

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 116

I could not find the box.

Meanwhile, Ashton had his hands folded as he watched me. After sparing him a glimpse, I said, "Go ahead and wash up first. I'm going to keep looking for it."

He was quiet for a while. "Do you know what's inside the box Grandpa gave to you?"

I shook my head. "I don't. Mrs. Eriksen only told me that I could give the box to you if I really didn't want to marry you. I don't what Grandpa put in there. Maybe he was planning to deter you from marrying me by threatening you with Fuller Corporation."

He sneered, "How shallow."

I did not deny his words. After what seemed ages of searching, I still couldn't seem to find it. By now, I was starting to feel irritated. "Grandpa gave it to you. Have you seen the box?"

He glanced at me. "Are you short of money now?"

Taken aback by his words, I replied, "No."

"Then it's meaningless for you to look for the box. In the box is Grandpa's money for you. I'm sure he was afraid that you would starve to death if you left me."

Knitting my brows, I felt a tinge of anger. "You opened it?"

He nodded truthfully.

"Ashton Fuller," I snapped. "That was mine! What right did you have to open it without my permission?"

This was not the first time he had done such a thing. The last time, he brought me to Cameron without my consent and asked her to take my hair for a DNA test. This time, he opened the box without asking me first.

He was staring at me, but I could not decipher what he was feeling at that moment. "I have no plans to divorce you, so that box is useless."

“So what?” I stepped closer to him. “Ashton, do you think I have to let you do anything you please because I’m married to you? Do I not deserve any respect from you?”

“I’m sorry,” he apologized. Then, he straightened his back and said with a sigh, “I was wrong not to tell you about it. I won’t do it again.”

“Ha!” I barked out a short laugh. “Ashton, aren’t you funny? Are you trying to change the topic so easily? Do you think of me as the same as that useless box? Will you do the same to me if I were Rebecca? Will you disrespect her by taking her things without telling her?”

“Scarlett, this is between you and me.” He had a frown on his face, evidently displeased by my words. “We’re a couple. Why do you have to involve someone else in our private matter?”

Amused, I asked, “Are we a couple?”

At that remark, he fell silent.

Raising my head to look at his handsome face, I could not help but laugh. “Ashton, it seems to you that we’re not a married couple. We’re only a couple because of your parents. There’s someone in your heart – I know I don’t have a place in it. Naturally, I won’t be respected. That’s why you can do anything you want with my things, and that’s why you can decide whether I stay or leave.”

Too many things had piled up over the days, and the box had been the final straw. I knew I could no longer close an eye to his interaction with Rebecca.

Perhaps he did not wish to discuss it with me as he placidly said to me, “Scarlett, you’re my wife, and I respect you. I’ve apologized for the box, and I’m not the one deciding whether you stay or go. It’s getting late. Let’s go back to our room.”

“Ashton, let’s get a divorce.” I wasn’t sure how my tone sounded, but I knew I was calm when I spoke.

This was something I had kept in my heart for a long time. The opportunity to voice it out loud had come, and hence, I took it.

Ashton stood, transfixed, with his dark eyes on me. I could not decipher the emotions in them, but I was sure that he was not feeling particularly gleeful.

“Have you thought it through?”

I nodded. “Yes.”

“What do you want?” He continued looking at me with an apathetic expression. In fact, I sensed that he was only going along with my outburst.

After pausing for a while, I continued, “I don’t want anything. I only hope my child will have nothing to do with you from now on.”

If I were to cut ties with him, I would have to make a clean cut.

Narrowing his eyes, he questioned, “You have nothing with you. How will you raise your kid? Are you going to rely on Nick? Or are you going to rely on John?”

I stared at him in disbelief. “Ashton, do you think I’m the same type of person as you? Stop using your way of thinking to define me!”

“What type of person am I?” He took a step closer to me as he lowered his voice. “I’ve explained to you countless times about things between Rebecca and I. As for you and John, were you not planning to tell me anything if I didn’t ask you about him?”

