

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 376

When the phone buzzed in the room, Summer turned towards the direction of the noise and listened intently in a curious manner.

I did not bother picking up the call. "Ashton, your phone is ringing!" I yelled towards the kitchen.

"Pick it up!" he answered curtly as the sound of splashing water echoed from the kitchen.

I glanced towards his phone and noticed Rebecca's name flashing across the screen.

Instinctively, a frown graced my face when I caught sight of her name. Once I answered her call, I was instantly greeted by her loud wails that echoed across the phone.

"Ash, you should come to visit me. I don't know why my mother insists on me staying in the hospital. Why isn't she letting me return to Pear Garden? Do you think that she doesn't want me anymore?" Rebecca sobbed in anguish.

Cameron doesn't want Rebecca back in Pear Garden? Why not?

"Ms. Larson, I suggest you contact Mr. Quinn for your problems. That would be more appropriate. Right now, your beloved Ash is cooking for his daughter and wife. I'm sure that he does not have the spare time to handle your affairs," I said coldly.

Upon hearing my voice, Rebecca's mood seemed to take a drastic turn. "Why did you pick up Ashton's phone? Scarlett, do you have no shame?"

Gosh, this woman has a rotten mouth. It seems that anything that comes out of her is malicious.

"Why can't I pick up the call on my husband's behalf? You don't think you share an intimate relationship with my husband, do you? By the way, you should take this opportunity to reflect upon your actions—even your parents detest you! Don't harass my family and me anymore!"

"Scarlett, you..."

I ended the call before she could finish her sentence. There was no point continuing when I knew that she would be cussing me out.

I tossed Ashton's phone aside as soon as I hung up the call. Before I could react, I was enveloped in a back hug.

"Say it again," Ashton's magnetic voice sounded.

There was a hint of oil and smoke that clung to his body. However, the smell did not affect his charming presence. "What do you want me to say?"

"What did you call me just now?" he asked in a deep voice.

His question left me stunned for a moment. "Husband?"

Ashton laughed delightedly as his stubble rubbed against my cheek when he kissed me. "One more time," he demanded.

"Aren't you going to help Rebecca?" I asked him with an angry huff and pushed him off my body.

"I thought you asked her to look for Joe? Why do I have to go to her still?" Ashton said with an amused grin.

I couldn't help but roll my eyes in exasperation. "Has Cameron been neglecting Rebecca?" I asked while I walked towards the crib to gaze at Summer.

It was clear that Rebecca's health was deteriorating. Not only did Cameron forbid her from nursing her health in K city, she even moved her to J City. Furthermore, why did she ban her from Pear Garden?

Seeing as I changed the subject abruptly, Ashton asked helplessly as he face-palmed, "That's none of your business. When did you become such a meddler?"

"I'm not meddling. I'm just curious," I argued. Summer clutched onto my head while her tiny mouth gaped open repeatedly.

It looked like she was hungry.

It seemed like Ashton held no interest regarding Rebecca. "Jackson will help her if needed. Summer is hungry. Are you going to eat first or feed her first?" he asked.

I am going to feed her first, of course!

"You should leave and give me some privacy!" I glowered at him.

"Which part of your body have I not seen before?"

"Don't you think that you are acting strangely?"

"You're my wife. How is that strange?" Ashton replied in a tone full of self-confidence.

I didn't expect Rebecca would come to Peakville Estate herself. Summer was already in a deep slumber by then.

I was halfway eating when the doorbell rang, and Ashton rose to his feet to greet the door. After a long moment of silence, I couldn't help but look over to the door.

Much to my surprise, Rebecca was on the front porch. Her complexion was extremely haggard and sickly pale.

In the few days that we hadn't met, she looked like she'd become even skinnier than before.

Initially, I didn't plan to head over. However, it would seem rude and inappropriate.

I caught wind of Rebecca's faint voice as I padded over to the door. "I want to stay out of your life as well and leave a good impression on you. At least, you would still think of me once in a while. Unlike now, I'm nothing but an annoyance to you! However, I have no choice. Ash, I came looking for you because you are my only hope."

"Come in and talk," I interjected before Ashton could reply.

Ashton whirled around to meet my gaze for a brief second before he stepped aside indifferently to let Rebecca in.

