

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1611

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Ashton gave me a gentle caress on the back before staring blankly ahead as he said, "He doesn't want any of those."

His tone was calm, but I could feel the tension in his words and asked with a frown, "You mean... He just wants to destroy us completely?"

Ashton was quick to reject his own theory. "No, he has no reason to go that far. There are no unresolvable conflicts between us, nor do we owe him anything."

The lighting in the car was really dim, and I couldn't even make out his facial expressions unless he spoke.

After a moment of silence, Ashton sat upright all of a sudden and put the laptop aside before tracing a pattern on my palm.

"Do you know what I just wrote?" he asked after completing the pattern.

I was so distracted trying to figure out his emotions that I didn't really pay attention to what he was doing. "Stovall?" I guessed as all I recalled were the letters "S", "T", and "O".

"Correct," Ashton said with a smirk before tracing another word on my palm.

This time, I paid attention and gave him my answer before he even asked. "Fuller, your family name."

Ashton finished tracing the word before looking up at me as he said, "Nope, that's the wrong answer. I traced the word 'Stovall' both times."

"That's impossible! I clearly saw you trace the word 'Fuller'!" There was no way I would get it wrong as I had been staring at his finger the whole time.

Ashton simply maintained the faint smile on his face as he continued tracing the third word on my palm.

This time, he even made sure to slow down and traced the word in a neat and clean motion, so it was hard to get it wrong.

However, I had learned from my mistake and waited till he traced the last alphabet before saying confidently, "It's 'Audrey'."

"Wrong again, Letty. I've been tracing the same word I did before." Ashton's reply didn't surprise me in the slightest as I was kind of expecting it at that point.

"What are you playing at, Ashton? I don't get it at all!" I exclaimed with a frown.

Ashton simply chuckled before looking up at me as he said seriously, "The wrong answer isn't always wrong. Remember the answers today, Letty. It's going to be our secret."

Sensing that he was trying to hint at something, I took a moment to process his words and eventually understood what he meant.

That would be a great way for him to identify if someone with my appearance is the real Scarlett! Ashton had come up with a perfect counter to Nathaniel's strategy, so we'd be able to handle them should they make a move! There really is no need to let a bunch of clowns like them affect our mood.

With that in mind, the tension in my chest seemed to have disappeared completely, and I smiled at Ashton as our gazes met.

Ashton had managed to relieve my anxiety and concerns in just thirty minutes simply through his understanding of my emotions. This man was still continuously giving me surprises even at his age.

I was gradually succumbing to his gentleness and slowly discarding my armor in this silent battle for dominance between us. At some point, I would surrender completely and be unable to leave him anymore.

Despite being well aware of that fact, I would still let it happen willingly because he was worth it.

The pain and suffering in the past had rid Ashton of his hot temper and changed him from a violent monster into a gentle husband who prioritized me over everything else.

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1612

[/ In Love, Never Say Never](#)

Ashton and I continued to stare into each other's eyes for quite a while until he suddenly stole a kiss from me and said with a smirk, "I don't know if I can hold myself back until we get home if you keep looking at me like that."

I could tell he wasn't kidding as he was breathing heavily, but I was in such a good mood that I wasn't afraid to tease him. "So what? It's not like you're going to do it here in the..."

Before I could even finish my sentence, Ashton had lunged forward and placed both hands on my seat's armrest, trapping me within his arms in an instant.

I didn't think he was seriously going to do it and began to panic when I saw him moving closer with a mischievous grin on his face. "Hey, calm down! We're in a parking lot!"

However, Ashton showed no intentions of stopping and simply pushed my seat all the way back so I was lying flat on my back, putting us both in a much more intimate position.

I could clearly hear the passers-by egging us on, but that only seemed to make him even bolder.

With the press from all over the city here at the cultural festival, I was really afraid of them catching our intimate action on camera.

"Stop it! There are journalists around!" I protested while pushing at Ashton's shoulders.

"I'll try to keep it inconspicuous." The tone of his voice had changed, and I could clearly feel his burning lust even with my hands between us.

