

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 566

After a series of talks and procedures, Ashton finally wrapped up things and approached me after he got off the stage.

Without a care about the stares around him, he pulled me close and asked, "How were the desserts?"

"It was delicious!"

It was the highest praise I gave.

"If you want to eat them again, I'll invite the chef over to personally prepare it for you," he offered, looking very pleased with himself.

I mirrored his smile.

We talked briefly, and it was inevitable to seem more intimate as a married couple.

At first, Ashton and I wanted to look for a place to sit. However, we unexpectedly heard a loud plop.

Turning back, we saw a group of people gathered by the pool. One person yelled, "Someone fell into the water! We need to rescue her!"

Those who knew how to swim, jumped into the pool.

As Fuller Corporation's chairperson, Ashton pulled me along to the scene.

He made me stand a distance from the pool and asked one of his employees, "What's going on?"

"Mr. Fuller, Ms. Zimmer fell into the pool...I think someone pushed her."

When Ashton turned his attention to the pool, someone already rescued Rachel. In winter, the pool temperature was dangerously low. Lying on the ground in thin clothing, Rachel was shivering from the cold. She looked pitiful.

Thankfully, a gentleman took off his outerwear and draped it over her legs while another gave her CPR.

Moments later, she regained her consciousness but looked rather weak.

Ashton squatted beside her and ordered for someone to get her a glass of water. There was another person who brought a blanket for her too. He asked, "Are you okay?"

Still in shock, Rachel trembled and stared at Ashton for a while before she threw herself into his arms. She bawled.

At that moment, a few people gasped while sneaking looks at me. They were even whispering among the crowd.

"Ms. Zimmer always seems like a powerhouse, like a female warrior. Now, she seems so vulnerable." This was a common line among the crowd.

"How can she not be shaken? Given her weak demeanor, Mr. Fuller's heart will likely waver too," One person claimed.

However, his friend scolded, "Don't spout nonsense. Mr. Fuller is already married. Although he did not announce it, he already brought Mrs. Fuller to the company a few times. That should count as an official statement."

"What do you know? Men would never be satisfied with one woman. In particular, for a man like Mr. Fuller, who has the looks and brains, it is no surprise for him to fool around outside. Besides, Ms. Zimmer is a good catch. She is beautiful and talented. I think they are a match made in heaven."

The discussion continued. I looked at Rachel in Ashton's arms and thought they did look compatible.

Some say that a marriage between equal parties could last longer. Thinking about it carefully, the gap between Ashton and me did seem quite large.

While I was observing the scene, I suddenly spotted Cameron going over to Ashton. She pulled him away from Rachel and jabbed, "There are 120 people here and a paramedic from the hotel to send this lady to the hospital."

Cameron was not one to poke her nose into other's businesses. Her sudden actions were obviously to warn them of their behavior.

Luckily, the hotel staff was quick to carry Rachel out.

Soon, the annual meeting went on like nothing happened after they reassigned the staff's duties.

In the meantime, Cameron swept Ashton away to talk to him.

Left alone, I looked for a place to sit and munch on more food, and I was slowly feeling quite sleepy.

Right on time, Ashton returned.

He spotted me yawning, and he chuckled. "Are you sleepy?"

I nodded. Looking around at how crowded the area still seemed, I asked, "Do we have to stay here for long?"

"We can head home soon," he chuckled while pulling me aside to get me a glass of milk.

"Come with me. I'll introduce you to a few people."

They turned out to be some of the partners of Fuller Corporation, who were also prominent figures in K City.

Ashton was a man of few words, but he brought me to several people, repeatedly introducing me as his wife.

After meeting a few of them, Ashton was prepared to head home with me when we met Isabelle among the crowd.

Although there were countless Fuller Corporation's employees present, I felt like Isabelle was the only person I had spoken to throughout the evening.

Other than talking to her, I was either drinking or eating.

When she caught sight of me, she smiled.

I took a few steps to the exit but stopped in my tracks and turned to her. "Are you leaving soon?"

"Yes, soon," she casually replied.