Rebecca didn't show any surprise when she caught sight of my figure. Instead, her face darkened. "Ash, I'll face death if you don't help me," she continued to beg him desperately.

Ashton had always been an aloof person. When it came to Rebecca, his stance gravitated towards responsibility rather than affinity. "What do you want?" he asked her icily.

Rebecca took a deep breath. She didn't anticipate for Ashton to treat her in such a harsh manner. "Bring me to my mother," she said with a pale face.

I was stunned by Rebecca's request. Why did she need Ashton's help to meet her own mother?

"Alright," Ashton replied brusquely. His demeanor remained as cold as ever.

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He gave her a cold stare. "Joe will be responsible for taking care of you. Please refrain from coming here unless there's something critical."

Rebecca's face paled even further. "Okay!" There was a slight tremble in the tone of her voice as she spoke. She nodded her head as she tried to conceal the hurt gleaming in her eyes.

"It's late now. Scarlett and I have matters to attend to later. You should head back first," Ashton continued emotionlessly, unmoved by Rebecca's wounded expression.

It was clearly an order to leave. Both Rebecca and I could decipher the strict tone of his voice.

"Okay." There was a trace of bitterness that flickered in her longing gaze. She left after that.

I pursed my lips as I watched her figure leave the villa. It was as if I could glimpse a hint of my past self in her lonely back. "Ashton, do you treat all women so heartlessly?"

"I won't treat you that way." Ashton turned to me. His dark gaze resembled the night sky.

I decided not to tease him any further. "Why does Rebecca need your help to visit Cameron?" I asked curiously.

What happened between the two of them?

“Have you ever thought of looking for your biological parents?” Ashton asked me as his stare clouded over.

“Why did you change the topic so quickly?” For a moment, I was left speechless in shock.

“Answer my question,” Ashton’s brows pinched together.

“I’d be lying if I say no. However, it has been so many years. I wouldn’t know how to react if I ever meet them again. I suppose we wouldn’t have the chance to reunite. Besides, I believe they had no plans to reunite with me when they abandoned me back then. So, quite frankly, I no longer want to look for them anymore,” I said after a fleeting thought.

“Why did you ask me about that?” I asked as I met his strange gaze.

He shook his head. “Go upstairs and change. We’ll head out in a while!”

I couldn’t help but scowl when I recalled the message Nick sent me: Are we really meeting Cameron for a meal?

Ashton merely nodded—an indication that I should change my clothes.

At first, I wanted to deny his request. But on second thought, I decided to go along with him.

After freshening up in the bathroom, I put on a fresh outfit and dressed my face in a layer of light makeup. When I descended the stairs, Ashton had already packed Summer’s diapers and milk bottles.

“Ashton, did you change Summer’s diapers?” I asked casually as I saw his smooth and practiced movements.

He nodded in reply and moved the milk bottles into Summer’s stroller. “Let’s go,” Ashton called out.

I couldn’t help but feel useless when Ashton swiftly prepared Summer’s things before we headed out.

After pushing the stroller out of the villa, Ashton headed to the garage. While Ashton started the car, I waited patiently for him in the yard as I braced the stroller in one hand.

The sight of a kneeling woman outside the yard gate left me stupefied. Realization dawned upon me after a few moments. Rebecca hasn't left the villa!

At the same time, Ashton noticed Rebecca as he drove over. Promptly, a deep frown graced his face.

Yet, he did not comment on Rebecca's presence. "Let's go," Ashton called out to me as he carried Summer onto the car.

When Rebecca heard the commotion, she rose to her feet from the villa steps and dashed in. Hurriedly, she stood in front of the car's path to block its way.

"Ash, are you going to meet my mother? Bring me along!" Rebecca pleaded when she saw Ashton.

"Joe will pick you up later," Ashton replied in displeasure.

At Ashton's rejection, Rebecca's eyes reddened with sorrow. "It's freezing! Ash, please! I'm begging you to bring me along!"

"Come in!" I said in annoyance, "Ms. Larson, you do not have to resort to such wretched measures to gain our pity."

Rebecca's face turned pale when she heard my comment. Yet, she still shifted her pitiful gaze towards Ashton.

Ashton's mood turned foul at the sight of her pleading stare. "There's no more space in the car! Wait for Joe!" he snarled brusquely and started the car. Immediately, he drove around her and sped out of the villa.