I pursed my lips, not knowing what he meant.

“What do you mean?”

Ashton lifted a brow. “During Cameron’s birthday banquet, you rejected me, but you were holding hands with John a moment later. Have you ever given me an explanation for that?”

I opened my mouth, but no words came to me.

The man had excellent control over his emotions. Glancing at me, he continued, “I didn’t ask you anything because I hoped that you’ll tell me about it yourself. Scarlett, not every kind of love has to be in the form of a verbal ‘I love you’.”

“John and I…” I trailed off, not knowing how to explain what had happened as my chest tightened.

I did not want to explain it to him; I did not want to mention it at all.

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Looking at him, I said, "Rebecca has Cameron and Zachary too, but you can't let her go either, can you? I'm just normal friends with John. Nothing else."

Those were words laced with guilt. Right after I finished saying my piece, I could not conceal the awkward expression from my face.

The atmosphere was tense, and I knew Ashton must be furious right now. Guiltily, I continued, "I'm different from Rebecca. The moment she cries, Cameron, Zachary, Joe, and you will feel bad for her and console her. I don't. I only have myself. To me, John is a nightmare, and we're only normal friends."

At that, Ashton softened his gloomy expression and motioned to me. "Come here."

I sat on the bed with a hung head, murmuring, "I can't."

Furrowing his brows, he walked toward me and crouched down by the side of my legs. "You can't because you feel guilty?"

I remained silent. What I heard next was his exasperated laugh. "I was wrong to touch your box. Grandpa gave you the box, hoping to use the box to bind us to the marriage. But Scarlett, you and I both know marriage won't work when the two are forcefully bound together. That's why I threw the box. I'll take care of you and the kid. We're a married couple, so let's spend the rest of our days peacefully, okay?"

A sense of security was not something I had in our marriage. I could not tell what parts of his words were true and what parts were not. Furthermore, I could not be sure that he had truly let go of Rebecca.

However, there was something I was sure about—I wanted to spend the rest of my life with him. To marry someone I loved was a blessing.

To be together was a blessing, too.

That was why I did not want to leave Ashton unless it was a last resort. This marriage was not only for myself; it was for my child too.

If I could, I wanted to spend the rest of my life peacefully with him.

Looking at him, I nodded. "Okay."

He gave me a small, helpless smile. "Don't mention the notion of divorce anymore."

I nodded one more, feeling helpless as well.

At that, he carried me up into his arms and headed to the sunroom on the top floor. After laying me on the bed, he placed his palm on my stomach and said, "I'll take you to the antenatal visit tomorrow. Sleep early tonight."

I nodded. I would have forgotten about the visit if not for his reminder.

As it was getting late, he headed to the bathroom to shower. As I lay on the bed, I lost myself in my thoughts. It's not good for me to keep feeling insecure. I'll never be able to fully trust him or myself.

I don't like me acting like this.

"What are you thinking about?" He had come out of the bathroom, and he was now drying his hair with his towel as he watched me.

Coming back to my senses, I sat up and wrapped my arms around his waist. His skin was still damp.

As he was not wearing his pajamas, I was leaning on his solid stomach in silence.

Hearing my silence, he threw the towel aside and embraced me. After he let me lean on his shoulder, he whispered, "Don't keep so many things in your heart. You'll be drained out."

I nodded slowly. In a sorrowful tone, I murmured, "Ashton, can you not contact Rebecca anymore?"

After a beat, I continued, "She has her parents to love her now. She'll do fine without you, but I can't. I only have you."

I was using the woman's method against him. There were things I had to try before I could find out the kind of results they would bring.

His embrace was a tight one, and in his arms, I could barely hold back the urge to smile. It seemed like men loved the fragility of women.

Sensing the hug growing tighter, I froze. Then, he cupped my cheek and made me stare into his dark eyes.

He uttered coldly, "Scarlett, this isn't who you are. Be yourself."

I...

I frowned and shot him a fierce glare. "So Rebecca can say something like this, but I can't?"

