

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 21

He let go of his hand, not exerting any force. However, I felt a searing pain extending from my chin all the way to my heart.

Even my toes were curling from the pain.

I had not yet recovered from getting drenched in the rain. The sudden confrontation and him abruptly letting go of me made me slump into his embrace.

His strong arms from the years of fitness training held me steady. I could clearly feel his muscles flexing as I leaned into his embrace. My energy was running low, and I did not wish to be entangled in a fight with him. So, I closed my eyes.

“Well, someone’s gotten bolder. You even know how to play dead now!” His mocking voice rang in my ears. The anger in his tone was still apparent.

He tapped my cheeks repeatedly, and it was by no means gentle. However, I did not feel well and kept my eyes closed.

Perhaps he had regretted his actions, he carried me and brought me back to the bedroom after noticing that I did not respond.

After he put me on the bed, there were no discernible movements.

I thought he just could not be bothered with me. However, after some time I heard him calling Jared. It sounded like he was asking Jared to come take a look at me.

So, he’s not that heartless after all.

After about ten minutes, I fell asleep from the drowsiness. Still in a daze, I heard Jared talking.

“Ashton, you’d better think how you want to deal with the baby.”

“It’s getting late. You’d better head back and get some rest.” Ashton sounded quite exasperated.

Sometimes I actually pitied Jared. He was a renowned doctor after all. How did he actually feel about being at Ashton's every beck and call?

I was all tuckered out from running around the whole day, so I fell asleep for good.

In the middle of the night, I could feel someone scooping me in an embrace. I tried to open my eyes but to no avail. I was just too tired.

The next day.

After I woke up, Ashton was no longer at the villa. It did not require a genius to guess that he had gone to visit Rebecca.

I had made an appointment with Caleb the day before and headed straight to the hospital after washing up.

Martha had been waiting at the hospital entrance after she had gotten the news about my appointment today. At the sight of me, she asked in a worried tone, "Are you sure about aborting the baby? Aren't you going to discuss it with Mr. Fuller first?"

I knew she was just looking out for me. Smiling, I entered the hospital together with her. "It's going to be okay. Don't worry about me."

Caleb had arranged a doctor for the surgery. I did all the basic prior checkups for the surgery. After getting the green light, I got into an operation theater.

Martha was worried sick, and she had not given up on advising me against the abortion. "Mrs. Fuller, even though you're young, this is going to take a toll on your body. Have you thought it through?"

I nodded. It was time for the surgery. I patted her arm and comforted her, "It's going to be alright."

I followed a nurse into the operating theater. The doctor was a middle-aged woman, and she tried to calm my nerves. "Mrs. Fuller, we're going to go with general anesthesia here. You're going to be unconscious right after, and there's going to be no pain. Don't worry!"

I nodded. Everything was just as she said. It did not take me long before I drifted off.

I was on a hospital bed when I woke up.

Ashton was giving me the dead eyes again. His thin lips were pursed. The temperature in the room and his cold, hard gaze were sending chills down my spine. The hint of fury in his eyes did not help either.

I had never seen him like this and my heart sank. Subconsciously, I reached out to him but he flung my hand away forcefully.

I parted my lips to say something but could not bring myself to say it. Averting my gaze from his death glare, I closed my eyes and decided to keep quiet.

“Scarlett, you’re really heartless.” He turned around to leave afterward.

This was the best way for things to end. I sighed as I watched his silhouette getting out of my sight.

“Aren’t you afraid of Mr. Fuller hating you for this?” A deep voice came from the door. It was Caleb. He had my medical records in his hands, checking on my condition. “I mean, he is the child’s father after all. You can fool him once but you can’t fool him forever. The cat will be out of the bag sooner or later.”

I smiled and sat right up on the hospital bed. Taking the medical records from his hand, I glanced at my stats. Everything seemed fine to me. “No more next time. Thank you for keeping up the act up for me.”

I prepared to get off the bed after keeping my medical records. However, I was stopped by Caleb. “Why don’t you keep your story consistent? When have you ever seen a woman up and running not even half an hour after having an abortion?”

Well, he was right.

I lay back down on the bed and said, “Well, Ashton is a careful person, and he’s likely to send someone to check on my medical records, as well as to keep an eye on me. I’d appreciate your help then, Dr. Ludwick.”

His wrinkled face curled into a smile. Helplessly, he said, “Youngsters these days. Why do you guys have to come up with things like these? But since I’ve agreed to help you out with this, I’ll make sure the rest of the story ties together.”