I peered at Rebecca's motionless figure from the rearview mirror before turning to Ashton. "Could you really bear to treat her that way?"

"Do you want me to take pity on her?" Ashton rebuked.

"Focus on the road!" Ashton's mercy towards her made no difference to me.

During the ride, Summer behaved very obediently. The reason for her well-behaved mannerisms must be due to her love for car rides. She was always very excited when she was in the car. Occasionally, she'd reached her hands out to grasp at empty air.

Ashton stopped at the entrance of Pear Garden. Cameron and Zachary were already standing by the gates when we arrived. It seemed as if they had been waiting for us for a long time.

"Welcome! Dinner is ready. We have been expecting your arrival." Cameron stepped forward with a warm beam.

As Ashton carried Summer out of the car, Zachary and Cameron shared an equal look of shock in my direction. "T-The child is alright?"

"Ms. Anderson, are you planning to make another move on me?" I asked her in a frigid tone.

Cameron's bright eyes reddened with unshed tears as she shook her head to deny profusely. "It's not like that. My dear, please don't think too much about it. I'm just glad that your child is safe."

"Let's go." Ashton did not comment any further. Instead, he cradled Summer to his chest and turned to me.

The dining hall was located on the first floor. Alongside Jackson and Nick, even Jared, who was rarely seen, had attended the occasion. Jared was accompanied by Kristina.

It was a surprise to meet her here.

Jackson once told me that most of Macy's troubles were caused by Kristina. I could feel my anger growing the more I looked at her.

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"Scarlett, come sit here!" Jackson beckoned me over when he caught sight of me.

I walked over to Jackson and took a seat next to him as Ashton pushed the stroller aside.

The Pear Garden villa was possibly the most luxurious in J City. The dining hall alone spanned over one hundred square meters. It was much larger compared to an average hall.

The round table was equally huge. I figured that the guests seated opposite would not be able to hear me unless I raised my voice.

There was a hint of tenderness in Cameron's gaze towards me. Together with Zachary, they took a seat next to Ashton and me as Cameron instructed the butlers to serve the dishes.

"She is adorable. I think that she is around four months old now," Cameron peered towards Summer in her stroller as she cooed with a bright smile.

Zachary's expression seemed to drop when he caught sight of my stony face. "Scarlett, Summer seems to be a little smaller than most children. Are you giving her the proper nutrient intakes?" he asked with concern.

"As an infant, she has faced countless struggles. That's why she's much more petite than most children," I replied as my mood soured upon hearing Zachary's question.

Cameron tugged on Zachary's sleeve with a hurtful expression. "It's all my fault," she murmured.

Why are they acting so strangely? I turned to Ashton with a puzzled look, and he clasped my hand in his palm comfortingly. "Thank you for inviting us to dinner!" he said and shifted his gaze to Cameron and Zachary.

As if sensing my displeasure, both Zachary and Cameron merely murmured in acknowledgment.

I couldn't help but feel utterly bewildered at their demeanor due to two main reasons. Firstly, their attitudes towards me were a stark contrast to their past mannerisms.

Secondly, Zachary must have found out about Cameron's past through the videos. Yet, he remained as cool as a cucumber.

Is there such a husband who holds no regard for his wife's past? There were even more to those that I haven't seen. How could Zachary face her with such a calm composure?

"Since the dishes are served, let's dig in while they are warm." Cameron gestured for the guests to begin eating.

Before she could finish her speech, a discordant noise resounded through the hall. "Mom, what have I done? Why won't you meet me?" Rebecca's voice echoed through the hall.

Rebecca and Joe appeared in the room. She was still dressed in the same clothes as she had on when she visited Peakville Estate. Her disheveled clothes gave her a very ragged and pathetic appearance.

Cameron leaped to her feet in an instant. It was clear that her mood had turned foul at the sight of Rebecca. "I thought I told you not to come looking for me?"

She was about to storm over towards Rebecca. Yet, Zachary yanked her to a screeching halt.

"Sit down and share a meal with us," Zachary said coolly as he addressed Rebecca.

Rebecca remained standing despite his invitation. "Dad, what did I do for you and Mom to abandon me?" she asked with swollen and reddened eyes filled with anguish.

Zachary sighed heavily as if he had nothing more to say. "Since everyone is present, why don't we talk after dinner?" he asked.