How funny. She can pretend to be pitiful, but I can't?

Ashton laughed. "You have me, so you don't need to pretend to be pitiful. Moreover, you're not pitiful."

I suddenly felt as though my acting skills were useless against Ashton, so I climbed out of his arms and went into the bathroom.

At the end of the day, some shows could only be put on for certain people.

After I exited the bathroom, the man was already lying on the bed. I dried my hair with a towel as I walked toward the dresser, about to use the hairdryer.

He stood up and voiced, "Come here."

Thinking that he wanted to tuck me in, I frowned. "My hair is still damp."

He hummed in response and simply repeated, "Come here."

With no other choices, I walked over and looked at him. "What's the matter?"

He gently pushed me into a sitting position on the bed before he took the towel to dry my hair. Quietly, he explained, "It's bad for your hair if you dry it with the hairdryer all the time."

I pursed my lips and mumbled, "It's too slow to use the towel."

My head was spinning a little by now, making me feel uncomfortable. "Ashton, I'm tired. Just use the hairdryer."

Instead of answering me immediately, he enveloped me in his arms. "Sleep now."

Since I was already running out of energy, I fell asleep before he finished drying my hair.

Days flew by in a daze. Perhaps it was because I was pregnant, but I often felt a little uneasy. After the checkup at the hospital, I found out the baby had developed into a humanoid form.

Ashton seemed to be in a good mood. As after entering the car, he asked, "What do you feel like eating?"

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I shook my head and weakly leaned back on the seat. "Anything will do."

I had not done anything, but I felt abnormally exhausted.

Noticing my state, he buckled my safety belt for me and continued, "Let's go home for the meal. After eating, you should get some rest for a while."

Nodding, I closed my eyes, about to nap.

The following days, I remained worn out. I was only four months pregnant, and my stomach was not necessarily that big, so I could still work.

The audit for Fuller Corporation was now completed, so I felt relieved.

Due to the AC's incident, Stacey had come to me with a letter of resignation. However, I did not approve it, asking her to rest at home for a while instead.

On the weekend, I made an appointment with Joe, hoping to learn more about the factory in South District.

It would be inappropriate for me to report this to the company – especially since he was Ashton's friend.

Thus, I decided to have a private chat with the man instead.

The café was playing soft music, making the atmosphere in the shop seem light. After ordering a glass of juice, Joe stared at me with an impatient look. "What did you want to talk about?"

"Do you hate me because of Rebecca, or is it because of something else?" I queried, sounding as if I wanted to make small talk with him.

He was taken aback for a second before he let out a laugh. "Is that what you wanted to talk to me about?"

Shaking my head, I denied, "No, I muttered tiredly, "I was just asking."

"Everyone has to keep walking forward. Ashton and I have already gotten married. You like Rebecca, so why don't you tell her about your feelings and get together with her?"

"Are you done?" His expression turned grim. "Scarlett, who do you think you are? Do you think you're an all-powerful being? Do you think the best will happen just because you said so?"

I lowered my gaze, falling silent.

Persuasion was not a strong point of mine, so I stopped pursuing the topic. "All right, forget it. Let's talk about the factory you stopped production in South District."

Tensing up, his gaze landed on me for a long while before he said, "I'm surprised you found out about it."

"I want to know why you did that."

This was part of my job, so I did not bother with courtesy and small talk anymore.

“Why don’t you ask Ashton about it? Why are you asking me about this first?”

Lowering my gaze, I answered, “You were the one in charge of HiTech in the past. The factory in South District was halted for half a year. Although I don’t know how you got the funds for half a year, I don’t think you have any malicious intentions. I think you simply couldn’t deal with it alone. Moreover, you’re friends with Ashton. I hope there won’t be any unnecessary fights between the two of you.”

“Ha,” he sneered. “Scarlett, aren’t you too naïve?”

He raised a brow at me before cynically replying, “You can talk to Ashton about HiTech. He knows what he should do.”