"Do you want to leave with us? Where do you stay? Let us send you back because it's hard to get a cab here." It's close to impossible to get a cab here.

She was surprised to hear my offer, and she hesitantly looked at Ashton.

I nudged the man beside me who nodded and agreed, "Let's go!"

When we climbed into the car, Ashton and I sat at the back while Isabelle took the seat beside the chauffeur.

We did not speak much. After she told us her address, the chauffeur drove to her house.

Beaming, she thanked us when we reached her place.

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I nodded and did not think much about it.

After she left, Ashton turned to me and questioned, "Since when were you so kind to her?"

"Isn't it on the way?"

He saw through my lie immediately. "Scarlett, is that your excuse?"

I thought about it and finally gave a more conclusive answer. "Hmm, she is someone who I feel bad for."

She was probably in her forties. Typically, a person in her thirties would be building up her finances. In her forties, she should have settled down. Given her age, if she had a family in J City, she would not have moved to K City regardless of how high the salary was. Thinking about it, her family was most likely in financial distress.

Besides, I could tell that she seemed more withdrawn than before.

Ashton acknowledged it but did not ask more. Then, he solemnly looked at me and asked, "Were you jealous of what happened earlier?"

At that instant, I did not understand what he was referring to. However, after staring back at his intense gaze, I realized what he was talking about.

"I can understand it. No matter how strong Rachel may seem, she is a woman after all. After such a horrifying accident, she must be frightened. Besides, you were the first person she saw when she regained her consciousness, and it's not surprising that she was more emotional than usual. She would likely have done the same to anyone else in your place."

Oddly, Ashton did not seem convinced and had an unusual expression on his face. I probed, "What's wrong?"

Immediately, he waved his hand and curtly replied, "Nothing!"

I was startled by his response. Seconds ago, he was speaking to me in a gentle and warm tone. Why did he seem so cold all of a sudden?

Unsure of why he was upset, I did not push him to explain.

Soon, the chauffeur arrived at the villa and pulled up by the entrance. Ashton stormed out of the car without waiting for me.

I tried to match his steps, but he headed straight for the bedroom once he entered the villa.

It was late, and the villa seemed unusually quiet since Summer was away, and Flora did not stay here.

Watching Ashton enter the bedroom, I hurried to follow him in.

"Ash..." Before I could complete my sentence, he threw his jacket on the bed and went into the bathroom.

Bang! He slammed the door shut.

Speechless, I headed to the changing room for my pyjamas. Coincidentally, he emerged from the bathroom at the same time.

There was only a bath towel around his waist. His gaze was fierce and stern.

Before I knew it, he headed to the study with the towel.

I...

Regardless of how old they were, men were childish.

After taking a shower, I noticed that he had not returned, so I got changed and headed to the study to find him.

I did not bother knocking on the door when I entered, and he seemed startled to see me. Instead of reading a book or working on his company's affairs, he was watching a Koandrian drama.

I even heard a line from the drama before he slammed his laptop shut.

Feigning ignorance, I spoke, "Ashton, it's getting late. Let's head to bed."

Silently, he stood up and climbed onto the bed in the study.

Sigh. With no other choice, I took out my phone and spoke into it, "Hannah, are you at home? Can I stay with you tonight?"

I intentionally paused for a moment before I continued, "The house is too big, and I'm not used to it. Let me stay with you for a few days."

Then, I did not spare a glance at Ashton and left the room.

As I entered the bedroom, Ashton hugged me from behind. "Ashton, what are you doing?" I squealed in surprise.

He pushed me onto the bed and snatched my phone from me. Looking at the screen, he snarled, "You lied to me."

Pouting, I whined, "You were angry with me, but you didn't want to talk about it."

He took a sharp breath and snapped, "Angry? Scarlett, don't you know why I'm angry?"

I nodded while looking at him. "I really don't know why you are so upset."

Somewhat speechless, he threw my phone aside and proceeded to tear my clothes apart.

He kissed me passionately. Pressing his lips against mine, he bit on my lips.