Oh, sh\*t... This is bad... Ashton didn't get enough action in the bedroom earlier and is serious about doing it right here in the car! I don't know how I'd face my kids if those journalists catch us on camera! I have to figure something out fast because he knows all of my weak spots and will quickly have me under his control...

Eventually, I decided to compromise and said, "Let's head back to our bedroom. It won't take long."

Seeing no response from Ashton, I wrapped my arms around his neck and gave him a kiss on the cheek as I added, "You can do anything you want to me once we get back to the bedroom."

With a gleeful smirk on his face, Ashton immediately let go of me and got out of the car.

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1613

[/ In Love, Never Say Never](#)

Then, Ashton, who remained silent before, finally had something to say. "With masks on, they could be anyone. Last night, you drove a car with a Fuller license plate too, didn't you? There's just no way to tell who they were for sure."

Ashton had a good point, and I could not agree more with him. "That's right. How can we tell when their faces were covered with a mask. Why would Ashton and I just leave our wedding outfit behind and sneak into some parking lot like we're having an affair? It doesn't make sense."

"So you're saying that the reporters lied and that they reported fake news? What are you so nervous about then?" questioned John provokingly.

"I'm not! Why would you say that? I'm not nervous at all." I immediately threw my hands open and pretended to be calm.

"Of course not. Everybody can see that," remarked John sarcastically.

It was then I finally realized that the more I tried to explain myself, the worse I was making myself look.

I was so angry at John for making a fool out of me that I picked up a pillow beside me and threw it at him.

Suddenly, a voice almost as annoying as John himself came from upstairs. "Hey, would you look at that! The couple of the century has graced us with their presence!"

Dressed in gold pajamas and a pair of slippers, Holden casually walked down the stairs.

The man then sat down beside me before quickly getting up again to stare straight at me. "I have to say, Mrs. Fuller. I never imagined you to be one of us."

"Shut up, Holden!" I shouted at the man abashedly. Feeling utterly helpless, I quickly turned to Ashton for help.

Even though Ashton could see that I was looking at him, he took a sip of his tea and acted like everything was under control. "Mrs. Eriksen, could you please get Mr. Taylor a glass of dragon fruit juice?"

"Wait. What? Dragon fruit?" After repeating Ashton's words, Holden suddenly jumped up with a hardened face and made a dash for the bathroom. "Damn it, Ashton! I'll get you back for this!"

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1614

[/ In Love, Never Say Never](#)

"Have you forgotten that you have a son? He's just as important, you know? If you don't invest more time and effort on the boy, who's going to take over your company in the future?" inquired John half-jokingly.

I seriously thought that John was trying to sow discord between Ashton and Audrey. After all, John wanted nothing more than to reclaim his place as the most important man to his niece. It

doesn't matter if it's men or women. Both will do everything in their power to gain the upper hand when jealous.

"How I deal with my children is none of your business. For someone who has no daughters, you sure like to tell people how to raise theirs," retorted Ashton straightforwardly.

Banters like that had been happening in the house several times a week over the past few years. Sometimes, it made me wonder if it was even possible to have the two men get along with each other.

Seeing how John was boiling with rage after Ashton's goading, I decided it was best that I kept quiet and let the two duke it out.

It was not until the birth of John's daughter that the tension between them eased up a little.

More importantly, as parents of three, Ashton and I realized that there were far more things that we had to put into consideration.

After the Wenville project, Ashton had to fulfill his promise to support Summer's project in opening a bar. Neither the Moores nor the Stovalls dared to involve themselves in the industry, for they were afraid of the steep price they had to pay if they were to place their fingers in that pie.

After some thought, I suggested to Ashton, "Let's have Joseph come over. I want to hear the information he's gathered regarding the industry. After all, Summer is still underage, so I'd like to help her however I can."

"Sure, tonight then. I've just ordered the man to work on controlling the public opinion. Summer should also be done with the cultural festival by then, so I'll have her come over too," informed Ashton.

"Okay, good." If we could manage to be frank and always speak our minds like that, everything would become so much easier to deal with.