“However,” he paused to laugh before saying, “although I hate you in certain ways, I admire your work. You’re not bad of a business partner to have, but that doesn’t mean you’re not a despicable person.”

Knowing that he was always mean, I did not take his words to heart.

Since I had spoken my piece, there was nothing else to talk about. Hence, I bid him farewell.

The moment I stepped out of the café, Macy called, sounding upset.

She told me to head to the hospital.

After reaching the said location, I parked my car in the parking lot. It was then I found her on the first floor of the hospital, looking helpless and in a daze.

The woman had a medical report in her hands which I quickly took from her.

It was the results of a blood test and an ultrasound. I was dumbfounded when I noticed the time at the top of the report. “Eight weeks? Whose?”

Although I knew that she would sometimes...

However, she always made sure to use protection. How can she possibly be pregnant?

She lowered her head into her hands and tugged on her hair helplessly. “When you were away for a business trip in A City.”

After recalling my trip, I looked at her and asked, "The night you got drunk?" That night, I had not been able to pick her up, so I had asked Jared to pick her up instead.

However, Jared was a disciplined man who would not go around carelessly laying his finger on women.

"Was it Jared?"

She remained quiet, seemingly not planning to tell me the truth.

After a long while, she raised her head to say, "I'm planning to sell my house at Glenwood. I'm going to move to Q City."

I nodded. "Okay. I have some money saved up. No matter what you choose, I'll respect your decision."

It seemed like she was planning to keep the baby. I knew her too well. We were both lonely souls, so we loved the angels sent to us by God dearly.

Hearing my words, some of the gloom on her face dissipated. She pulled me to sit beside her and leaned toward me. "Letty, we won't be lonely from now on."

She was right. With our angels, we would not be lonely anymore.

After accompanying her for a while, I sent her back before I headed to the office.

I had nothing to do there, but Jared spent most of his weekends in the office. After knocking on the door what seemed to be eons, the man finally opened the door with a tired look.

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Realizing it was me by the door, he stiffened. "What's the matter?"

"I'm here to visit you." I put the takeaways I bought for him on his desk. "I know you haven't eaten, so I brought you some food."

Confused by my actions, he asked, "You don't ever come without reason. What's up?"

Rendered speechless for a second, I flashed him an awkward smile. "Do you remember the time I went to A City for a business trip?"

He nodded as he started digging into his food. Perhaps he had been in the office the entire day, for I could see that he seemed weary.

I continued, "When I asked you to pick Macy up, did you leave after you sent her to the hotel?"

I was not good with words. An outstanding example of it would be this moment. I had wanted to ask him about it in a subtle manner, but I ended up being straightforward.

All his motions halted, and he looked at me incredulously. "You're not good at taking the long route. Speak your mind."

I covered my face for a brief moment, feeling foolish.

"Did you do it with Macy that night?" Right after the words left my mouth, I had the urge to hit my head on the desk. What the f*ck did I just say?

He looked at me and lifted a brow. "Do what?"

It was immensely awkward and inappropriate to discuss this with a man.

Unfortunately, I was the one who started the topic; I could not stop it right now.

"Did you guys have sex?" I rephrased my question before waiting for his reply with a burning face.

He covered his takeaway and leaned back. Looking at me without any expressions in his eyes, he inquired, "Why don't you tell me why you're asking this?"

I was two seconds away from cursing at him.

However, I could not tell him about Macy's pregnancy. I did not know whether his knowledge would be a good thing or a bad thing for her. Instead, I said, "I think she's ill."

He had been sipping on a glass of water at that moment, and he spat out his mouthful of water upon hearing my answer.

I took a piece of tissue and handed it to him. After dabbing the puddle of water on his desk, he questioned, "Are you serious?"

"Yes." I felt a little guilty, but the words were already out of my mouth. All I could do was to steel myself and repeated, "So did you two..."

Jared raised both brows before he responded, "You should rest more since you're already four months pregnant. Everything you say and do will affect the development of the baby."

I was definitely baffled by his reply.

Did he just change the topic?

With that said, the man stood up and went back to his work. He gave me no more replies about what had happened that night.