I nodded and thanked him. "I believe that you will come up with something for Martha too." It was best not to let too many people in on the truth.

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Caleb smiled and said nothing before leaving.

I lay on the bed for the whole morning. After the doctor came in to brief me on things to take note of and taking my medicine, I was discharged from the hospital.

Stacey was waiting for me at the hospital entrance. She helped me into the car as I looked at her and said, "Please come up with something so that Rebecca knows I've had an abortion."

She nodded, started the car and sent me back to the villa.

Ashton was not around. I sent Stacey back to the office. There was nothing much I could do since I had just been discharged from the hospital. So, I fell asleep on the bed.

However, before I drifted off, I heard the sound of an engine humming downstairs. I walked over to the balcony and saw Ashton and Jared.

Just as I thought, Ashton did not even cast me a second glance. He was just calling Jared here to check on me.

I got on the bed. Jared came in with his kit. At the sight of me, he titled his brows. He motioned for me to let him check my pulse.

"Have you brought the medicine I asked for?"

He looked at me and said, "Your cover-up plan is brilliant."

I kept mum and he checked my pulse, taking some medicine out of his kit, and said, "These are all medicine to keep the baby healthy. If you eat these regularly and there's no mishap, the baby should be just fine."

Jared went downstairs afterward. I swapped out the medicine that Jared gave me with the ones I brought back from the hospital.

Then, I lay on the bed again. I had to take at least a week to fully recover from the miscarriage. There was no problem with dragging Caleb's project for a week. However, it would feel like hell to stay at the villa for one whole week.

I thought Ashton's fury would subside after he met up with Rebecca, and that it would take him only a while to move on from it all.

What I did not know was the fight between him and I was just about to start.

There were not many people in the villa. Ashton did not come back because he was still mad about the abortion. Well, I was actually quite pleased not having him around.

I stayed in for the whole day to keep up with my act, and would ask for Stacey's help when I needed anything.

Soon, it was already afternoon. After Stacey placed everything in the fridge, she walked over to my side and said, "Ms. Stovall, the balance payment from Medwin Hospital has been pending for a number of days, and the Finance Department has called in a few times to check on it. Do you think you should make a call to Dr. Ludwick?"

I had a few bites of durian but could not stand the fruit's strong smell and threw it into the trashcan. Stacey was still standing beside me. I gestured for her to take a seat, wiped my hands, and said, "How many days has it been pending at Dr. Ludwick's end?"

"About two to three days." She paused before continuing, "It's not really about how long the payment has been pending. It's just that the amount involved is quite considerable. The money has been earmarked for a new market development project of the company. Now that the payment has been delayed, it might affect the profit of the company for the next quarter."

I nodded. Fuller Corporation's cash flow had been very dynamic. Any delay from our partners will, to a certain degree, affect our operations. The amount pending on Dr. Ludwick's end was quite huge. Even if the money had not been earmarked for any investment, it would still make a handsome profit just by sitting in the bank alone.

I paused for a moment before saying, "Dr. Ludwick is a man of his word. I've been staying at home these few days and this has been thrown to the back of my mind. I will bear responsibility for this payment. Just give a heads up to the Finance Department. I will deal with this as soon as I'm back in the office."

"Yes, Ms. Stovall." She rose from her seat and headed for the kitchen to make me some food.

I looked at my phone and there was a text from Martha. "Mrs. Fuller, are you feeling better? Caleb has managed to settle his cash flow situation. We really need to thank you for this."

It seemed like the problem had been resolved at Caleb's end. So, I could technically head right back to work. After replying to her message, I gave Caleb a call to set a time for him to sign the project completion agreement after he had cleared his payments.

Stacey was done cooking by the time I made an appointment with Caleb. She had something on and had to leave, and so I did not insist for her to stay. "I think I have almost fully recovered, so you can stay in the office tomorrow. I've made an appointment with Dr. Ludwick, and I will get to the bottom of it tomorrow."

She was worried as she looked at me. "Are you sure you're alright? Don't you have to at least rest for about two weeks after a miscarriage? It's only been a few days, Ms. Stovall."

I smiled. "I look fine, right? Besides, if I don't settle this thing with Dr. Ludwick, this would have to drag on for a long time. How much losses would the company have to bear by then? By that time I won't be only getting dead eyes from Ashton."