I yelped in pain, but he growled, "Do you feel pain?"

Unable to understand where he was coming from, I glared at him then turned my head to look away.

With his hand, he forced me to look at him again. This time, his eyes shimmered, and his voice sounded dangerously low. He groaned helplessly, "Scarlett, you only care about those who don't matter. I am your husband, and a woman just hugged me. Yet, you seem unaffected. What is that supposed to mean? Do you not love me? Otherwise, do you not care about me?"

Taken aback by his words, I stared at him blankly before I let out a peal of laughter. "So, you were angry at me because of that?"

He lowered his head and nibbled on my lips. "What do you think?"

I continued to laugh. "I don't mean to seem like I did not care. As your wife, how can I be unbothered when a woman hugged you? However, in that situation, I can understand why she did that. Even if I do not, I trust you. You scouted her from Ustrana and told me that she was worth it. Ashton, you are the head of a company. Your employee happened to be in a dire situation and clung to you in panic. I think that's a normal human reaction, and it would be childish to argue with you over it. Given your calibre, there will be many more women hovering around you in the future anyway."

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“So, what are your plans?” he asked softly.

“I plan to tell everyone that my hubby is an excellent man. He is an excellent man that makes every woman fall heads over heels for him,” I joked teasingly.

In the blink of an eye, his lips met mine as he kissed me affectionately. “Say it again,” he demanded as his eyes darkened.

“Hubby!” I beamed with a bright smile.

That night, I became much bolder and eager to take the initiative. In the latter half of the night, Ashton’s spirit seemed to double in vigor. Along with his heavy panting, his movements seemed to become more frenzied.

In a delirious haze, my fingers twisted in the sheets. “Ashton, will you give me a child? I want to have a child with you,” I said with heavy breaths.

Amidst the heat of the moment, Ashton’s movements came to a screeching halt. A flicker of coldness flashed across his eyes.

I froze at his icy expression. “You can’t do it?” I asked in confusion.

Upon my question, the coldness in Ashton’s eyes faded away. “I can. I’ll give you as many children as you desire,” he shook his head with a faint smile.

I grinned in response. The faint recollection of the child echoed in my mind as I felt a slight stab of pain in my heart and body.

Gently, Ashton pulled me into his embrace. “Scarlett, we should take good care of each other,” he rasped.

I nodded in agreement as fatigue overcame my body. Right before I drifted into a deep slumber, I could feel Ashton wiping my body tenderly.

Yet, his actions felt like a dream. When I was roused from my sleep, it was already the next day.

The bright sunlight shone through the bedroom windows and cast an array of shadows across the room.

Ashton had vanished from the bedroom. As I lay on the bed for a brief moment, I felt a hint of moistness underneath my body.

Immediately, I roused myself and yanked the covers aside. To my surprise, there was a puddle of blood that stained the bedsheets.

The sight of my blood left me stunned as I quickly calculated my menstrual cycle. In the past four years, I've experienced inconsistencies with my period schedule and volume. Yet, it had never arrived twice in a single month.

I couldn't help but frown as I rose to my feet and changed into a fresh set of clothes. After changing, I gathered the bed sheet and tossed it into the washing machine.

Although it was not a huge deal, the arrival of my period made me feel uneasy. Now that I wanted to have a child of my own, I would have to take good care of my health.

I emerged from the room after a shower to find Ashton in the living room. Flora had left after she prepared breakfast.

Upon hearing my footsteps, Ashton turned around to greet me. "You are awake?" he asked with a warm smile.

I nodded in reply. "Aren't you going to visit the office today?" I asked gently as I sidled closer to rest my head against his shoulder.

"I will be taking a break these two days," Ashton nodded, "And I will be able to take my annual leave after making the final arrangements tomorrow."

Tenderly, Ashton pressed a delicate kiss on my cheek whilst he spoke.

All of a sudden, I thought of the sandalwood box that we had brought home from Cameron. "Ashton, should we open the sandalwood box?" I asked him.

The box had been left unopened in the house for a long time.