However, his silence was an answer as well—it was likely that he had slept with her.

Right as I was about to open my mouth again, someone pushed open Jared's office door. It was Ashton, striding in with his long legs.

Jared turned a little to look at him before he uttered, "Take your wife home and talk to her about sexual relationships. She seemed unusually curious about it."

What?

Ashton walked toward me as the look in his eyes darkened. He then peeked at Jared and asked, "What did she ask you?"

Jared shrugged, seemingly exasperated. "She asked me if I've slept with Macy."

When my husband stared at me, I gave him a dry laugh before I awkwardly explained, "I was just curious. Why don't you ask him about it on my behalf?"

"Did you?" That was Ashton's question for Jared.

"What?" The latter jumped to his feet from his chair. Glaring at us, he groaned, "You two are indeed peas from the same pod. Hurry up and leave."

Although I had gotten no direct answer, I was not going to continue interrogating him.

It seemed like Ashton was here for me, as he helped me up before he headed out of the office with me. While I walked behind him, I felt a trace of fear enlase my heart.

After boarding the car, Ashton remained silent. It seemed like anger to me, but I could not be sure.

Unable to comprehend what he was feeling at that moment, I asked, "Have you eaten?" It was mealtime anyway.

He stayed silent for a long time.

Fifteen minutes later, he parked his car at a restaurant and got down from the car. I hurriedly followed him, jogging for a short distance.

After finally sitting down, he queried, "What do you want to eat?"

"Anything is fine. I'm not picky." Looking at him, I sensed that he was going to lose his temper in a moment. Yet, even after mulling over what happened earlier, I could not think of the reason for his anger. Regardless, I knew he was in a foul mood.

Soon, our orders were served. Not feeling hungry, I ate a few mouthfuls before I watched him eat with my hand supporting my chin.

Ashton was a quick eater, but my constant staring made him slow down. He lifted his head and smirked in a playboy-like manner. "If you don't want to eat your food, do you want to eat me?"

"No!"

"Then why are you looking at me in that manner?"

I straightened up and shook my head, avoiding his question. "I'm not hungry."

He put down his fork as he raised his brows. "Something on your mind?"

“Yes.” I nodded before confessing, “There are a lot of problems with HiTech. The factory in South District has halted operations for half a year, but there are still ongoing records of the company’s current account.”

“I know that,” he replied. “Anything else?”

Um.

“Will Dr. Crest’s parents be mindful about their future daughter-in-law’s family background?” Jared’s parents were prominent figures in K City, and Jared himself was an excellent doctor. I was afraid of how they would handle this matter if her child really turned out to belong to the man.

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Raising a brow, Ashton noted, “You seem awfully interested in Jared’s matter.”

I subconsciously nodded, but when I noticed something amiss with his expression, I quickly chuckled. “Not really. I just suddenly recalled that night, so I wanted to ask about it. I don’t mean anything else.”

Lowering his gaze, he kept quiet.

After realizing I had not much appetite, he stopped eating as well. Leading me out of the restaurant, we headed to the mall. Ashton’s way of shopping always seemed like he was planning to buy an entire warehouse worth of goods.

Although I was shopping with him, it seemed as though I was only there for moral support. However, he was buying baby products, so I said nothing about his shopping. After all, everything he bought would be put to use eventually.

After a round of shopping, it was getting late. Feeling tired, I fell asleep soon after I entered the car.

I slept the entire journey home. Before my eyes could open, he had picked me up into his arms, and my eyes flew open.

"We're home."

I gave him a quiet hum in response as he carried me all the way to our bedroom. After gently putting me on the bed, he went to the bathroom.

The sleep during the journey home had been a nap, so I could not go back to sleep after waking up. Instead, I stared at the ceiling, daydreaming.

After Ashton finished showering, he dried himself before pulling the blanket away and lying beside me. With his arm around my waist, he held me in an embrace.

As we stared into each other's eyes, I found myself lost in his.