Rebecca opened her mouth to retort, but she was yanked away by Joe before she could cause a commotion. He dragged her to the table, where they both took a seat.

Rebecca glared at me in a haze of murderous rage when she saw how Ashton helped to pick my favorite foods.

"I heard that you have a sweet tooth," Cameron beamed. "I asked the cooks to prepare a matcha dessert for you. Why don't you try it? You should drink more soup to replenish your energy since you are still breastfeeding Summer. Ah, you should put on more weight! It's also important to remain healthy if you are breastfeeding."

As she spoke, she sliced a piece of cake and placed it in front of me. Cameron even helped to fill up a bowl of warm soup.

I was not accustomed to her sudden warm hospitality. Warily, I turned to Ashton and looked at him with a confused look.

"You should try it and see if you like it," Ashton replied.

Reluctantly, I took a small bite of the cake. Although it tasted great, the sweet taste of the dessert was muddled by my chaotic thoughts. I pushed it aside after a single nibble.

Next, I decided to sample the soup. To my surprise, I found it rather delectable.

Upon seeing that I savored the soup, Cameron quickly leaped to refill my bowl. However, Ashton stopped her in her tracks. "It's alright, Ms. Anderson. I can take more for my wife if she likes it."

Although it was a minuscule movement of kindness from Ashton, Rebecca still met my gaze with fury.

In the stroller, Summer babbled loudly. With a single glance, Jackson could tell that she was hungry.

"Have you brought her milk?" he asked me.

Before I could reply, Ashton was already one step ahead of me. He had already prepared her milk powder and was ready to feed Summer. Yet, the little rascal refused to drink from her bottle. Instead, she clutched onto my hand tightly.

Gently, I cradled her as she continued to warble in my arms. "What's wrong, my dear?" I cooed at her fondly.

"I think she doesn't want milk powder. Scarlett, you should head upstairs to feed her," Nick broke his silence and uttered.

"I'll show you the way." Cameron hurriedly rose to her feet. "Your child is only a few months old. They tend to prefer breast milk."

I decided not to comment any further and followed Cameron to the second floor with Summer in my embrace.

"You can feed her here. She must be starving," Cameron said warmly as she guided me into an empty room.

Without any lingering suspicions, I took a seat on the chaise lounge and began to breastfeed Summer.

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Originally, I thought that she would leave as I began feeding Summer. Instead, Cameron remained rooted in her spot as she watched me breastfeed Summer.

Summer's antics as she suckled on my breast were awfully adorable. She would clutch her feet in her hand as her bright eyes remained wide open.

"Scarlett, you are too skinny. Although you just gave birth, you've lost all of the fat around your abdomen. The two of you are still young parents. You don't know how to take care of yourselves. Now that the New Year is almost here, why don't you stay in Pear Garden for a few days? I heard from Nick that you plan to celebrate it with Mr. Fuller. We have experienced chefs and nutritionists working in Pear Garden. They can help to strengthen your body. What do you think?" Cameron asked.

"It's alright, Ms. Anderson. Thank you for your offer," I rejected her offer politely.

A flicker of awkwardness painted her face upon my refusal. "Scarlett, are you still holding on to the past?" she asked tentatively. "The two of you are safe and sound right now. Besides, I've already received punishment for my actions. The Moore family does not acknowledge me. As a result, Zachary had to accompany me to J city. Now that everything is in the past, let's start afresh, shall we?"

Upon hearing her words, I felt smothered with a haze of irritation. "Ms. Anderson, you can always regain your status and wealth. Yet, you stole the life of a living person. How do you plan to repay for your irreversible actions?" I asked her with a twitch of my lips.

Her face paled. "Please give me some privacy when I'm feeding my child," I said firmly.

Cameron opened her mouth as if she wanted to say something. Yet, she remained silent. Without another word, she exited the room.

As I remained seated on the chaise lounge, I observed my surroundings. The room was beautifully decorated in lavish and pink designs.

In an instant, one could tell that the room belonged to a woman. Although Nick visited the Pear Garden occasionally, there was no way that such a girlish room would belong to him. Cameron was also out of the picture. I concluded that this room must have been Rebecca's.