Ashton must have felt bored from lazing around the house. He nodded in agreement as he accompanied me into the study.

"Have you opened it before?" I turned to ask him once I found the sandalwood box.

Gingerly, Ashton took the box from my grasp. "I never planned on opening it. It seems like Cameron recognized it because it used to belong to the Murphys," he replied after a brief moment.

Why does it involve the Murphys again?

"How can it belong to the Murphys? The box was always by Granny's side!" I exclaimed in confusion.

Ashton shook his head as he continued to fiddle with the box's latch in an attempt to open it. "I figure that the box can only be opened if we hire a craft smith," he said after a few unsuccessful attempts.

"Don't you have the key to open it?" Didn't Grandpa say that Ashton had possession of the key? How could he lose it?

Ashton sighed softly with a slight nod of his head. "That year, Grandpa gave me advice instead of a key. He was worried sick for you and instructed me to take good care of you. This box was actually a disguise," Ashton said.

Ashton's words left me stunned as I looked at the box in disbelief. It was no longer important if the box remained closed. Yet, I had a realization that Granny was a lot different than I had expected.

Originally, the swimming pool incident involving Rachel was no big deal. She would have recovered after a few days in the hospital.

However, there was a sudden fight that broke out between the workers of Fuller Corporation. The fierce brawl graced the headlines of K City. It was a fight fuelled by hatred and jealousy.

All because of jealousy, it nearly ended the life of countless victims. Additionally, most of these rumors seemed to be directed towards a specific person.

When Ashton received a phone call regarding the unfortunate news, he was still in the midst of investigating the secrets behind the sandalwood box with me.

“What happened?” I asked worriedly when I saw that his expression had darkened.

He set the box aside. “Something happened in the company,” Ashton replied tersely.

Although I did not have a habit of prying into the details, the sight of his deep scowl prompted me to open my mouth again. “What exactly happened?” I enquired.

“It seems that people have caught wind of the incident that occurred in the annual meeting last night. They have sinister intentions to use it against the company,” Ashton rose to his feet and prepared to change into a fresh set of clothes as he spoke.

Immediately, I followed close at his heels. Although I did not usually participate in such matters, Fuller Corporation had been lashing out against White Corporation recently. I was sure that Marcus would not stand by idly. The banquet last night was not a private event. Rachel’s incident was a chance for them to divert attention towards the issues of Fuller Corporation’s management.

If the employees of Fuller Corporation are pit against each other, they would fight and bicker amongst themselves. This meant that the blame would fall on the higher-ups. If the problem continues to grow, it will tarnish Fuller Corporation’s image and reputation. Naturally, the company’s stock will fall and cause its downfall.

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This was the so-called butterfly effect that would topple the company.

I trailed after Ashton into the bedroom. There, I quickly changed into proper attire.

Ashton jolted in shock when he noticed that I was prepared to leave the house. “I’ll head to the office to understand the situation. You should just stay at home,” he said with a smile.

I returned his smile with one of my own as I tilted my head back to meet his gaze. "While you are going to the office, I'm going to visit Rachel in the hospital. Although I don't understand how the company works, I'm still going to try my best to help," I replied in earnest.

Having heard my bold statement, Ashton's brow crept up his forehead. "Since you don't like staying home. Should I consider hiring you as my secretary?" he joked and bent down to kiss my cheek.

I scoffed in response. "Am I only fit to become your secretary?"

"You can be whatever you want!" Ashton chuckled aloud.

I picked up my purse and keys in preparation to leave the villa. After our conversation, we went our separate ways. Ashton left for the company whilst I headed to the hospital.

It took about half an hour to reach the hospital from the villa. When I arrived, I caught sight of Isabelle. She was just about to enter the hospital.

"Ms. Leek!" I called out loudly. Isabelle was much older than me. At the moment, I was unsure how to properly address her.

She did not hear me the first time. It took several tries before she finally turned around to the sound of my voice. "Ms. Stovall!" she said in slight shock when she caught sight of me.

I hurried to her side. "I've left Fuller Corporation for a long time. You shouldn't address me as Ms. Stovall anymore! Why don't you call me by my name?" I greeted her with a beam.