There was no abortion in the first place. Things would go haywire if I just sit here and do nothing all day. Besides, my belly would only be getting bigger with each passing day. I would have to deal with a bigger problem if I did not draw the line with Ashton as soon as possible.

So, my only choice was to hurry up and settle everything before I could leave J City for good.

Stacey sighed and said, "Alright, but you have to take good care of your health."

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I sent Stacey away and returned to the dining table. Eating alone was no fun, but it was already late and I couldn't be bothered to head out.

After a few bites of dinner, I returned to my bedroom. Ashton wasn't coming back, nor did I have much else to do, so I spent the past two days reading at home and searching the Internet for some houses in Q City. If I were to live in Q City, I'd have to find at least a place that was decent enough for my child and me.

A sudden phone call made me stop in my tracks. It was Macy. The moment I picked up, my ears rang before I could even speak.

"You damned woman! Did you abort the child?"

It had only been a few days. "Yeah. How did you find out?"

Macy went ballistic. "How did I find out? You have the nerve to still ask me that? Do you even consider me your friend? How could you have done such a thing without even telling me anything?"

There was no refuting this woman when she unleashed her fury. I clutched my slightly throbbing head. "Delaying it would only cause more problems, so I took care of it ASAP. I wanted to tell you about it, but you've been busy these days, so I figured I'd wait two more days!"

"Don't give me that bullsh*t! I'm not against abortion, but don't you need someone to care for you after the surgery? You never said a word to me about it! What if something happens to you?" Macy was so frantic that she didn't mince her words.

My heart felt warm knowing that she was worried about me. After letting her give me a long lecture, I finally decided to speak. "I plan to divorce Ashton, Mary. I might leave J City after that. Do you want to leave too?"

I chose not to tell her about the child for now—there wasn't much of a point in doing so by now. Still, I had to tell her about my intentions to move. Macy was now in J City because of me, after all; she'd surely cut me off if I were to leave without a word.

The woman fell silent for a long while before asking, "When will you leave? Where do you want to move to?"

"Sometime within these few months. I think Q City's not bad. I'd like to live there."

"Okay, I got it," she replied immediately.

To my surprise, Macy said nothing more. Thinking we had nothing else to talk about, I was about to hang up when she suddenly spoke up again.

"Come get your man. He's totally wasted."

I froze. "Ashton?"

"What other man would you have apart from him?"

I was at a loss for words.

Why did Ashton get himself drunk? After ending the call, I packed a few things, put on my coat and drove toward Macy's bar.

Hour Bar wasn't too far off from the villa, so it only took me ten minutes to get there.

As usual, Macy was drinking by the counter, and she remarked helplessly upon seeing me. "He's upstairs in the private room. The guy's completely knocked out."

I put the car keys into my purse. "Why did he come here to drink?"

"How would I know? He's been coming over since two days ago, but that hunky assistant of his always took him home before he could get drunk. The assistant isn't here today, though. That's why your man is wasted," Macy responded with pursed lips as she put her glass down. "You got rid of the child without talking to him about it; what makes you think he'd be in a cheery mood?"

I was stunned. Was Ashton really that upset because of the child?

I headed up to the second floor and found the room Ashton was in. No one answered after I knocked twice, so I decided to enter anyway.

The intense smell of cigarettes and booze wafted into my nostrils the moment I opened the door. I kept the door open, secretly airing out the room a little.

Inside the dimly lit room, a man leaned on the sofa with his eyes closed and lips slightly pursed. He didn't seem drunk at all; in fact, he looked like he was just getting some shuteye.

"Ashton!" As I called out to him, I spotted several empty bottles of whiskey. There was no way his liver could take all this alcohol!

Upon hearing my voice, his eyelashes fluttered as he opened his eyes to gaze at me coldly.

Perhaps because I had disrupted his peace, the atmosphere turned chilly in an instant, and the way he looked at me grew increasingly contemptuous by the minute.

"Get out," he ordered in a deep voice, his lips parted slightly.

Knowing that he didn't wish to see me, I sighed and walked toward him. "You've had too much to drink, Ashton. Let's go home."

Yet, the man squinted as a cold smirk appeared on his face. "Home? Is that what I'd call home?" he sneered.

I furrowed my brows, feeling my temper getting shorter due to my pregnancy. I would usually put up with his humiliation, but this time, I couldn't help but respond grimly, "If that isn't home, what is it? If you don't wish to see me, Ashton, I can always give Rebecca a call and have her come pick you up. Macy has a business to run, so stop giving her a hard time!"

