.

How could this happen?

He was clearly safe just now. Why did he get down? Why did he cross the road? Why... Why is this happening?

"Ahhh..." With tears welling in her eyes, Sally shrieked in horror when she saw Marcus lying on the ground.

Ashton picked me up from the ground, but I tugged on his shirt, using every fiber in my body to force words through the lump in my throat. "Send him to the hospital!"

Ashton placed me on the bench while a crowd surrounded Marcus whose blood had already stained a large section of the ground.

As I stared at him, I noticed he was looking at me while moving his mouth, but I didn't know what he was saying. All I could feel was the stabbing pain in my chest that was so palpable I could barely breathe through it.

Ashton approached him and reached out to check his breathing, then turned to look at me with a grave expression.

I got up and walked toward him with what remaining strength I possessed. Marcus lifted his hand weakly to grab mine. The moment he opened his mouth, blood poured out from the corners of his lips.

I shook my head and looked at him through my tears. "Don't talk, Marcus. You'll be fine. Help is on the way."

He struggled to force a smile onto his lips that had turned bloodless along with his face. "Scarlett, everything's over now. In our next lives, I'll meet you first, and you'll... fall in love with me first."

I couldn't seem to find my voice. My chest felt congested and there was a buzzing sound in my ears. I forced myself to choke out, "I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I shouldn't have been so selfish. I'm sorry. It's my fault. I shouldn't have..."

I shouldn't have set him aside when he lost both his parents almost at the same time. I shouldn't have disregarded his feelings and deliberately kept a distance from him. I shouldn't have ignored his emotions and the faith that kept him going. I was wrong.

He smiled again as more blood trickled down the sides of his mouth. "It's okay. I know things have been tough on you, so live... well."

Watching his eyes flutter shut, despair crashed into me. I had already lost count of how many times I watched my loved ones leave my side one by one.

And I was always the culprit who either directly or indirectly caused their deaths. I was clearly the one who deserved to get hurt, who deserved to be punished, and who deserved to die. But in the end, it was always someone else who took my place.

I stared at Marcus' lifeless body, then turned to see Ashton's impassive expression before glancing at Sally who had a disdainful look on her face. Lastly, I swept my gaze over the passersby that had gathered around and were engaged in heated discussions.

Never before had I felt that the world was such an unsympathetic and cruel place. My heart felt like it had been stabbed by a hundred knives and it hurt to even breathe.

Why do people die so quickly? I haven't even digested his last words or recalled what happened just before this, and he's already gone?

When the medical staff carried Marcus' body from the ground, I abruptly shoved Ashton away and held tightly onto Marcus' hand, preventing them from taking him away. However, Ashton easily overpowered me and enveloped me in his arms before saying in a crisp voice, "Calm down, Scarlett. He's already dead."

As I stared at the pool of blood on the ground, heavy resentment grew in my heart. I looked at an ashen-faced Sally and articulated my words, "The person who should've died is you, isn't it, Sally?"

She was so shocked she staggered backward. With a pale complexion, she looked at me in disbelief. "What did you say, Scarlett?"

"The person who should've died is you, isn't it? But why are you still alive? You're the one who pushed Sharon to her death. You're the one who used Benjamin and Sharon's deaths to kill Marcus. It's all you, from the beginning until the end. You're the real murderer and the one who deserves to die the most."

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"What nonsense are you spouting, Scarlett?" Sally widened her eyes and shot me an incredulous stare before exclaiming, "You're crazy. You're absolutely crazy!"

I felt rancor toward this woman and couldn't help but find her laughable. "You personally sent the White family to their death—three lives in total. Aren't you afraid of retribution? You were the one who forced them to their deaths!"

"I didn't!" Sally roared. "Scarlett, I won't pursue this matter since you're Ashton's wife, so you'd better stop running your mouth or I'll exercise my right to sue you for slander and false accusations."

My lips curled into a sneer. "Sure, go ahead. As long as you can sleep peacefully at night instead of being haunted by your conscience; as long as you can let go of those three lives, go ahead and sue me!"

Sally's chest heaved from so much anger that she couldn't speak for a long time as she glared at me. Finally, she sneered. "Why are you so sad that Marcus is dead, Scarlett? Are you in love with him? Are you heartbroken? Are you reluctant to part with him? Don't forget whose wife you are and what you should and should not say."

Hah!

It's so crazy how people can be so shameless.