"I can't seem to break my habit," she replied good-naturedly.

I reached forward to press the elevator button. "Are you here to visit Rachel?" I asked her as I noticed that she looked rather downcast.

When Rachel was admitted into the hospital, I should have been more observant. However, Isabelle's expression didn't look like she was here for a simple visit.

"You are here to visit her?" Isabelle rebuked me with a stoic expression as she looked at me.

"So, was it you?" I asked after a brief moment of hesitation.

"Would you trust me if I denied?" Isabelle replied with a bitter smile.

Across the headlines, there was a clear picture of Isabelle pushing Rachel. Even their expressions were shown in plain sight as Isabelle raised her hand to strike Rachel. However, the footage was disrupted and did not record the conversation between them before the incident occurred.

I hesitated for a brief moment before answering her question. "I cannot judge your lies. Thus, I cannot find your reason for pushing her," I told her in earnest.

She gave me a faint smile and shrugged slightly. "It is hard to explain such matters."

The elevators doors slid open to reveal a group of patients on wheelchairs as they were wheeled out by nurses. Hurriedly, Isabelle and I stepped aside to make way for them.

After the crowd emptied from the lift, I entered and pressed the button. "Are you here to apologize or clear up the mess?" I turned around to address her.

Isabelle's grip on her purse tightened. "It depends on the situation!" she said with a forced smile.

I decided not to comment any further.

Isabelle and Rachel did not look like people who belonged in the same social circle, let alone interact with each other. Why would they clash in the meeting?

As the elevator doors opened, Isabelle seemed to hesitate. "Ms. Stovall... why don't you go ahead? I will meet you soon," she stammered.

Despite being stunned by her words, I chose not to dally any longer and went ahead.

In the ward, there was a nurse who was changing Rachel's bandages. Due to Rachel's beauty, the nurse constantly sneaked a few glances at her.

Although men are often regarded to be lustful, most women would also be unable to resist if they caught sight of a beautiful woman.

In most novels, it often depicts that the heroine's beauty would cause jealousy amongst the other characters. I couldn't help but scoff in scorn at this foolish idea!

In reality, most women would admire another woman's beauty instead of lashing out with evil intentions!

This proves that novels are not to be trusted!

Hearing my arrival, the nurse looked up with a jolt. "Hello, are you Mrs. Fuller?" she asked.

"Yes, I'm here to visit Ms. Zimmer. I'm sorry for bothering you," I nodded politely.

"It's alright!" the nurse beamed warmly as she gathered the medicinal bottles before she left the room.

Upon hearing the conversation, a look of distaste crossed Rachel's features. She didn't look very eager to welcome me.

"Ms. Stovall, has something happened?" she asked with a frigid expression.

Her reluctance to greet me prompted me to cut straight to the point. "Have you seen today's headlines?"

"I did," she turned to meet my gaze. The coldness in her eyes did not fade.

I nodded as I took a seat and observed her mood. Although the pool water was ice cold when she fell, she had been rescued in time. Furthermore, Rachel had been nursed in the hospital for a day. Her condition was relatively stable.

"Although I am unclear about your motives, I can see the admiration you have for Ashton. Since you regard him highly, you must be aware of the impact your actions have had on the Fuller Corporation." It was unlikely that she intended to target Fuller Corporation; her main goal must be Isabelle.

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The bad blood between her and Isabelle should be absolutely unnecessary.

Her sharp gaze swept towards me. "Why do you think that I was the one who harmed her?" Rachel asked coldly.

I set my purse behind me as I mulled over my answer. "I have known Isabelle for over seven years. Although we aren't close, she has worked in Fuller Corporation for a long time, and I fully understand her mannerisms. Additionally, the two of you have no bad blood. Thus, I cannot understand what motivated her to push you."

"Haha!" she chuckled mockingly, "It seems that most powerful men are blind when it comes to picking their partners. Scarlett, I will not comment on your intellect. However, you underestimate people easily. Besides, you have no idea about my relationship with Isabelle. Why do you think that we don't have any grudges?"