As soon as our conversation ended, a maid entered the house to inform, "Ms. Fuller, there's a woman here to see you."

"A woman? Who?" The maids knew the name of most of our guests, so naturally, I was puzzled when one of them simply addressed the visitor as a woman.

## In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1615

[/ In Love, Never Say Never](#)

After walking out the gate, I finally saw Camelia standing by the roadside.

Decently dressed in clothes of some affordable domestic luxury brands, the woman did not look too bad, actually. She only looked sickly because of her pale face and sunken cheeks.

"Hey, Camelia," I called out to the woman in a soft voice as if I could scare the soul out of her if I were too loud. "Why don't you come inside?"

Even though romance made me very happy, I could not say the same for Camelia, for I had seen what a lively person she used to be before she had had her fair share of romance.

Facing Camelia, I dared not seem too happy since I was worried it would somehow make the woman uncomfortable. Maybe I was overthinking, but I would rather not let my happiness become a burden to someone less fortunate than I was.

Speaking softly and gently to Camelia like any normal person would was one of the ways I knew how to care for the woman. As a fellow woman, I truly hoped for her to have a better life.

"No, thank you. Marcus is sick, and he wants to see you," informed Camelia with a blanched straight face.

Only the person we loved the most could hurt us the deepest. I could not imagine how badly Camelia was hurting inside when she decided to come to me and tell me something like that.

Frankly, I did not think it was necessary for Marcus and me to ever meet again, but still, I could not just pretend like I did not hear about the man's predicament. "Is it bad? What is it?"

"You can ask him yourself." Camelia's tone remained strangely indifferent; it was as if the woman was only carrying out an order like a robot.

With that, Camelia took her car keys out and went to her car. She stopped just beside the vehicle when she noticed that I did not move a muscle.

"You don't want to go?" questioned Camelia with a brow raised at me. When she was convinced that I had no intention of going with her, the woman finally showed some emotions. "Life is just a big fat joke, isn't it? He doesn't love me, and you don't love him."

"Camelia..." As much as I wanted to comfort Camelia, I was at a loss for words.

Camelia could tell that I felt sorry for her, so she walked back to me and gave me a cold hard gaze. "You don't have to pity me, but maybe you can do that for Marcus, a man at the brink of death. No matter what happened between you two, don't you think you should grant a man his last dying wish? So are you coming or not?"

"Wait. He's dying?" I was utterly shocked by the revelation. The last time I saw Marcus, he was still alive and well. Is it because of the car accident?

"No thanks to you. If it weren't for your grandiose wedding, he would probably have a few more days left," stated Camelia as she continued to gaze at me sternly.

Even though I was meeting her gaze, I could not tell if the woman was hostile to me. However, her straightforwardness and sarcasm clearly showed that she was not trying to be friendly at all. From what Camelia told me, I could more or less piece together what happened to Marcus. The man was already severely ill when he saw the wedding between Ashton and me, and the event probably only served to worsen his condition. If that is the case, I can understand why Camelia sees me as her enemy.



In the end, I decided that Camelia was right and that no one should deny a dying man his last wish. "I'll go."

After getting the guards to inform Ashton that I was leaving with Camelia, I got into the woman's car.

Before long, we arrived at one of the best cancer hospitals in the country.

Sitting outside of Marcus' room were his son and the boy's nanny. Although they looked much better than Camelia, they seemed tired nonetheless.

It was understandable since they had a critically ill member in the family.

"Mommy!" As soon as Tobias saw Camelia, he leaped to his feet and dashed over to her.

Camelia patted Tobias on the head before introducing me to him. "This is Mrs. Fuller. Say hi, Toby."

"We've met before, Toby. Do you still remember me?" I asked the boy with a friendly smile. No matter what happened between Marcus and me, I knew the child had nothing to do with it.

In response, Tobias only stared at me for a while before shaking his head without saying anything.

Though most people assumed that there were many things that children could not understand, they underestimated how good children could be at reading the room sometimes. In fact, some children could tell when someone's presence created unwanted tension in their family.