It started snowing heavily just then. Large snowflakes fell from the gloomy sky and onto the glaring pool of crimson blood on the ground. Before long, it was covered with a layer of white snow so thick that I could barely make out the blood beneath it, as though everything that happened earlier was only a bad dream.

Ashton brought me back to the villa and never once spoke during the whole journey. Neither did I have the urge to talk as the image of the pool of blood Marcus left behind weighed on my heart and mind along with self-blame and guilt.

If only I had noticed the changes in him sooner and realized that he had lost faith, I could've ignored the gossips and Ashton's jealousy to accompany him through this period of time. If I did, perhaps things wouldn't have turned out this way for him.

It's because of me. I was selfish and too guarded. It's all my fault!

The night sky darkened to an inky black and the snow outside was getting heavier. My mind kept replaying the scene of Marcus closing his eyes for the last time.

It was so maddening that I went downstairs and out to the yard, wanting to use the cold winter to drive away the resentment and pain overwhelming my heart.

But there was no way to erase the guilt buried deep within me. The harder I tried, the more violently the memories of Marcus' kindness flooded my mind, like raging torrents threatening to pull me under.

The guilt in my heart grew as though in correspondence with the falling snow. Molly came out with an umbrella. Seeing me covered in so much snow, she persuaded in a gentle tone, "Madam, let's go inside. The weather's too cold. You might get frostbite like this."

I looked at her in a daze and broke into a peculiar smile. Shaking my head at her, I murmured feebly, "Molly, I'm so tired of living."

She was taken aback for a moment, then quickly draped a coat she had brought out for me over my shoulders before reaching out to tug on my hand. "Don't say such things, child!"

Upon coming in contact with my ice-cold hand, she gasped in shock. "Look at how cold your hands are! Quick! Let's go back inside. You'll get a frostbite if you stay here."

I remained motionless. The only way I could numb myself and have some semblance of relief was if I stayed in this kind of harsh environment. Molly tugged on my hand a few times, but for someone who was up in the years, she couldn't make me budge an inch. Hence, she had no choice but to relent. "Don't fall asleep. I'll go get Mr. Ashton. You're putting your life in danger, child!"

After Ashton brought me home, he immediately went into his study. Probably having heard Molly's voice, he came downstairs right then.

He strode out of the villa with pursed lips. When he saw me standing rigidly in the snow, his face darkened and he looked at Molly. "What's going on?"

Molly shook her head and sighed. "Madam is acting strange."

I raised my eyes to see Ashton who was clad in all-black. As I looked at him, a sense of detachment and unfamiliarity rose in me. I shook my head weakly and said, "I'm fine!"

Wriggling my stiff toes, I began walking toward the villa, making sure to skirt around Ashton. Just like my heart, my face had gone slightly numb from the cold.

Not knowing what happened, Molly asked with concern, "Mr. Ashton, Madam seems..."

Ashton replied in a low voice, "It's fine. Go in and rest first."

With that, he followed me into the living room and reached out to pull me. When he touched my frozen hands, his eyes turned terrifyingly cold. "Are you punishing yourself because of him, Scarlett?"

I shook his hand off. For some reason, the sight of him filled me with loath and animosity. "Let go of me!"

The sides of Ashton's mouth tightened and his expression hardened.

He blocked my path while staring at me with a frightening glint in his eyes. Suddenly, he scooped me into his arms and went directly to the bedroom on the second floor before placing me down in the bathroom.

The heater was turned on in the bathroom. Swaddled in warmth, my thoughts became slightly jumbled and hazy.

Seeing me staring blankly into space, Ashton stretched out his hands to undress me.

"Scarlett, everyone has their own lives to live. Don't torture yourself, okay?" he advised in a dispassionate tone.

Indignation swelled in my heart. What does he mean everyone has their own lives to live? I slapped his hands away and uttered in an eerily cold voice, "Get out."

My abrupt manifestation of anger took Ashton by surprise. After a brief moment, he narrowed his eyes dangerously at me and growled, "You are my wife, Scarlett!"

"So what if I am?" I yelled. "Yes, I'm your wife, but you failed to protect your own child; you failed to protect me. Marcus was the one who did all of this. Without him, do you think I'd be able to stand here in front of you, alive and breathing? To put it bluntly, I'd be dead if it wasn't for him."

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My chest heaved rapidly. "I shouldn't have come back with you. You Fullers are cold and heartless creatures. Sally killed the White family, while you killed your own child and broke your own wife's heart. You're all beasts in human skin who are capable of cruelty beyond comprehension. In fact, all of you are even worse than Cameron. Despicable and revolting!"