I reined my temper despite her mocking tone. "So, she didn't actually push you? Did you orchestrate your own fall into the pool?"

"Shouldn't Mr. Fuller be the one who decides the truth?" Rachel laughed coldly, "The real reason for your visit is not to question me. Am I right?"

Her accurate assumptions stunned me for a brief moment. Truthfully, I was here to comfort her.

However, Rachel was a woman filled with thorns. Her cruel demeanor prevented me from being friendly to her.

"I cannot bring myself to care about the petty grudges you have with Isabelle," I said after a brief moment. "However, your actions have brought a negative impact to Fuller Corporation. If needed, I will advise Ashton to fire you from the company. After all, Fuller Corporation is not a place for your schemes or tricks."

"What makes you think that you have the authority to fire me?" Rachel remained unruffled by my threat. Instead, she chuckled like an arrogant peacock.

"Let's wait and see!" I replied with the raise of my brow.

With that, I rose to my feet. I had no wish to continue this pointless conversation.

"Scarlett, you are unfit for him," she called out as I was about to reach the exit.

Her tone was full of disdain and hatred.

“And what makes you think that you are compatible with him?” I asked with a smile.

“I heard that you were an orphan. The reason for your marriage to Ashton was due to your Grandma’s connections. A man of such calibre like Ashton should have a partner that is equally strong. Besides, you come from a lowly background. What is there that you can help him with? All you do is drag him down,” Rachel scoffed haughtily.

In the past, her words would have made me feel insecure and upset. Yet, I was unaffected by her harsh statement.

“Ms. Zimmer, what can you do for him?” I asked her calmly.

“My experience, capability, and looks will help him reach greater heights. By his side, we will be able to achieve so much more. Compared to you, you are nothing but a housewife. You lack the knowledge to help him!” Rachel replied proudly.

Although her arrogance was admirable, she was nothing more than that. I merely nodded my head and smiled in the face of her insults.

I did not attack nor argue with her. “Ms. Zimmer, I look forward to the day when you can replace my position.”

Without sparing her another glance, I turned around and exited the room. Outside the room, I bumped into Isabelle. A startled expression crossed her features when I opened the door.

Her expression was rather troubling. She must have heard what I said.

“Go ahead!” I beckoned her over and stepped aside before she could say anything.

“Ms. Stovall, can you spare me a few moments later?” she nodded and asked tentatively.

“Alright!” I nodded in response.

With that, she entered the ward as I took the elevator down.

The weather around K City was gloomy. Despite the bright sun in the morning, it had begun to cloud over in the afternoon. It seemed like a snowstorm was about to arrive.

In the car, I quickly turned on the heaters and nearly nodded off until Ashton called.

“Are you still in the hospital?” Ashton’s baritone voice was alluring and magnetic as it rang in my ears.

“How are things at the office?” I nodded and asked.

We’d just managed to plan out a holiday! Yet, such an issue has caused us so much trouble again!

“The department of public relations will handle it,” he replied, “What do you want to eat? I’ll come to pick you up.” It seems like he’d just finished his meeting.

I mulled over his offer. Later on, I would have a chat with Isabelle. I don’t think I will have time to eat with him.

“Mr. Ashton, I have plans later. I don’t think I will be able to meet you later,” I replied.

“Is it with someone I know?” Ashton asked.

“Yup!” I giggled in an attempt to tease him.

“Isabelle?”

My jaw dropped in shock. “Ashton, have you been spying on me?”

“Don’t get mad, I’m doing this for your safety. There are many people looking to grasp Fuller Corporation for themselves. I can only let you out if you are safe and sound,” Ashton chuckled.

“I’m not a child,” I argued stubbornly.

“You shouldn’t argue back,” Ashton’s magnetic voice resonated in my ears. His voice was filled with fondness.

With a pout, I remained silent.

Right at the moment, Isabelle emerged from the hospital and paused at the entrance as she looked around. Quickly, I pressed on the horn to alert her of my presence.