After she had her fill, Summer reached out her hand. Her sudden touch jolted me out of my daze as I turned to gaze at her with a smile. Gently, I lifted her and pressed a delicate kiss on her adorable face. My heart seemed to warm affectionately every time I saw her face.

All of a sudden, the bedroom door burst open. I quickly yanked my shirt down in haste. I looked up to see Rebecca. Her face turned as cold as ice when she saw me sitting in her room.

"Scarlett, why did you steal everything from me? First, you stole my lover and loved ones. Now, you're even in my bedroom."

I was puzzled by her words. "Ms. Larson, your inability to retain what's yours has nothing to do with me. I have no interest in your bedroom nor your loved ones. So why would I try to steal them away? As for the person you like, why don't you elaborate a little more? I am his legally married wife. How is that stealing from you?"

Her eyes reddened in a mixture of anguish and anger. "If it weren't for your meddling, Ash would never have married you! You are but a responsibility to him! Who do you think you are?" Rebecca snapped angrily in response.

I nearly burst out laughing upon hearing her remark. "Ms. Larson, at least he is willing to take that responsibility and marry me. What about you? Do you think that he loves you? If it was true love, why doesn't he spare you a single glance? Why do you think that Ashton loves you when he can barely tolerate your presence? Is that what you call love?"

"Y-You..." Rebecca stuttered as she was at a loss for words.

In a furious rage, she raised her hand to deliver a vicious strike. However, I managed to stop her. "Ms. Larson, it's best if you reconsider your actions. You've played your cards at the wrong time. Your downfall is the result of your loss. Have you ever considered why your parents decided not to meet you?"

I did not wish to squabble with Rebecca as I had Summer in my embrace. I would suffer greatly if Summer got hurt in our crossfire.

As I prepared to leave the room, Rebecca stood in my path and barricaded the exit. "Scarlett, what are you planning to do?"

"Ms. Larson, I should be the one asking you this question instead. What are your intentions?" I rebuked her question.

Why is she not letting me leave? Does she plan to harm me?

"I'm willing to let go of Ash. However, don't ever show up in front of my parents again. If you do, I'll make sure you regret your actions!" she threatened.

I felt puzzled at her remark. "I hope I will never have to meet you or your parents again. So please move aside. In the future, you should think before you act," I replied coldly.

Rebecca seemed helpless at my reply. Although she still harbored a deep hatred, she could not lash out recklessly. Instead, she stepped aside and stormed out of her bedroom.

When I entered the dining hall again, Ashton hurried over and took Summer into his arms. "What happened? You don't look too good," he asked worriedly.

"I'm fine."

When we returned to the table, Ashton continued to help me load my plate. After a few more bites, he left to play with Summer.

My appetite must have increased because I breastfed Summer earlier. Ashton grinned as he fooled around with Summer playfully. On the other hand, both Cameron and Zachary's gazes were fixated on me.

Although I felt uneasy under their scrutiny, I could not question their actions. After a few moments, everyone had their fill. Subsequently, I decided to stop eating.

"What's the matter? Are you full?" Ashton asked with a smile as he placed a piece of barbequed pork on my plate.

"Yup!" I nodded my head.

“Do you want to take a walk after eating?” Cameron asked. “The winter roses in blossom at Pear Garden are absolutely stunning around this time of the year.” As she spoke, her gaze shifted to Summer.

At the sight of Summer’s sleeping figure, Cameron called out for a housekeeper, “Come and take care of the child.”

“It’s alright. It’s already dark outside. We should head home now.” I turned down her offer. “Thank you for your generosity.” Cameron and Zachary remained silent as I bid them farewell.

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It felt odd that we were here at Pear Garden for a meal.

Zachary glanced at Ashton with a smile and asked, “Mr. Fuller, the Moores’ company is facing some problems. Do you have a moment for a chat?”

Ashton did not reply to him right away but turned to look at me with pursed lips. “Go take a stroll—it aids in digestion. I’ll be home after I’m done here. Summer can stay with me.”

I glanced at Zachary and asked Ashton, “Looks like both of you are having a discussion. Is it appropriate to bring along Summer?”

“Sure. Just go ahead!”

I had a feeling that Ashton was deliberately setting up bonding opportunities for Cameron, Zachary, and me.

So Ashton thinks that I can easily forget how they have hurt me previously?