Suddenly, Ashton grabbed me by the wrist and pulled me onto his lap before wrapping his arms around my waist. Then, he violently shoved a hand down my collar and scoffed, "Home will never be home as long as you're around. I'd say it's more like... an inn."

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Ashton grabbed onto me as he finished.

Rage boiled within me as I frowned in pain. I pulled his hand out, glaring at him. "Well, if it's nothing but an inn to you, feel free to never come back. Sign the divorce papers and we'll never see each other again!"

Suddenly, he bit me on the shoulder, causing me to hiss in pain. My tears were on the verge of spilling out.

"Oh? So you're going to stay far away from me now that you've gotten the money, the house, and the shares?" Ashton glared at me and let out a cold laugh. "Your love sure is cheap, Scarlett. To think you're taking it all back so easily."

My head began to hurt seeing how intoxicated he was. What was I doing, trying to reason with a drunkard?

Suppressing my anger, I softened my tone and held his face. "It's getting late, Ashton. Let's go home okay?"

Ashton stopped talking. He closed his eyes and leaned back into the couch, but still held on to me.

Not knowing what he wanted, I paused briefly before suggesting, "If you don't want to come home with me, I'll ask Rebecca to pick you up, okay?"

He didn't want to return to the villa anyway, I assumed he had been staying with Rebecca all this while. Refusing to let him disrupt Macy's business, I grabbed my purse and took out my phone, ready to give Rebecca a call.

Yet, Ashton snatched my phone before I could even dial Rebecca's number.

Crash! He tossed my phone far away.

I froze in shock before turning to him. "What the hell do you want, Ashton?"

He didn't want to leave with me, yet he refused to let someone else pick him up. Did he intend to die here on his own?

"Let's go home," the man spat out coldly as he carried me and began to stagger out of the room.

I was utterly frightened. With a child inside of me, I wouldn't even have a chance to regret it if he were to accidentally drop me.

Holding onto him tightly, I dared not speak too sternly. "You're drunk, Ashton. Put me down. I can walk on my own! I just had surgery, so it'd be bad if I slipped."

Ashton suddenly stilled in place before gazing at me with his pitch-black eyes. "Was it to get back at me?"

I froze, not knowing what he was talking about. "Of course not," I answered while shaking my head. "I love you so much; why would I want to get back at you? Put me down and let's go home, okay?"

God! A drunk man was no different from a child.

Just when I thought he was up to something again, he put me down to my surprise and cast me a glance. "Let's go home."

I had grown tired from nodding at this point. "Okay, let's go!" I replied, holding onto him.

Not knowing how much he had drunk, I helped the staggering man down to the ground floor. Macy stood at by the counter with her arms crossed. "Do you need help?"

I shook my head. "Has he paid the bill?"

Macy rolled her eyes at me. "Paid the bill? My bar is already practically his now."

With Ashton's entire weight on my body, I couldn't be bothered to ponder over Macy's remark. I simply nodded and brought Ashton out of the bar.

It took me so much effort just to get him into the car. My back and clothes were completely drenched in sweat by the time I was done.

I finally understood why people said pregnant women were fragile; I was about to fall apart just from doing such a menial task.

I gazed at the man in the passenger seat. With his eyes closed, he didn't look as frosty as usual. Instead, he looked so peaceful in his sleep. This man was surely favored by the gods.

He had such a handsome face, a nice body, and an infinite amount of wealth. He was the cream of the crop.

Just as I continued to stare at Ashton, his eyes suddenly flew open, causing my heart to skip a beat.

“Mmph!” Before I could react, the booze and tobacco scent invaded my nostrils as he proceeded to nibble on the tip of my tongue.

Why was Ashton kissing me all of a sudden?

He was even kissing me so hard that I couldn’t breathe. My mind went abuzz and he let go of me only when I was about to run out of air.

I stared at Ashton in shock. At this very moment, he didn’t have his usual cold gaze. Instead, there was a complicated look in his eyes, albeit unfathomable as usual.

“Ashton...”

“I want my child back,” he spat out frigidly before leaning into his seat and shutting his eyes once again.

I was speechless.

Unsure whether he had fallen asleep or was just resting his eyes, I decided to just start the engine and drive back to the villa.

Yet, the same words played in my mind like a loop. I want my child back.

Was he actually not rejecting this child?

The thought of this gave me mixed feelings.

At the end of the day, Rebecca was someone he had to look after for the rest of his life. Even if he didn’t actually like her, there was no way he would ever leave her be.