Knitting his brows, he gently pushed the stray hairs on my forehead to the side. "Do you want to take a shower?" he asked in a quiet voice.

"I don't feel like moving." I adjusted myself to the side, feeling slight discomfort in my stomach.

However, in minutes, the pain became worse.

I sat up, grimacing as I did so.

"What's wrong?" He placed his hand on my stomach and asked concernedly, "Does it hurt?"

"Mm." I did not know what was going on, but I had recently been experiencing minor pains. Checkups told us there was nothing wrong, however.

After staying in the same position for a while, I no longer felt like sleeping. Hence, I reached out to grab my phone and check the time. It was only eleven at night.

Getting off the bed, I told him, "Go ahead and sleep first. I'll be sitting in the living room for a while."

I was worried I would wake him by tossing and turning on the bed.

However, he wrapped his arms around my waist and stopped me from leaving. "Don't go there. Just lie down here. You'll fall asleep soon enough."

“Okay.”

The room fell quiet again, and he changed the room’s lighting into a warm tone. Breathing slowly, I closed my eyes and tried to sleep.

“Does it still hurt?” he queried. As the room was quiet, his voice sounded exceptionally clear and loud.

I nodded and curled into myself.

“Let’s visit the hospital tomorrow.” As he spoke, he held me in his arms again.

I shook my head and mumbled, “We just went there.”

It did not seem right for me to keep visiting the hospital.

After a moment of silence, when I thought he had fallen asleep, he muttered, “You’re four months in, right?”

“Yes.”

“Six more months to go.”

I was starting to feel sleepy, so I did not answer him. After I shut my eyes, I soon fell asleep.

Fortunately, my sleep lasted until the morning.

I woke up after shifting slightly and leaned on Ashton as he asked in a hoarse voice, “You’re awake? How was your sleep?”

I nodded and hummed, “It was good.”

Turning to look at his handsome face, I burrowed myself into his arms. “Aren’t you going to the office today?”

He should be quite busy these days.

"I'll stay home to keep you company," he replied as he hugged me tightly. With a small smile, he continued, "I'm planning to hand all the company matters to Joe tomorrow and apply for a maternal leave."

I huffed out a laugh. "So, does that mean you're going to give birth to the baby?"

His palm gently caressed my stomach. With each passing day, I could acutely feel the baby growing in me.

"I don't think I can." He pecked a kiss on my lips and asked, "Are you hungry?"

"I'm not." I had just woken up; I could not eat yet.

Now that I was fully awake, I could not go back to sleep. I was still lying in bed with a warm blanket wrapped around me. For reasons unbeknownst to me, I was constantly feeling cold despite it being almost July.

Shifting again, I leaned closer to Ashton, accidentally touching the bottom half of his body.

He gasped quietly before lowering his gaze to look at me. "Your hand is fine now?"

I stiffened and shook my head before I moved backward. However, he stopped me from retreating. "I have to endure this for another six months."

Um.

When he grabbed my hand, I could guess what he was trying to do.

Biting on my lower lip, I muttered, "It's not good for the baby."

"Who said that?" he chuckled as he pressed my hand onto the bulge in his pants.

"Dr. Crest!" I blurted out. It was true that the doctor had told me it would affect the baby since I was already four months into the pregnancy.

After a while of rubbing himself with my hand, he panted, "He's full of nonsense."

He continued for an hour. By then, I could not lay on the bed anymore, so I climbed out of it to wash up. Meanwhile, Ashton went to take a change of clothes before he went to take a shower.

After exiting the bathroom, I headed downstairs.

Mrs. Eriksen had been busy recently because a grandson had recently appeared in her life. As she was busy taking care of her daughter-in-law after her pregnancy, she could not come over as often as she usually did.

Ashton had wanted to hire someone else, but I disagreed with it. Firstly, the new help would be a stranger, and I did not enjoy the process of getting familiar with a stranger. Secondly, it was just a month before Mrs. Eriksen would return. I was only four months into the pregnancy, so I wanted to save us both the trouble.