Ashton pressed his lips together as his gaze sharpened and a horrifying chill flashed in his eyes. Even with the heater switched on, a shiver still traveled through my body.

He clasped my wrist and gritted out, "So the Fullers are so worthless in your eyes, huh? Why? Are you feeling sorry for the White family and their tragic ending? You've turned me

into your punching bag because of Marcus' death. I have to admit, I'm impressed. He left this world with a bang, seeing as he's still influencing our lives beyond his death!"

I looked at him, but no longer had the strength to argue with him. Suppressing the pain in my heart, I said emotionlessly, "I don't want to see you."

When I recalled how Sally had been using me as her shield the days before Marcus' death, my guilt intensified all the more. She knew from the very start that Marcus hated her. Fearing that he might do something to her, she made sure I stayed in the White residence as an assurance for her own life.

She knew that she'd be safe with me around because Marcus would never hurt me, be it emotionally or physically. Hence, she kept me by her side. Even at the very last second, Marcus had swerved the car to protect me.

I never wanted to hurt anyone, but that seemed like the only thing I was good at.

Ashton peered at me with an unfathomable gaze. After a long time, he let out a soft sigh and said, "I know you feel guilty about Marcus' death, but Scarlett, no one killed him. He was the one who crashed the car."

Anger sparked in me. I removed my high heels and threw them at him. "Get out, Ashton! I don't want to see you!"

How can he say that no one killed him? It was obviously Sally! She forced Sharon to her death, then targeted Marcus next. It was clearly all her doing! She killed so many people without even batting an eyelid. How dare she pretend to be innocent in the end?

Surprisingly, Ashton had built up his patience. Even though I had just hurled my heels at him, besides his gaze darkening subtly, he showed no other reaction as he took me into his arms and soothed, "Are you done? Take a bath now before you fall sick."

I felt as if I was punching at cotton. Nothing I said or did manage to elicit a response out of him.

I, on the other hand, was filled with more anguish.

When his hand reached out to remove my clothes, I flinched and shoved him aside. "Leave!"

His expression turned sullen. "How long are you going to keep this up?" Everyone's patience had a limit.

But, so what?

Clenching my jaw, I stared fixedly at him and repeated, "Leave!"

With a glum expression, he extended his hand to press me against his chest, using his other to grasp my chin before forcibly kissing me.

His kiss was fierce, as though he wanted to swallow me whole.

Just when I thought he was going to take me right then and there, he released me and mumbled, "Are you done kicking up a fuss now? Hmm?"

I was already an emotional train wreck to begin with. Another wave of anger rose from deep inside me. "I told you to leave, Ashton. Leave! Can't you hear me? Are you deaf or dumb?"

Without waiting for a response, I climbed out of the bathtub and started throwing everything and anything I could at him.

He stared at me with knitted brows but didn't dodge the onslaught of flying objects. I grew tired after a while and seeing that there was nothing left for me to throw, he finally spoke, "Are you done?"

A sense of hopelessness washed over me as I gazed at him.

After I collapsed in a heap on the ground, he crouched down to peel off my soaked clothes, his temper as mellow as ever.

He carried me and placed me in the bathtub again. Heaving a sigh, he coaxed, "No more tantrums, okay?"

Seeing that I no longer had any emotional outbursts, he filled the tub with warm water, then searched through the mess on the floor. After finding the shower gel and bath towel, he placed them beside me.

Thereafter, he went out wordlessly.

As I lay in the bathtub, my mind whirred; everything was a blur. Marcus' death had pushed me into a bottomless abyss that I couldn't seem to climb out of, and the guilt that came with his death would haunt me for the rest of my life.

Ashton did nothing wrong. He was only protecting his family and guarding me, his wife.

The one in the wrong was me. I was cowardly and spineless. Ashton didn't know why Sharon died, so he couldn't understand why Marcus hated Sally, let alone why he wanted to kill her and chose to end his own life in the end.

I was wrong for not being there for Marcus during his darkest days; during the time he needed me the most. I didn't give him a reason to live, so he chose to leave.

After a long time, I emerged from the bathroom to see cigarette butts littering the balcony floor. It was obviously Ashton's doing.

I glanced around but didn't see him. Not bothering to wonder where he was, I put on some clothes and tied up my blow-dried hair before trudging downstairs.

Molly was slightly taken aback upon seeing me. "Madam, are you going out?"