Pear Garden’s yard was huge—exactly how Cameron had described earlier. I was mesmerized by the breathtaking view of the blooming winter roses.

"Scarlett, there are some freshly baked cookies in our kitchen. I'll let you bring some back later," Cameron said cheerfully as she trailed behind me.

Feeling uneasy about the change in her attitude, I pursed my lips and rejected her offer politely, "Ms. Anderson, it's alright. I am cutting down on sugar as it is bad for health."

She looked at me and asked warily, "Scarlett, you still loathe me because of what I've done earlier, don't you?"

My brows furrowed as I responded impatiently, "Ms. Anderson, what do you want from me exactly? Stop beating around the bush! I don't have time to play the guessing game with you."

She shook her head at once and explained nervously, "I don't have any bad intentions. You don't have to worry. My heart is filled with remorse for what I've done previously, and I'm just trying to make it up to you."

"You don't have to do that. There is nothing you can do after all that you've done. The best is to stay away from one another." I quickened my pace after my speech to avoid further conversations.

She caught up to me and continued, "I know that I've no right to beg for your mercy. I really regret what I've done. Scarlett, both Zachary and I really hope that you can give us a chance to make things right."

Rebecca suddenly emerged and glared at me as she yelled, "Mom, what are you doing? Why do you need to beg her? She has caused us so much trouble!"

The next moment, she raised her arms and shoved me impetuously. There was an outdoor swimming pool right behind me, with a certain depth of water in it.

It never crossed my mind that Rebecca would get so agitated all of a sudden. I didn't manage to duck her in time and fell backward into the pool.

It was a shallow pool. The water was freezing during winter. Being completely drenched, the coldness pierced through my body. I struggled to get out of the pool frantically.

The moment Cameron saw me fall into the pool, she yelled anxiously, "Help! Someone has dropped into the pool!"

Two bodyguards dashed out of the villa and pulled me out of the pool.

Cameron took off her coat and wrapped it around my body. Then, she instructed the bodyguards, "Send her to the bedroom at once so she can take a hot shower in the washroom."

Next, she looked at the maid and ordered, "Boil some chicken soup for her."

It was a chaotic scene then.

Rebecca tugged Cameron and asked furiously, "Mom, what're you doing? You don't have to rescue her. She deserves it. Just let her meet her end!"

"Shut up!" Cameron snapped at her in exasperation, "Why did you do that? If anything happens to her, I won't let you off easily."

"Mom, I'm your daughter!" Pointing at me, Rebecca shrieked hysterically, "Why are you still speaking up for her even after what she has done to hurt you?"

Cameron pushed her away and sent me to the bedroom together with the bodyguards.

I was still trembling, and my body had stiffened due to the extreme coldness. It took me a while to regain some warmth after soaking myself in the bathtub.

When I was out of the washroom, Ashton was waiting outside with Summer in his arms. There was rowdiness outside the room.

The moment he saw me, he asked with knitted brows, "Are you feeling better? How did you end up in the pool?"

"It's my fault. I should have looked after her well." Cameron explained to Ashton guiltily and asked me concernedly, "Scarlett, are you all right? How are you feeling now?"

I looked at her and replied coldly, "I'm fine."

Next, I turned to ask Ashton, "Are you done with your discussion?"

He nodded and asked, "Do you want to go home now?"

I just nodded and turned to look at Summer. She was staring at me with her pair of sparkling round eyes. It really melted my heart to see her adorable face. I was about to take her from Ashton, but he moved aside swiftly.

“Let’s go home first. Don’t catch a cold.”

I nodded silently and followed him out of the bedroom. Coincidentally, a maid was holding a tray with a bowl of chicken soup. Cameron immediately advised, “Scarlett, take some chicken soup first to warm yourself up.”

Suddenly, Rebecca appeared out of nowhere and snatched the bowl of chicken soup from the maid. With a vicious look on her face, she splashed the bowl of soup at me.

Ashton was moved to shield me from her attack.

I was stupefied and looked at him worriedly. He just frowned slightly with an intimidating look.

Fortunately, Jackson was responsive and took Summer away from him at once.

He turned to look at Nick. “Bring Mr. Fuller to go for a change now. Check his back to see if it is scalded.”

Nick nodded in acknowledgment and gestured to Ashton. “Mr. Fuller, this way, please.”