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Things would only get more complicated if he were to find out the truth. The situation between the three of us would worsen with the addition of this child.

Hence, I figured that leaving was the best option—a win-win situation for everyone.

I grew frantic upon parking outside the villa. Taking Ashton upstairs was not going to be an easy task.

After contemplating for a moment, I alighted the vehicle, walked toward the passenger seat and opened the car door. “Ashton,” I called out while tugging at his sleeve.

Ashton instantly woke up upon hearing his name. His stomach was probably giving him a hard time from all the whiskey he had drunk.

The man slowly opened his eyes and glanced at me before scanning his surroundings. “You brought me here?”

I nodded, unsure if he was already sober or still drunk. “Come on down. It’s late.”

It was already almost dawn by now. Being pregnant, I simply didn’t have the energy to stay up with him.

Ashton sat up straight, showing no intention of getting down the car. His dark eyes appeared harmless, but I knew he was in a volatile mood.

After giving it some thought, I eventually spoke up. “Do you want me to help you get down?”

“I’m going to bask in the sun for a while,” he answered and sat there motionlessly.

I was completely taken aback. Bask in the sun? Now?

How drunk is he?

“Okay. Take your time.” Feeling too awful to stay with him outside, I headed into the villa.

I returned to the bedroom and lay in bed. Then, the silence coming from the living room began to fill me with concern. What if he decided to head outside and got into an accident?

After struggling with my own thoughts, I got up and headed downstairs. To my surprise, Ashton was already lying on the couch in the living room.

I could finally sleep in peace.

After such a long night, I fell into a deep slumber and only woke up at noon.

With an appointment with Caleb in mind, I hurriedly washed up and headed out the door. By the time I arrived at work, Caleb was already waiting for me at the office.

He smiled apologetically upon seeing me. "Sorry to bother you at work, Ms. Stovall."

Having just rushed over, I calmed my breathing and had Stacey pour Caleb a glass of water. Then, we signed both the completion and transfer agreements.

After we were done, Caleb offered, "It's already noon. I suppose you haven't had lunch, Ms. Stovall? How about a meal together? My wife's been wanting to thank you. Do you happen to have some time?"

I didn't actually have other plans, but I noticed Stacey gazing at me as though she had something to tell me. Hence, I smiled and turned the man down. "You're too kind, Dr. Ludwick. I should be the one thanking you both. I'm afraid I have something to take care of today, so let's meet up another time instead."

Hearing that, Caleb left after exchanging some pleasantries.

Then, I turned to Stacey. "Mr. Fuller wants you to see him at his office, Ms. Stovall," she said.

See him?

I furrowed my brows, feeling stunned. "Has our department done anything wrong recently?" Ashton normally wouldn't summon me over personal affairs while at work.

Unless the issue was work-related.

Stacey nodded. "Finance has approached Mr. Fuller regarding the issue with Dr. Ludwick. Mr. Fuller seems rather unhappy about it and wants you to drop by the president's office."

"Okay," I answered and headed to the top floor at once.

Ashton's office gave off the same cold, stern vibe that he did. The atmosphere here felt chilly even in the midst of summer.

The spacious office area looked frosty and unwelcoming. The door to the meeting room was closed. Joseph caught sight of me. "Mr. Fuller is still in a meeting with Mr. Quinn and Dr. Crest, Ms. Stovall."

I nodded while thinking. If Dr. Crest is Jared Crest, is Mr. Quinn referring to Joe Quinn?

I walked over to the couch and sat down. Glancing at my watch, it was now noon. I had left home in such a rush that I hadn't had anything to eat. Thus, I was now starving.

Joseph poured me a glass of water and remarked icily, "Please wait a moment, Ms. Stovall. Mr. Fuller will be done in about half an hour."

I took the glass from him. Brushing aside his cold front, I asked, "Has Mr. Fuller been drinking frequently, Mr. Campbell?"

Macy had mentioned that Ashton had been visiting her bar often, so I couldn't help but try to find out why this was happening.

Hearing my question, Joseph stilled for a moment before answering, "I guess Mr. Fuller hasn't been in the best mood."

"Why?" There was no way Ashton would get so upset over the child. It usually had something to do with Rebecca.

Seeing me gaze at him with curiosity, Joseph coughed lightly. "I'm not too sure either."

I fell silent.

This guy wasn't being honest.

I slowly dozed off. Upon hearing a few people's voices after what felt like forever, I tried my best to sit up straight.